

LIFE



MONTGOMERY BERET

APRIL 5, 1943 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

So few for '43...we hope each fills a vital wartime need!

FIRST cousin to an ack-ack shell! Sleek—precise—full of purpose. The sensational Parker "51" pen is created by the same engineering skill—the same fine craftsmanship—that are today fashioning more and more fuzes, primers, detonator caps and other precision military devices for the United Nations.

And there you have one of the reasons why there will be fewer of these fine writing instruments available in 1943. The needs of war are growing.

Another reason is that a War Production Board ruling limits the making of *all* fountain pens, in order to conserve materials.

Parker "51" pens now have to be rationed among dealers.

Yet you probably can place a reservation with one of the stores you usually patronize.

You will find that your Parker "51" tops every promise of its glinting, lustrous beauty. The agility and smoothness of the "torpedo" point is an utterly new experience. Starts in a split second. And the new "51" ink, created for this pen and this pen alone, *dries instantly as you write!* Yet the Parker "51" can be used with *any* ink, if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

Parker "51" pens most available today are Black, Blue-Cedar, Dove Gray. \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. Famous Parker Vacumatic pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00.

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

PARKER "51"

◆ **GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT!** Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 3¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.



A Boy builds a Boat
And Launches a Ship of Dreams.
Character will Set its Course,
Courage will See it to a Happy Port.



We see the boy a Man—Reliant, Resourceful
and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much
to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

IN HIS eager look, his serious interest, you can see character in the making. To him the future beckons—bright with promise. For he sees—far beyond the reefs and shoals of today—a glorious tomorrow—the heritage of thousands of young Americans.

Devoted parents and teachers have given our children this heritage by every advantage of health and education—have made it possible for them to face the future—confident, resolute and *smiling*!

Yes, *smiling*! Even their smiles have a bright future, thanks to early training in an important lesson—that firm, healthy gums are necessary to sound teeth and sparkling smiles.

In thousands of classrooms, today's children are learning what many adults do not yet know—that

soft foods deprive our gums of needed work and stimulation. These youngsters could tell you why gums often become soft and tender—and signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush.

When "Pink Tooth Brush" Warns

When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. He may say your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft and creamy foods. Like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little

extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Start with Ipana and massage today—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.



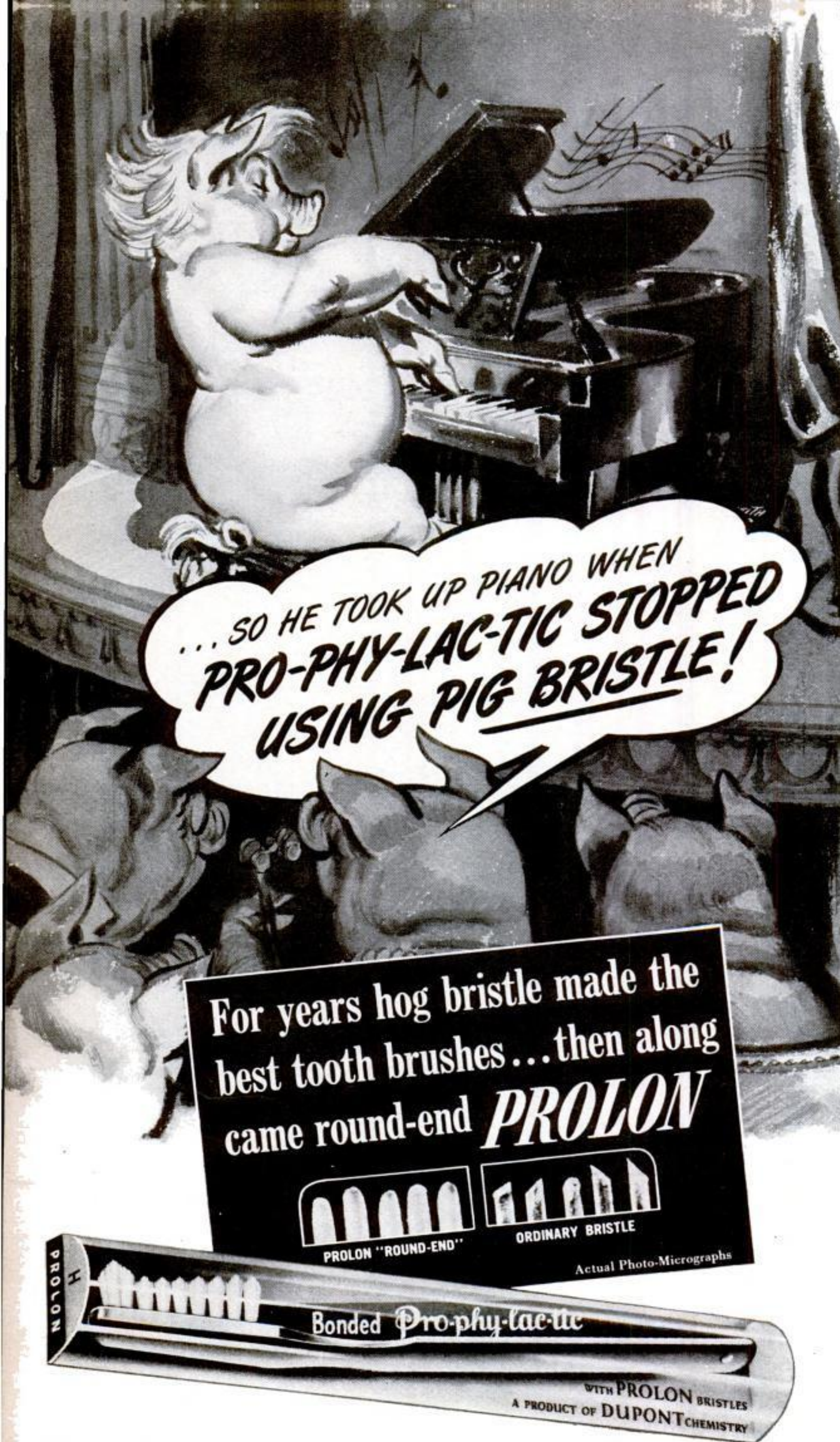
Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

This One



XU1J-P93-PDHW



Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

PROLON — no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know

the answer . . . it can't!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

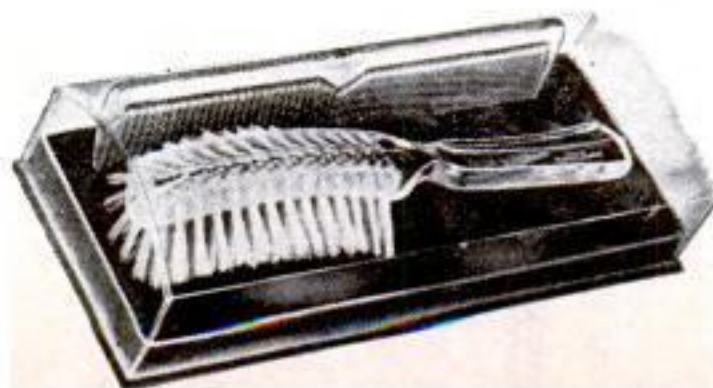
Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush — the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

... and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. \$1.50 to \$10.00 — at most brush-goods counters. Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, \$4.50



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

VIRGINIA'S PRESIDENTS

Sirs:

In the March 15 issue of LIFE you state: "The State of Ohio, which shares with Virginia the honorary title 'Mother of Presidents,' has given birth to seven U. S. Chief Executives. . . . Since Harding's Administration, Ohio has been trying to break the tie with Virginia."

I wish to advise that Virginia has furnished eight Presidents for this great nation. They are listed below with their birthplaces:

1. George Washington — Westmoreland County, Va.
2. Thomas Jefferson — Albemarle County, Va.
3. James Madison — King George County, Va.
4. James Monroe — Westmoreland County, Va.
5. William Henry Harrison — Charles City County, Va.
6. John Tyler — Charles City County, Va.
7. Zachary Taylor — Orange County, Va.
8. Woodrow Wilson — Staunton, Va.

The State of Virginia has never shared the title "Mother of Presidents" and never will.

THOMAS ELLISON BRUCE JR.
Charlottesville, Va.

Sirs:

LIFE's historian to the contrary, Ohio must be pregnant twice more to break the tie with Virginia for the title "Mother of Presidents," and this includes no such miscarriages as Ohio experienced with Bob Taft.

Suh, Virginia claims eight, not seven, native sons as Chief Executives.

CORP. HUNTER W. MARTIN
Richmond, Va.

Sirs:

Your statement that Ohio has been trying to break a presidential tie with Virginia since the Harding Administration, stinks!

ROBERT A. PERKINS
Charlottesville, Va.

● LIFE'S apologies to loyal and hot-blooded Virginians. —ED.

SLIGHTED GOVERNOR

Sirs:

I notice that Governor Edward Martin of Pennsylvania has been omitted from your gallery of speakers at the rally for Madame Chiang at Madison



PENNSYLVANIA'S MARTIN

Square Garden (LIFE, March 15). Governor Martin made one of the best tributes of the evening to Madame Chiang and deserves better.

W. W. SHAFFER
Philadelphia, Pa.

● LIFE meant no slight to Pennsylvania's Governor Martin. For some reason he was not photographed in the speaker's box like the other notables at the rally for the Missimo. —ED.

HOW BIG AN ARMY?

Sirs:

Your editorials "How Big An Army?" (LIFE, March 8 and 15) seem to me to make an error equally as serious as the one of which you accuse those who argue for a military force of less than 11,000,000 men. You charge them with failing to start by defining their goal. It seems to me that you have your analysis focused so strictly on the battlefields that you fail to give consideration to balance in the national effort so that those forces, as well as the workers at home, can be supplied with the materials they need for the struggle.

It seems to me that by overzealous preparation to train soldiers to fight on the battlefields, we can easily go beyond this point of balance, and thereby prolong the war.

F. A. HARPER

Cornell University
Ithaca, N. Y.

● Reader Harper's "point of balance" definitely exists, but it is difficult to see how the U. S. has reached it with only 8% of its population scheduled for the armed forces. England has mobilized 10% of her population and still maintains a production relatively larger than our own. If we want to put up our toughest fight the "point of balance" is still far ahead of us. —ED.

Sirs:

In your breakdown of units of the proposed 11,000,000-man fighting force, you omitted one vital item. That is, casualties which may possibly be a million or more in killed, maimed, wounded, missing and prisoners.

If the omission was for "lulling" purposes, then your deception serves to aid those who think a quick victory is a cinch and that our boys all have the Rickenbacker luck charm. We will be better off if the people come to realize now the grim fact that no nation either won or lost a war without bloody sacrifice of the flower of its manhood.

J. E. FITZGIBBON

Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

Your editorial "How Big an Army?" has all the earmarks of a preconceived opinion which you found no difficulty in bolstering with hand-picked statistics. You say "a combat force that is dangerously small" while you have not one word to say about equipment.

Here are statistics which might have been mentioned:

(a) Armed forces of the United States in the first World War reached just 4,800,000.

(b) Japan overran a third of China although her soldiers were outnumbered ten to one.

(c) Of two of the vital sinews of modern global warfare the Axis has direct control of shares so small that they must prove disastrous in the long run, namely 11% of the world's copper production, and 4% of the world's output of nickel.

(d) Although outnumbered, 321 divisions to 483 for Germany (your own figures), the United Nations have not fared so badly these past four months in Africa, in Russia, and in the very vitals of the Reich via the airways.

Probably in no previous war have numbers of fighting men counted so little, and quantity of material so much.

LEONARD A. DRAKE

Narberth, Pa.

● The enemy has both numbers and equipment. —ED.

Sirs:

In your editorials "How Big an Army?" you appear to maintain that a superiority in numbers is a military necessity.

Might I quote General C. R. M. F. Cruttwell, in his *History of the Great War*, talking about the English victory near Arras in June of 1918:

(continued on p. 4)

ONE FISH COMING UP!

Submarine Y-7, offensive patrol, area TA-3; Jap light cruiser fifteen hundred from the track.

The caged lights of the vibration-proof lamps reflect the fire-assistant's taut face. A bow shot! The skipper's eye is glued to the up periscope. In a minute the "tin fish" would be on its way. "Down periscope . . . Up periscope. Stand by!"

The diving officer, 72 hours in his clothes, thought of the red-headed girl in San Diego who couldn't stand canned fish either — and grinned.

This is the G-E 50-watt "rough service" lamp. It is only one of 400 different types of lamps that General Electric makes for war use.



While 5,000 miles east . . .

roaring war plants roll out new weapons—day and night—under 24-hour fluorescent "daylight." G-E research and manufacturing skill have built into G-E MAZDA F (fluorescent) lamps the same dependability that is built into the lamps that help guard the boys on the "pig boats."



G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

How to Supplement Your WAR RATIONS

*And Be Sure of Getting
All the Vitamins You Must Have
to Maintain Vigorous Health!*

ALTHOUGH MANY FOODS may be rationed to insure a fair share for everyone, we will continue to get more and better foods than any other nation in the world.

BUT EVEN WHEN huge food surpluses were a national problem, some nutrition experts estimated that 3 out of 4 Americans did not get enough vitamins for vigorous good health.

AND TODAY, for the sake of your country and yourself, it's more important than ever before to get *all* the known essential vitamins every day . . . Protective potencies of *all* the vitamins you *must* have to enjoy vigorous good health—to resist illness—to avoid dread vitamin deficiency diseases.

Yet it's so easy and so economical to do! Just take two tiny capsules of "VITAMINS Plus" once every day.

"VITAMINS Plus" is a complete, balanced combination of *all* the known essential vitamins. Not just one or two, but protective potencies of *all*—the vital B-Complex Vitamins B₁, G and Niacin Amide, combined with the equally valuable vitamins A, C and D.

And that's not all! "VITAMINS Plus" actually gives you *extra* vitamins of the B-Complex and *added* iron. Try it! Remember . . .

Life Begins with
VITAMINS Plus

The Only Multi-Vitamin Product Recommended by the Makers of Vicks VapoRub

9 DAYS' SUPPLY . . . 75¢
36 DAYS' SUPPLY . . \$2.75
72 DAYS' SUPPLY . \$5.00



Beginning to feel

OLDER THAN YOUR YEARS?

Losing your natural sparkle and drive, feeling nervous and irritable because you are beginning to suffer from daily vitamin shortage? Try taking "VITAMINS Plus" just once a day. And keep it up *every* day. See if you don't soon enjoy renewed energy and interest in life . . . See if you don't *feel* better and so *look* better.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

"The victories were great and the trophies imposing: 34,000 prisoners and 270 guns. It was more remarkable because the tank corps, depleted by its heavy losses in the earlier fighting, could supply only a hundred machines. Moreover the infantry was scarcely if at all superior in numbers."

A footnote then adds the following: "Actually 23 British divisions fought 35 German divisions."

Later in the same battle three battalions of Australians stormed and captured Mont Saint Quentin, held by a picked division of the German "Imperial Guard."

Another example of a numerically unequal army not only defeating a superior force, but also completely destroying it, is that of the German army on the Eastern Front at the beginning of the last war at the battle of Tannenberg. The Russian General, Rennenkampf, commanding an army of three corps, marched westward towards Königsberg. In the meantime Samsonov, commanding another Russian army of five corps, marched towards Tannenberg. Ludendorff's dispositions appeared bold to the point of rashness. He actually moved all of his forces except a cavalry division from facing Rennenkampf, who had covered some 40 miles towards Königsberg in nine or ten days. He was thus able to beat the Russian army before Tannenberg, and shift his men back before Königsberg in time to forestall Rennenkampf. This plan of defense was used by Field Marshal Rommel a few weeks ago in Tunisia. It is that of lashing out at one point, incurring heavy damage, and while the victims are still dazed, moving to another front and repeating the same process.

A. JACQUES POILLON

Groton, Mass.

● Battles have been won *despite* inferior numbers, not because of them. Would Reader Poillon take the responsibility of forcing American generals to go into battle under this handicap?—ED.

WITCH DOCTOR

Sirs:

Several years ago I read a book entitled *Black Hamlet*, a psychoanalysis of an African witch doctor who was a prototype of the famous Hamlet complex. The main character of the book, written by Dr. Wulf Sachs of Johannesburg, was named John Chavafoimbira. Is he the same as the headliner in the close-up, Witch Doctor, appearing in LIFE's issue of March 15?

ENSIGN HERB WEINSTEIN

U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

● John Chavafoimbira of *Black Hamlet* is the same as LIFE's Dr. Ethelbert John Chavafoimbira.—ED.

"WEST TO JAPAN"

Sirs:

Your account of Skipper Klakring and his pig boat, entitled *West to Japan* (LIFE, March 15), brought nostalgic memories. "Grizzly Bear" Klakring was the finest accompanist we had at Annapolis in 1924 when I sang in the musicales.

His sensitivity to the soloist was strictly professional, and thus his handling of men and ships comes natural. He could have been a fine artist on the piano, but his present activities are undoubtedly more satisfying to him and the nation.

CHARLES A. SCHENCK JR.

Annapolis '24

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

In your submarine story, *West to Japan*, Artist Ted Kautzky sketches a neat submarine but he should take another look at Mount Fuji as soon as our boys have polished off the monkey men. Billows of black smoke rolling

out of a very quiescent volcano, which has shown no exterior signs of activity in over two centuries?

COMMANDER FRANZ B. MELENDY

(U. S. N. Ret.)

Palo Alto, Calif.

● Although the volcano in LIFE's drawing closely resembles Mt. Fujiyama's classic cone, it could have been any of Japan's 50 active volcanoes. LIFE carefully avoided the mention of any specific places, depicted only a typical Japanese landscape.—ED.

CAPTAIN BOTTCHER

Sirs:

In Letters to the Editors (LIFE, March 15) I was surprised to see that a number of persons seemed to question the rapid advancement in rank of Captain Herman Bottcher. Upon reading the account of his brilliant exploit, I see no reason why doubt should be in anyone's mind. Captain Bottcher, citizen or not, is a true example of the finest type we have fighting for our country. His newly acquired rank of captain was duly earned in sweat and blood.

Pfc NICK SAPONE

Chanute Field, Ill.

Sirs:

I have just read several letters in LIFE's March 15 issue which seem to question Captain Herman Bottcher's rapid promotion from sergeant after his exploits at Buna. They sounded slightly on the envious side.

Battle is the supreme test which many "90-day wonders" fail. Bottcher took the test and showed he had the stuff. CORP. R. S. FRANKENBURGER
Army Air Base
Pueblo, Colo.

SLIGHTED NURSES

Sirs:

In the March 15 issue of LIFE you state that "the Waacs, alone among U. S. female military corps, are liable to service overseas."

As a member of the Army Nurse Corps, definitely a female military corps,



LIFE's ARMY NURSE

I wish to protest this statement and remind you that the members of the Army Nurse Corps served overseas long before the Waacs were organized.

2ND LIEUT.

GRACE M. BROUSSEAU

Army Nurse Corps
Camp Maxey, Texas

● LIFE should have said "female auxiliary corps." The splendid service of the Army Nurse Corps has so long been taken for granted as one of the normal functions of the Army that they may be considered more than auxiliaries. LIFE paid tribute to their inestimable value in its May 26, 1941 story on typical Army Nurse Catherine Mary Hines (*see above*).—ED.

"Whaddya mean I'm a Saturday Saboteur?"

1. **LUCY:** I mean six days a week you help win the war by working in a plane plant... but on your day off you buy new shirts, new work pants—like mad. It just isn't patriotic.

STAN: Are you kidding?



2. **LUCY:** Listen, chum, it takes valuable materials and labor to make new clothes and you shouldn't buy anything you don't really need. If your pants and shirts didn't always shrink, you wouldn't have to keep replacing 'em.

STAN: Uh-huh! Now answer the \$64 question! Don't *your* things shrink out of fit?



3. **LUCY:** My overalls, and all my other washables, will fit perfectly forever and ever—because I looked for the "Sanforized" label on 'em. That label means the fabric can't shrink more than a paltry one per cent! \$64, please!

STAN: But I get my clothes a little big so—

Look for the "Sanforized" label on all washables. It's your assurance that the fabric can't shrink more than 1% in men's and women's work clothes... men's shirts, shorts, pajamas... women's sportswear, housedresses, slips... washables for boys and girls... slip covers and draperies.

AVOID WASTE...GET PERMANENT FIT...

LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL



4. **LUCY:** So they fit like a bag at first and wallpaper afterwards. For heaven's sake don't buy anything unless you need it... but if you really *do* need new things, try to get them with the "Sanforized" label. They'll fit right first, last, and always.

STAN: I get it—if they have a "Sanforized" label, you can lead 'em to water but you can't make 'em shrink!

•SANFORIZED•

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

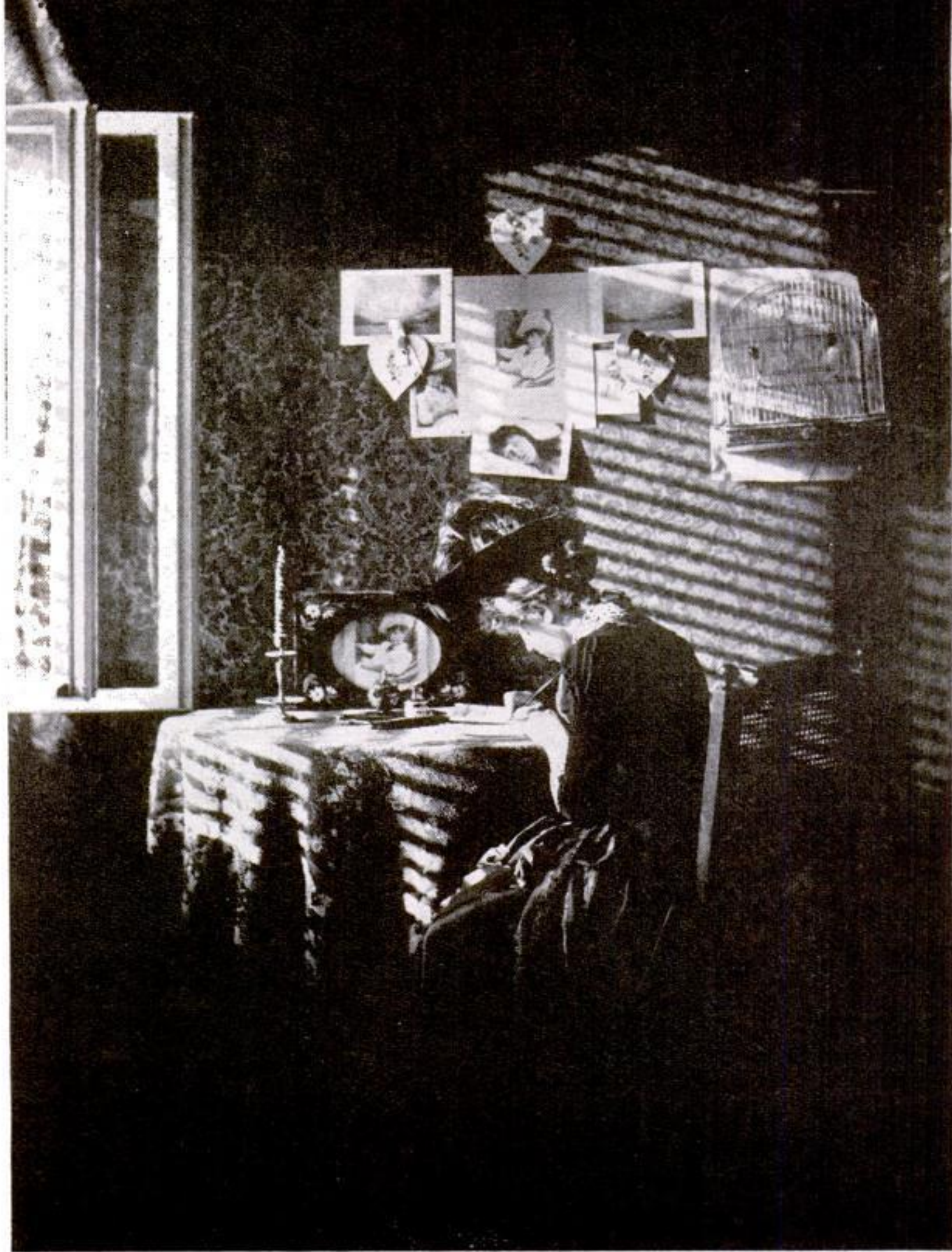
Checked standard of the trade-mark owner

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



STIEGLITZ' "VENETIAN GAMIN," EARLY CANDID CAMERA SHOT, WAS MADE IN 1887



"PAULA" WAS MADE IN 1889, HAS SELDOM BEEN EQUALED SINCE FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC BEAUTY



AT 79 STIEGLITZ IS RETIRED

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

... THESE ARE BY ONE OF PHOTOGRAPHY'S PIONEERS

The pictures shown here are among the most famous of all photographs. They were made by Alfred Stieglitz, who was the first photographer to recognize the camera as a full-blown art medium. The four on this page, taken by Stieglitz in the decade between 1887 and 1897, are examples of his earliest work. On the

opposite and following page are a few of his later pictures which, with the others, hang in museums with the best in modern art.

Like most fine art, Stieglitz' photographs are not dazzling or spectacular. They are simple, thoughtful and quietly pleasing. And once they have been studied they will never be forgotten.



Stieglitz proved with this photograph (*The Terminal*, 1892) that fine pictures could be made with a hand camera, which was then held in low esteem by the best photographers.



"Night" was made in New York in 1897, when such night shots were considered next to impossible. In their time all of Stieglitz' earlier pictures were great technical as well as artistic achievements.



THIS QUIET PICTURE OF A SNOW-COVERED TREE WAS SHOT FROM STIEGLITZ' GALLERY IN 1915



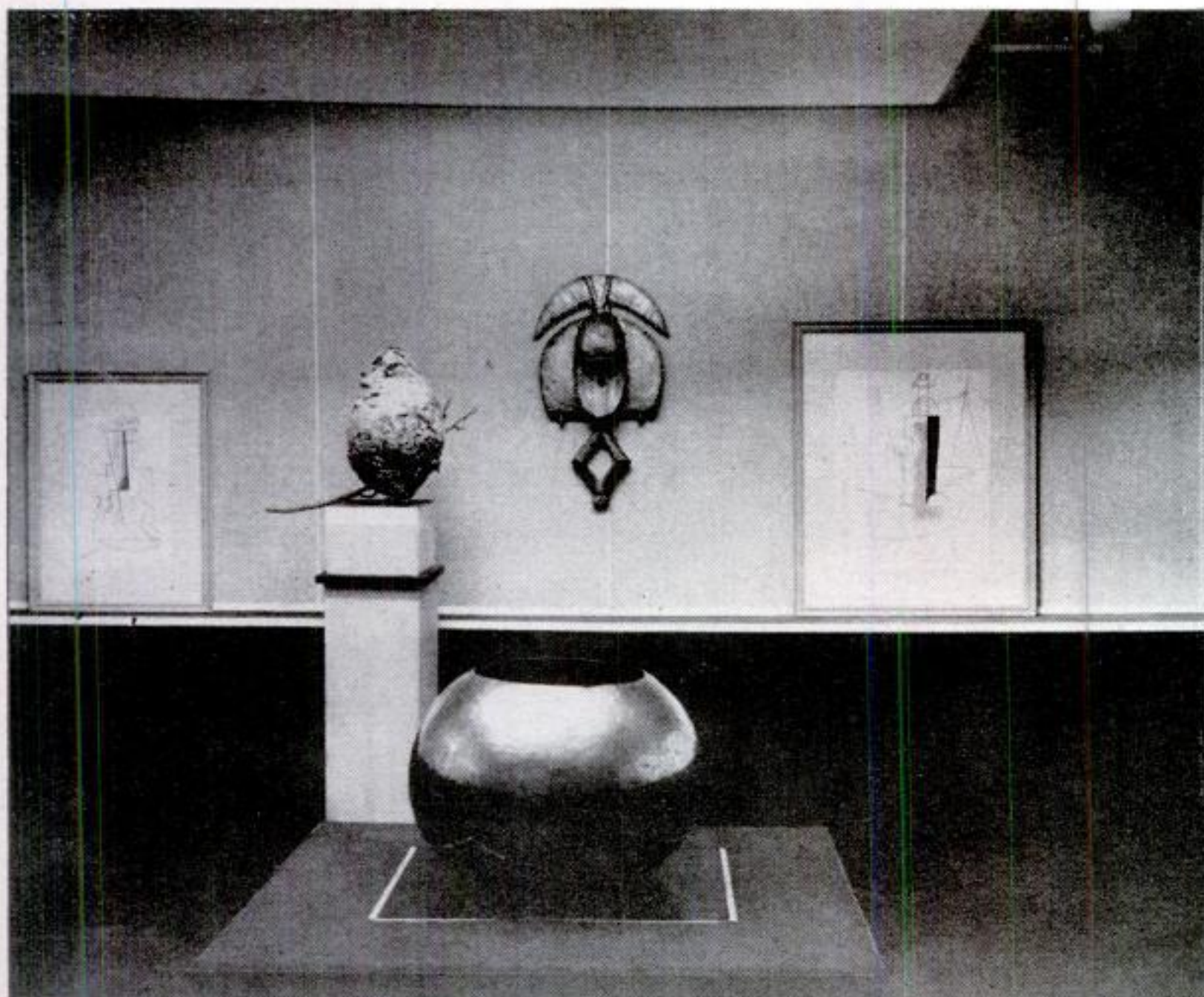
"DOROTHY TRUE" (1918) WAS A FORERUNNER OF ARTY MONTAGE PHOTOGRAPHY

Stieglitz' photographic technique is also simple, to the point of a fanatical code. He would consider it a sacrilege to enlarge a picture, or to use any of the innocent darkroom tricks which almost all other photographers, great and small, have practiced. He believes this to be an admission by the photographer that he did not completely understand what he was trying to get on the ground-glass viewing screen of his camera. He also believes that a photograph taken with artistic intent is as distinct and separate a work of art as a painting, and that only one perfect print can be made

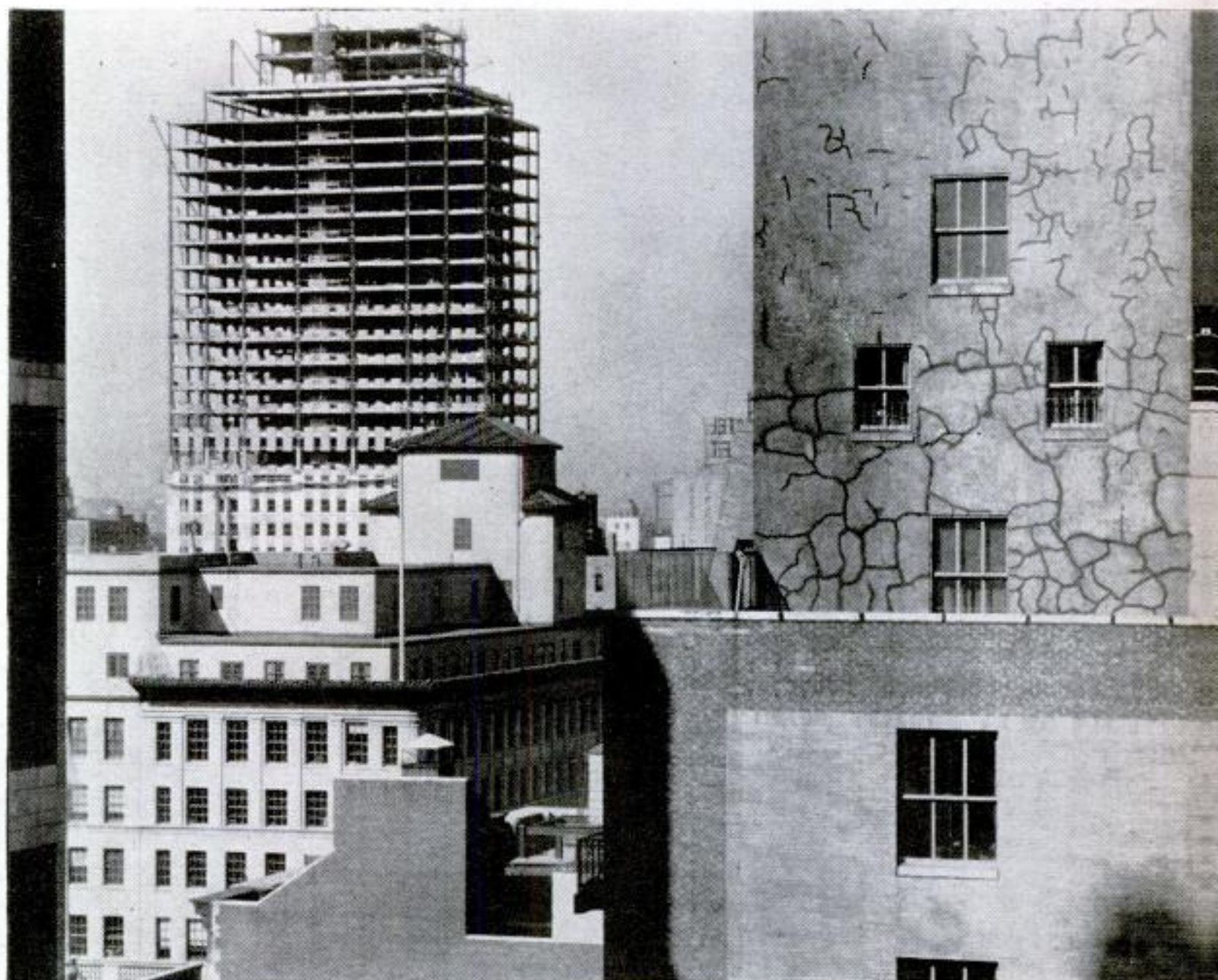
from each negative. But he condones the crass reproduction of his work here by saying: "If you know you're murdering Stieglitz and I know you're murdering Stieglitz, it's all right."

Since the 1900's Stieglitz, in addition to being a photographer, has been widely known as an art dealer and salon keeper. From "291," one of his early combination studio-galleries, he introduced to the American public such eminent French moderns as Picasso, Matisse and Cézanne—even before the famous Armory Show in 1913, generally remembered as their first ap-

pearance in the U. S. He sold their paintings with the manner of the high priest of a mystical cult, and at the fanciest prices. He introduced fine American painters also, such as John Marin and Georgia O'Keeffe. The latter, who has been one of his favorite photographic subjects (*see following page*), is also his wife. Stieglitz' original and sometimes eccentric taste has even been felt in literature. He was the first to publish the writings of Gertrude Stein in the U. S. She wrote gratefully of him in one of her poems: "... *he is important to everyone oh yes he is whether they know it or not oh yes he is.*"



In his studio-salon "291" Stieglitz made this near-abstract study of group of objects whose composition interested him. Pictures on wall are by Pablo Picasso, who held his first U. S. shows here.



Stieglitz' simple comment on the growth of a city was made from his studio in 1931. Most of these pictures hang in Manhattan's Metropolitan and Modern Art museums.

100 OCTANE GASOLINE

A Statement to the American People about their New Super Aviation Fuel...World's Finest!

- ... — 100 Octane Gasoline, the new super fuel to fly super planes, can be made by several methods.
- ... — There is only *one* method by which it can be made in the tremendous quantities needed by the United States and United Nations today
- ... — That method is Catalytic Cracking, which makes in quantity a much higher quality fuel—i.e. more power—greater maneuverability and greater load-carrying capacity for planes.
- ... — Socony-Vacuum was the first to recognize the possibilities of Catalytic Cracking—we brought to this country Eugene Houdry, the inventor of the Houdry Process, and worked with him in developing and perfecting Catalytic Cracking.
- ... — Socony-Vacuum was the *first company in the world to produce 100 Octane Gasoline in commercial quantities by the use of the Catalytic Cracking Process.*
- ... — Socony-Vacuum has produced more Catalytic Cracked base stock for 100 Octane Gasoline than any other company.
- ... — Thus, America when the war began had available the world's finest aviation gasoline—and methods and equipment to produce it in quantities for the world's mightiest air fleets.
- ... — Today through Socony-Vacuum's New Thermoform Continuous Catalytic Cracking Process—a further development—we are enabling America to increase the quantity and quality of 100 Octane Gasoline.

What this will mean to you — tomorrow!

America can expect lighter, faster, more efficient engines for the peace-time "air flivvers" and dream cars to come.

40 to 50 miles per gallon of "gas" is no longer just "visionary"!

The "100-octane-plus" gasolines already being developed will take the wraps off inventors and designers—make possible more powerful, higher-compression engines of all types.

Working constantly to improve petroleum products for War and for Peace—is Socony-Vacuum's pledge of Friendly Service to America.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Company, General Petroleum Corporation of California

Mobilgas



Mobiloil

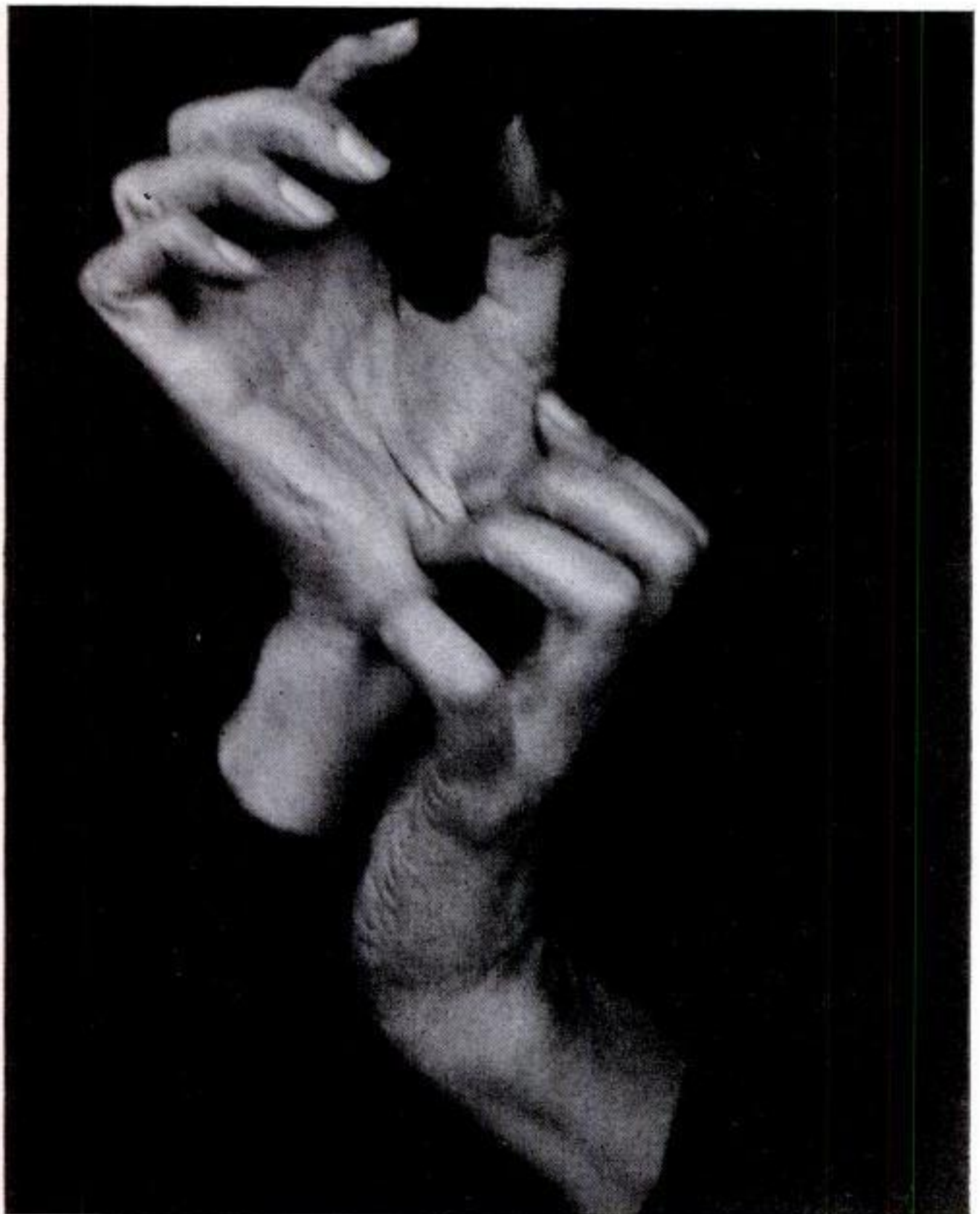
The Sign of Friendly Service

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



STIEGLITZ' WIFE, GEORGIA O'KEEFFE, IS ONE OF HIS FAVORITE SUBJECTS



COMPOSITIONS OF O'KEEFFE'S HANDS HAVE ALWAYS INTERESTED STIEGLITZ



SKULL OF HORSE WAS USED FOR A PROP IN THIS STUDY OF O'KEEFFE'S HANDS

A cop's story ...with two different endings



BILL NEEDS A LAXATIVE. But he's one of the policemen assigned to duty for the parade at 11.

"No time to take a laxative," Bill figures. Too bad he doesn't know about fast-acting Sal Hepatica.



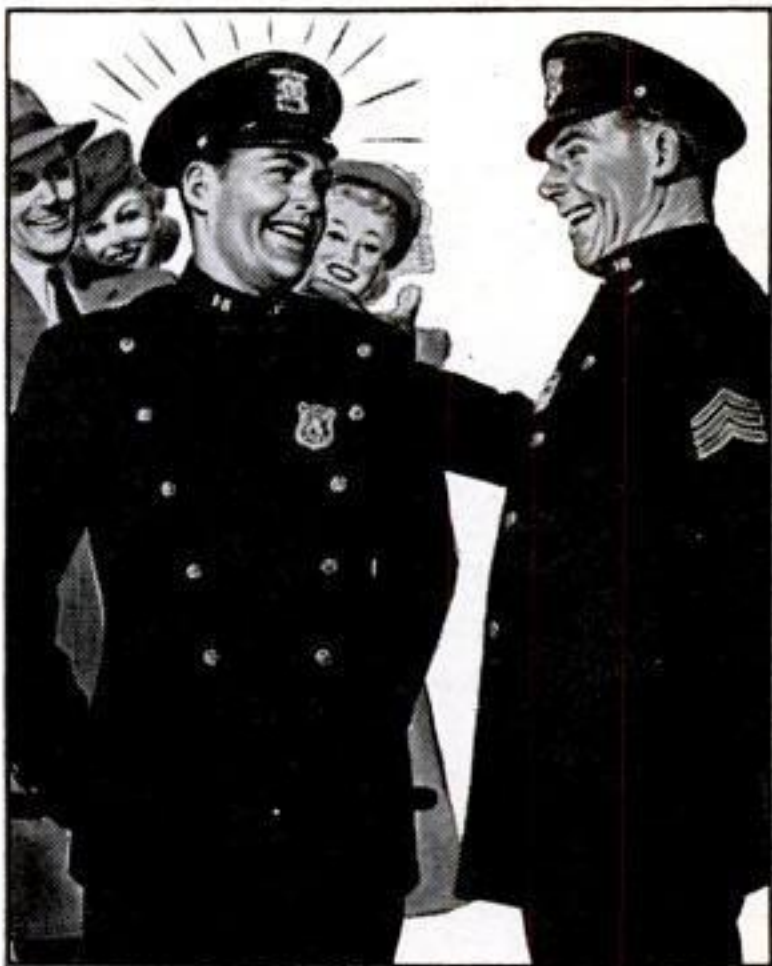
FEELING OUT OF SORTS due to constipation symptoms, Bill has a hard time keeping the crowd in hand, and flies off the handle.

"You've got to keep fit on a job like this," his sergeant tells him later.



TOM NEEDS A LAXATIVE. He's another policeman assigned to parade duty at 11.

But Tom takes Sal Hepatica as soon as he gets up, knowing it usually acts within an hour. "Never put off till tonight, the laxative you need this morning," says Tom.



TOM FEELS IN THE PINK at the parade. He handles the crowd with good-natured efficiency, is on top of the job every minute.

"Nice going, fellow," grins Tom's sergeant. "You're the kind of a cop we need."

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP FIT in times like these.

Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning. Take speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica.



Sal Hepatica acts *naturally* without discomfort or griping by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. What's more, Sal Hepatica helps turn a

sour stomach sweet again by helping to counteract excess gastric acidity.

3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling saline laxative. Try Sal Hepatica.

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

TUNE IN: "TIME TO SMILE" starring Eddie Cantor—Wednesdays 9:00 P.M., EWT



"The sign painter can't keep up with Birch—since he started using Mum!"

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LIFE'S COVER: The girl in the General Montgomery beret is Blanche Christian and is best known as a skier. A Bostonian, she spends winter and spring at North Conway, N. H. Her husband is Benno Rybizka, well-known ski instructor. To discourage modeling assignments in New York studios on days when the skiing is good, she asks, and gets, \$90 for a day's work. For other beret pictures see pages 51-52.

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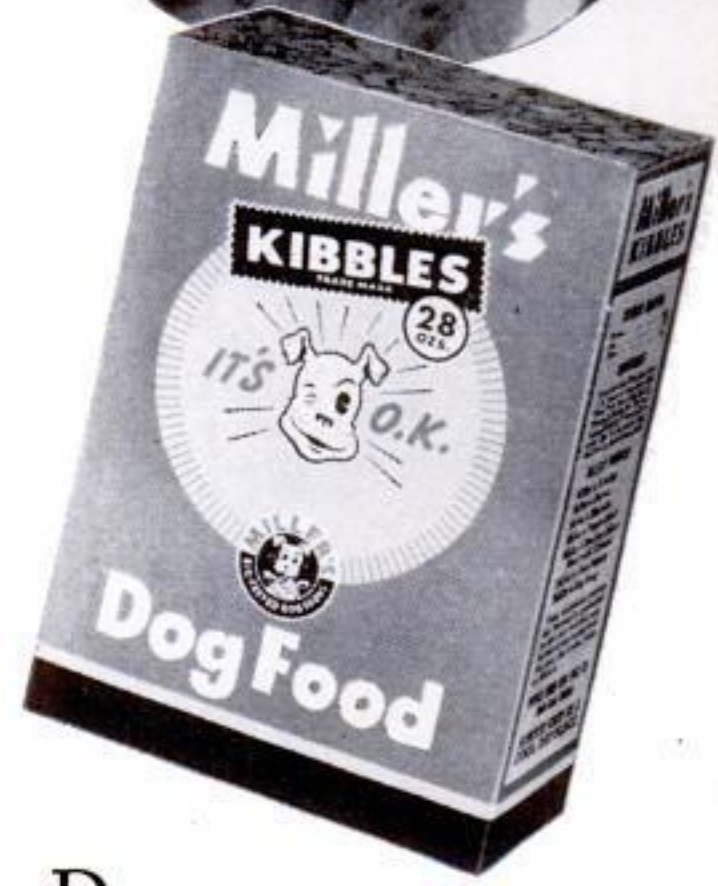
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Canned Peas
Biscuits
Pears (dehydrated)
Hard Candy
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Sugar

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Biscuits
Apricot Jam (dehydrated)
Cocoa
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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

U. S. Faces Farm and Food Crisis	15
Editorial	22
Germans Mount 50-Ft. Gun to Guard English Channel Coast	23
Worried Followers Gather in Poona as Gandhi Survives Fast	24
Army Fighters Take Off for Front from Navy Carrier	26
Natives Build Runway on Mt. Kenya to Salvage R. A. F. Plane	28
Tory Lady and Labor Lady Contest British By-Elections	31

CLOSE-UP

Irving Berlin, by George Frazier	79
----------------------------------	----

ARTICLE

Tunis Expedition, by Colonel Darryl F. Zanuck	54
---	----

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

The Kaiser Empire	69
-------------------	----

THEATER

"Harriet"	37
-----------	----

SPORTS

Alan Ford Breaks Swimming Record	43
----------------------------------	----

ART

Tom Lea Paints the Sinking of the "Wasp"	48
--	----

WAR LIVING

Montgomery Beret	51
How to Relax	64

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editors	2
Speaking of Pictures: Stieglitz' Photographs	6
LIFE Goes on a Hayride	90
Pictures to the Editors	94

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LIFE'S PICTURES

J. R. Eyerman, now on assignment with the U. S. Atlantic Fleet, took the portfolio of full-page pictures portraying the West Coast half of the burgeoning industrial empire of Henry Kaiser on pages 69-77. Photographer Eyerman was formerly attached to LIFE's San Francisco editorial office. A native of Tacoma, Wash., he is distinguished as a photographic interpreter of the new wonders of the Northwest.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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16—NEW YORK DAILY NEWS—W. W.	69—Map by FRANK C. STOCKMAN & ANTHONY J. SODARO—J. R. EYERMAN
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24, 25—WILLIAM VANDIVERT	90, 91, 92, 93—RALPH CRANE from B. S.
26, 27—OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS	94—Bot. LAINSON
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CLUES TO GOOD EATING



From old frontier days came the inspiration for the delightful Covered Wagon Cafe in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Historic guns and pioneer relics adorn the walls, and the booths along the side are designed to resemble such old-time Western institutions as the post office,

sheriff's office and the trading store. The Covered Wagon is also famous for its fine steaks—which are served, of course, with Heinz 57 Beefsteak Sauce, Worcestershire Sauce, Chili Sauce and others of Heinz wonder-working keystone-labeled condiments.



Since 1899, The Krebs at Skaneateles Lake, New York, has been doing a flourishing business. Syracuse and New York people are frequent visitors at this attractive frame house. All the delectable pies and cakes served here are homemade—and the condiments are the real old-fashioned home-tasting kind—by Heinz!

A SIMPLE CLUE to home-tasting meals when you're dining out is the famous Heinz keystone-label! Served in restaurants where quality comes first, Heinz Condiments add the rare, right touch of flavor that often makes a famous specialty of an ordinary dish. Ask the waiter for Heinz Chili Sauce, 57 Beefsteak Sauce or Worcestershire Sauce for a change. And go easy on Heinz Tomato Ketchup, because it's a big favorite with the boys in the service!

Heinz Condiments are also your clue to appetizing wartime meals at home. Use these zest-makers to spruce up meatless meals, leftovers, spaghetti casseroles!



Directly across the street from the California State Capitol in Sacramento is Bedell's Restaurant which daily serves several thousand meals. Proprietor Edwin Bedell, who has been in the restaurant business twenty-three years, is a Heinz Condiment enthusiast.



Dining and dancing are dual attractions at the Roof Garden atop Boston's Ritz Carlton Hotel. Naturally, where the food is of fine quality you'll also find an assortment of those famous flavor-accenders—Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Chili Sauce and 57 Beefsteak Sauce.



Located in the heart of Germantown, Pennsylvania—the Philadelphia suburb where George Washington scored one of his major military triumphs—the Vernon Restaurant is celebrated for its hors-d'oeuvres. Chief Chef Jack Morthenson uses enticing Heinz Condiments in their preparation—serves them himself.



SHOTS TAKEN BY CONCEALED CAMERA SHOW THE FACIAL REACTIONS OF DISAPPOINTED NEW YORK HOUSEWIVES LAST WEEK WHEN BUTCHERS SAID, "SORRY, MADAM, NO MEAT"

FARM AND FOOD CRISIS

From coast to coast last week there were loud rumblings in the belly of the proverbial Land of Plenty. Housewives found they could not trade their dollars for even a scrap of hamburger at most of the nation's butcher shops. Retailers blamed the packers, packers blamed the OPA. But, except in hotels and restaurants, there was little meat—even in Chicago, capital of the U. S. packing industry. Rationing, scheduled to start March 29, had been postponed too long. For the first time since the start of the war, the faces of home-front Americans (*see above*) mirrored the sad dejection and tight-mouthed frustration usually associated with the hungry peoples of Europe.

The grumblings of the people who had their first slight taste of want began to have a belated effect in Washington. Last week President Roosevelt recognized the seriousness of the crisis in the production

and distribution of food by appointing Chester C. Davis as Food Administrator with powers that Secretary of Agriculture Wickard assumed only three months ago. At the week's end the President disclosed still other hopeful moves for solving the food problem. He announced plans for meeting the farm manpower shortage (*pp. 20-21*) by raising an inexperienced "land army" and deferring 3,000,000 agricultural workers. This decision came the day after Governor Vivian of Colorado had ordered an immediate halt to the induction of farmers because of the dearth of agricultural workers in his State. The President also admitted that the WPB had made a mistake when it sharply curtailed the manufacture of farm equipment, and promised to rectify it.

The rumbling sounds of discontent also reached the nation's legislative arm last week. Even some of

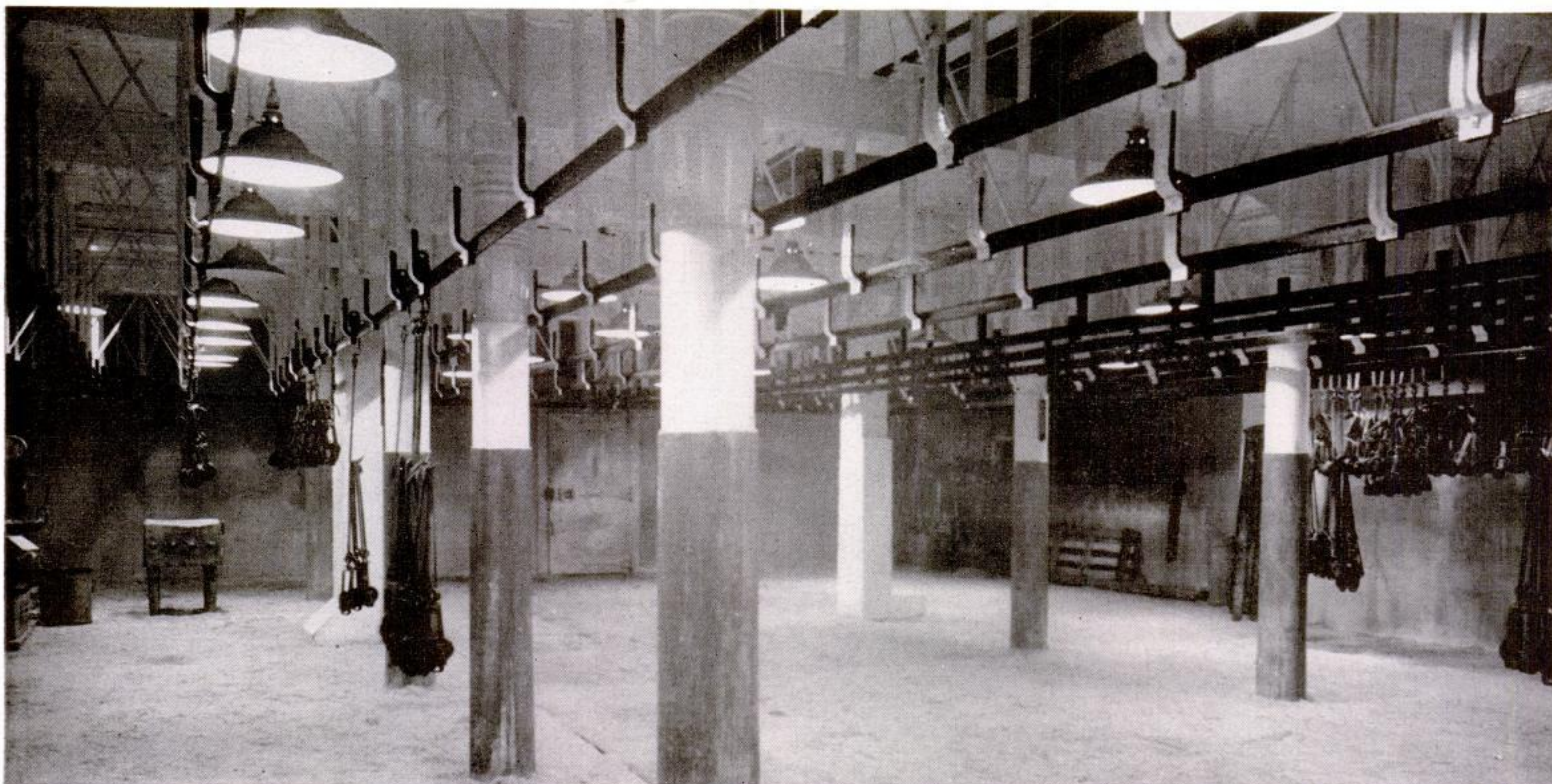
the greedier members of the farm bloc no longer had stomach for their own previous proposals. By a unanimous voice vote the Senate sidetracked the Pace farm parity revision bill which had already passed the House. This marked the first setback for the Congressional farm bloc since it began its drive for higher agricultural prices. The action was in response to a logical, factual plea from OPA Administrator Prentiss M. Brown who pointed out that the Pace bill would aggravate the farm and food crisis by adding \$3,000,000,000 a year to consumer and Government food costs. But on the same day the Senate passed the Bankhead bill which was also opposed by Administrator Brown on the grounds that it would increase food costs by \$2,000,000,000 annually.

For photographs of some of the causes and effects of the farm and food crisis, see the pages following.



Butchers besieging Fort Greene Market in Brooklyn started to riot when they found the wholesale houses had no meat to sell them. Several mounted policemen tried to break up the angry

crowd of 2,000 small retailers who shook their fists and shouted, "We want our fair share!" They claimed packers were giving preference to the large chain stores, hotels and restaurants.



Empty refrigerators like this in Fort Greene Market, Brooklyn, were reasons why butchers and consumers got no meat in New York last weekend. Other city meat markets closed down

almost completely, preferring to wait until start of rationing before attempting to distribute what small stocks they had on hand. Wholesalers blamed meat famine on OPA regulations.

UNREGULATED SLAUGHTER AND POOR PLANNING CAUSE SEVERE MEAT SHORTAGES

A thick juicy side of beef last week was a greater prize than a case of Scotch during prohibition. The big cities of the U. S. were having the worst meat "famines" in their history. The weekend before rationing was scheduled to begin, restaurants and hotels had some choice cuts of meat on hand but the average housewife had little. When she went to her local butcher, his counters were mostly bare. When he went to the wholesale market, their hangers were bare. In some instances last week these shortages stirred up near riots. A belligerent crowd of 2,000 butchers waiting for meat in a Brooklyn market started to riot when they spotted a chain-store truck being loaded with sides of beef. They were finally scattered by mounted policemen (*see opposite page*).

One prime reason for the swelling tempers and shrinking stomachs of meat consumers was the continued existence of high-priced bootlegging through "black markets." Such illegal practice is fostered, in part, by lack of OPA ceilings on the price of livestock on the hoof. As the demand grows and meat becomes more scarce, the livestock (on the hoof) price goes up and the retailer, who has to sell according to prices on steaks and chops, is caught in the squeeze. To keep his customers satisfied he is tempted to buy from small farmer-packers who do their own slaughtering and then sell their meat without observing OPA restrictions or Government inspection. These black-market operators demand and get a high price for their meat, which the retail butcher circumspectly passes on to his meat-hungry customers who can afford the above-ceiling price. Black markets have sprung up so rapidly in the past months that in Cleveland, for example, it was estimated that 50% of its meat supply came from such shady sources.

On this page is pictured a typical country slaughterhouse. Endeavoring to wipe out illegal ones, OPA has started court actions against more than 1,000 individuals since Jan. 15. But OPA has neither authority nor the manpower really to prevent bootlegging, which may become more widespread and profitable under rationing, unless public opinion stamps it out.



In a country slaughterhouse near Median, Ohio, OPA Inspector Bailey serves employee with a warning of OPA regulations.

Informal abattoirs like this dot the countryside. Note the pile of stinking, green offal from previous days' butchering.



Exterior of same slaughterhouse advertises its "fresh meats" on an innocuous-looking Coca-Cola sign. This place was located by following owner's car after he left local livestock auction.



This man was arrested by a U. S. deputy marshal for violation of regulations, on a warrant sworn to by OPA. He was found running a filthy abattoir next to his home at Abbeyville, Ohio.



Improperly fed cattle is one reason for beef shortages. These animals on a ranch near Garland, Texas, have been on a corn

diet which fails to provide cattle with sufficient proteins such as found in unobtainable cottonseed meal and soybean meal.

Texas has more livestock on ranges than in past years but they are much leaner and many have died due to the feed shortage.



Lack of proper care caused destruction of 50 acres of onions (above) in Texas. Below are rotting bales of soybeans scattered

around a field in Indiana. The waste shown in both of these pictures is primarily due to the shortage of competent farm

hands. In other cases farmers have failed to fulfill their quotas because they were unable to get adequate farm machinery.



U. S. FARMERS MUST FIGHT CRITICAL BATTLE OF FOOD PRODUCTION IN 1943

History proves that when nations go to war the one which fails to provide its people and its fighting men with ample food is the one that crumbles. In the U. S. last year one farm in eight was working for the armed forces and for the Allies; in 1943 it will be one farm in four. U. S. farmers have been asked to achieve staggering goals such as 4,780,000,000 dozen eggs, 14,186,046,500 gallons of milk, 30,400,000 cattle and calves for slaughter, 4,000,000,000 pounds of dressed chicken, and 407,700,000 bushels of potatoes.

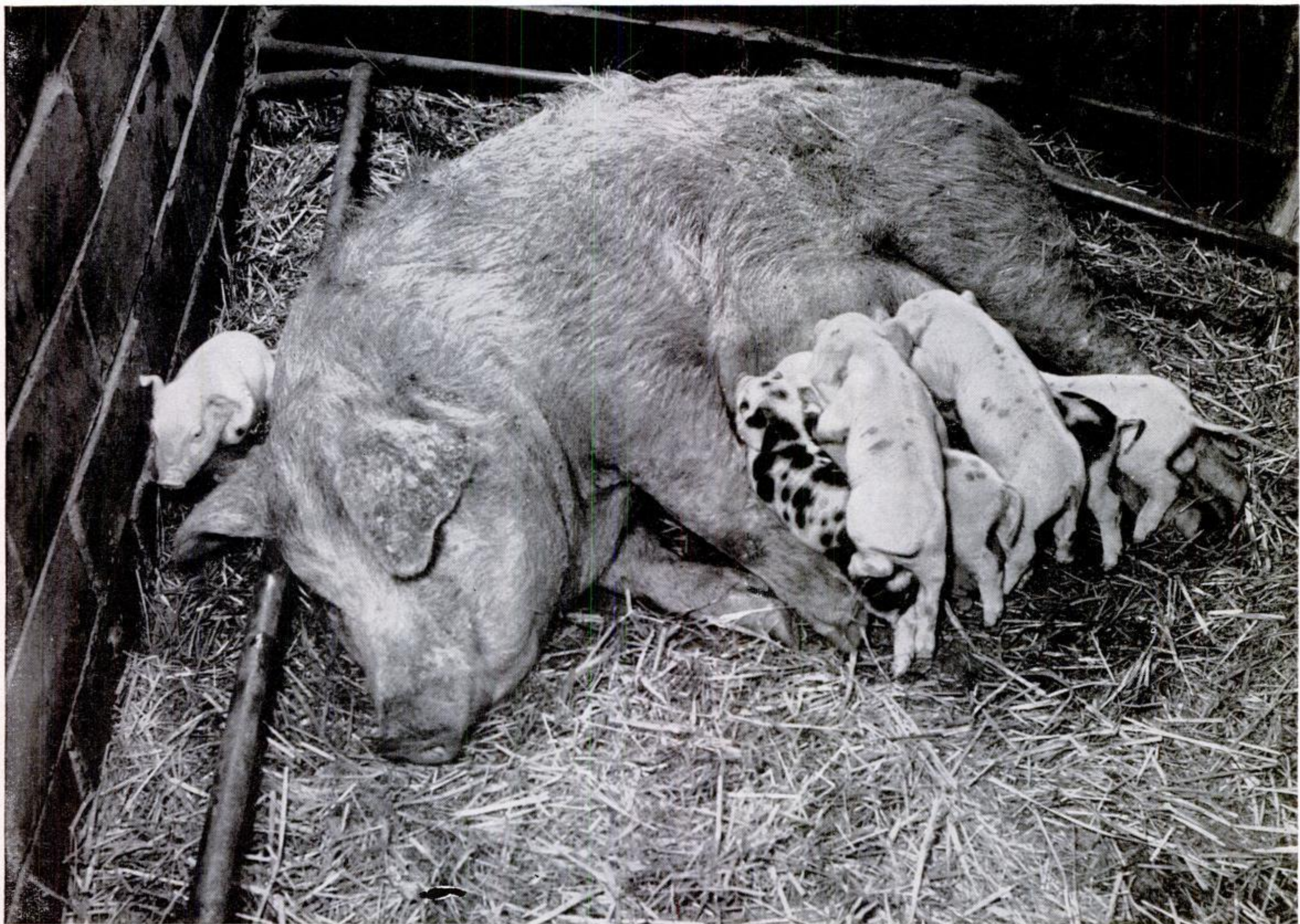
Last week there were evidences throughout the country that without proper administration these goals might be no more than paper prophecies. Harried farmers were sacrificing one goal to reach another—i.e., slaughtering dairy cattle to take advantage of high meat prices. Among such inconsistencies there were 5,000,000 fat little rays of hope. Last year shrewd Iowa farmers had held 5,000,000 young sows back from market and as a result (*see below*) expect to raise even more pigs this year than last—and get better prices.

In order to meet the Administration's food goals the farmer must overcome drought, insect plagues, crop diseases, lack of feed, machinery and, above all, lack of trained help. Last week President Roosevelt admitted errors in his Administration's farm policy. For example, farmers were not given the same status as industrial workers, and too many left the fields for the armed forces or war jobs in the mistaken belief that they were being patriotic.

The President also revealed last week that despite this acute manpower shortage on the farms (*see next page*) this spring's planting will cover 10,000,000 more acres than in 1942, a 3.5% increase over last year's total of 279,000,000 acres. But the President did not indicate that crops this spring will average about 9% less than last year, and without wise, helpful U. S. agricultural administration this fall's crops will never equal this spring's bright promise.



Iowa pigs, which will help swell total hog production figures, were farrowed last September, will be ready for market in May. Owner chose to breed his sows instead of selling them last year.



Litter of three-day-old pigs suckle at mother's teats. These little pigs will be kept until they have fattened into 250-lb.

shoats, then be sold for slaughtering. Farmer Harry Fisher of Dallas County, Iowa, who owns this litter, marketed 1,348 pigs

last year, expects to reach quota of 1,500 this year with 25% increase in tonnage. U. S. produced 105,000,000 hogs last year.



Training young girls for farm work, instructor explains proper milking technique. This free one-month course is given by N. Y. State to alleviate upstate shortages of trained farm hands.

LACK OF TRAINED FARMHANDS BIG PROBLEM IN MEETING 1943 FOOD PRODUCTION GOALS

This year the U. S. must produce more food than ever before in its history. Farmers are willing to do the job, but they need manpower badly. On March 1 farm employment was at its lowest ebb for that date in over 20 years. The reason was obvious: last year U. S. agriculture lost approximately 694,000 workers to the armed forces while the lure of high wages diverted nearly a million to the cities and non-farm jobs.

Last week President Roosevelt outlined steps to alleviate the drainage of farm manpower. Pointing out that 550,000 farm workers between the ages of 18 and 37 years had already been deferred, he said that by the end of 1943 another 3,000,000 agricultural laborers would have been excused from military service. The President also said that new Food Administrator Davis would consider proposals for a "land army," although many U. S. farmers are still unwilling to trust inexperienced hands with their equipment or crops.

What the 6,000,000 U. S. farmers need most is trained personnel. Because it takes years to make a really competent farmer, the Department of Agriculture has been urging qualified farmers to transfer from low-to high-productivity farms. It is also activating its long-dormant plans for recruiting and training farm help. Schools are teaching rudiments of farm work in short, free courses, hope to develop 25,000 new "hired hands" by the summer. Urgent, local needs for manpower are met by transporting migratory workers at Government cost. But for many a month, thousands of U. S. farmers will have to borrow what assistance they can obtain from old men, children and green help from towns.



Migratory workers from all over Tennessee gather at Jackson for a medical examination. Family of ten (above) carried

ried along their musical instruments to enliven the long train trip to Florida where they went to dig potatoes.



Ex-Soldier John Weidler of Minneapolis, Kan. returns to his farm after being mustered out of Army. Weidler, 40, served for 2½ months.



Farm Boy Keith White, 20, of Lexington, Neb. was recently deferred by his draft board to work on his family's farm.



Hitching up the team is only one of his manifold chores. White's family owns and operates a 200-acre livestock farm.



White fills the sheep's food bin. He has won many livestock prizes, was State champion sheep showman in 1942.



Like many another currently hard-pressed U. S. farmer,
Illinois Dairyman Olbrich (center) gets help from his
70-year-old father and two small sons, aged 8 and 10

STEPHEN BENET

THE ULTIMATE OBJECTIVES OF FREE MEN ARE TO BE DISCOVERED IN THEIR ARTS AND LETTERS

Early in World War I a lieutenant at Fort Monroe noted a buck private peeling potatoes. This in itself was normal. But either this guy had never seen a potato or else he was practically blind: for he held the potato and the peeling knife just a few inches from his eyes, peeling with the meticulous care of a watch craftsman. The lieutenant crossed over to investigate—and thereby thwarted a young and burning ambition.

The buck private was Stephen Vincent Benét, lately chairman of the Yale *Literary Magazine*. His eyesight was so bad that he had to wear double-lens glasses. But his urge to fight was so keen that he had memorized the oculist's chart and had thus bluffed his way through the physical. An honorable discharge now ended his brief, three-day career as a soldier. This was tragic for Steve, because he had been bred to the Army. He came of a distinguished West Point family, and his father was Colonel James Walker Benét, an ordnance officer. But for that matter, eyes or no eyes, Steve remained an Army man. His own children were baptized at the Point, and he was proud to give an annual lecture there on *John Brown's Body*.

O Diverse Muse

Steve Benét died March 13 of a heart attack after a long and painful fight against arthritis. The arthritis had caused him to stoop years before he was ready to stoop. He was only 44.

We are living in a time of death for young men. Steve would have asked us to pay homage first to those who meet death in action. Yet somehow he so perfectly symbolizes what other boys are dying for, that we ought to pause for a moment, in our struggle, to remember him. Steve became a part of three wars—the Civil War (in *John Brown's Body*) and World Wars I and II. He had to fight with the spirit, not as a soldier. But in each one he performed a miracle: he gave it meaning.

That Steve became the leading poet of his generation was no mere accident. Colonel Benét was an enthusiastic connoisseur of poetry, and he brought up his three children—William, Stephen and Laura—to know and to write verse. But in addition, Army life opened up America for Steve. Born in Bethlehem, Pa. on July 22, 1898, he soon discovered that his home was not any particular town. In a literal sense he belonged to the United States. The deep green valleys of the Delaware, the red rocks of Colorado, the subtle perfumes of California, the ancient mansions of the Old South, the wild, rolling plains, these were his home—all of them, passionately:

*"I have fallen in love with American names,
The sharp names that never get fat,
The snakeskin-titles of mining-claims,
The plumed war-bonnet of Medicine Hat,
Tucson and Deadwood and Lost Mule Flat..."*

He never chose between them, and never tried to choose. All parts of America lived within him, in strange, conflicting equality. He loved American action as keenly as he lived American thought. He fought both sides of the Civil War. He worked on Manhattan but spoke for Kansas. America was no one place, no single point of view:

*"American muse, whose strong and diverse heart,
So many men have tried to understand
But only made it smaller with their art,
Because you are as various as your land,
As mountainous-deep, as flowered with blue rivers,
Thirsty with deserts, buried under snows,
As native as the shape of Navajo quivers,
And native, too, as the sea-voyaged rose..."*

A Big, Slow Star

This ability to identify himself with conflict, and yet to hold it in elusive unity, was the measure of Steve's greatness. It shaped his personal life. Though he had an uncompromising grip on his own beliefs, no man ever went further to understand others. He was never jealous of his contemporaries, almost childishly pleased when a new writer showed promise. His high-pitched voice and subtle inflections were heard in many a debate, yet his opinions were never handed down as if from on high. He was his own Lincoln, as expressed in the great monologue in *John Brown's Body*:

*"They come to me and talk about God's will
In righteous deputations and platoons,
Day after day, laymen and ministers,
They write me Prayers From Twenty Million Souls
Defining me God's will and Horace Greeley's.
God's will is General This and Senator That,
God's will is those poor colored fellows' will,
It is the will of the Chicago churches,
It is this man's and his worst enemy's.
But all of them are sure they know God's will.
I am the only man who does not know it.
And, yet, if it is probable that God
Should, and so very clearly, state His will
To others, on a point of my own duty,
It might be thought He would reveal it me
Directly, more especially as I
So earnestly desire to know His will..."*

Like Lincoln, Steve Benét lived knowingly in the presence of the eternal Enigma. And this fact protected him, almost like a suit of armor, against the jousting and combat of the "lost generation" to which he technically belonged. All around him during the Twenties and Thirties the American "intellectuals" charged like bedizened knights from one extreme to another, providing the country with a "leadership" so confused that we have not even yet recovered our native American balance. Steve Benét took a lively interest in these movements. But the hand upon the pen remained steady, a servant of

the "American muse," humble and homely, but afire—

*"... a big, slow star
Mounting in silver over lonely woods ...
A warm barn, full of the sweet milky breath
Of cows..."*

Authentic Tidings

Because of his strong American utterance, Steve Benét has sometimes been accused of chauvinism or narrow nationalism. Yet this is to mistake words for the meanings of words. America was the well-loved clay with which he wrought; but his vision was of mankind. The Enigma on whose wings he soared to an understanding of his countrymen lifted him far enough to see the human race. Thus his prayer for the United Nations, read by President Roosevelt on Flag Day, 1942:

*"... Yet most of all grant us brotherhood
... a brotherhood, not of words, but of ...
deeds. We are all of us children of earth—
grant us that simple knowledge. ... Grant us
a common faith that man shall know bread
and peace—that he shall know justice and
righteousness, freedom and security, an
equal opportunity and an equal chance to
do his best, not only in our own lands but
throughout the world. And in that faith let
us march toward the clean world our hands
can make."*

What Steve's life teaches us, in this confused and dangerous moment of history, is that the objectives of free men are, ultimately, to be found in their arts and letters—the expressions of their inmost nature. However bloody and carnal the war, our hearts must transcend the horrors, in song and color, in rhythm and in line. It was Shelley who pointed out that, had Locke, Hume and other philosophers never lived, the loss, while great, could be calculated; but that "it exceeds all imagination to conceive what would have been the moral condition of the world" without Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, the Hebrew poets, the Greek sculptors. "Poetry," says Shelley, "creates for us a being within our being." It is that being which Steve's work so lucidly reveals.

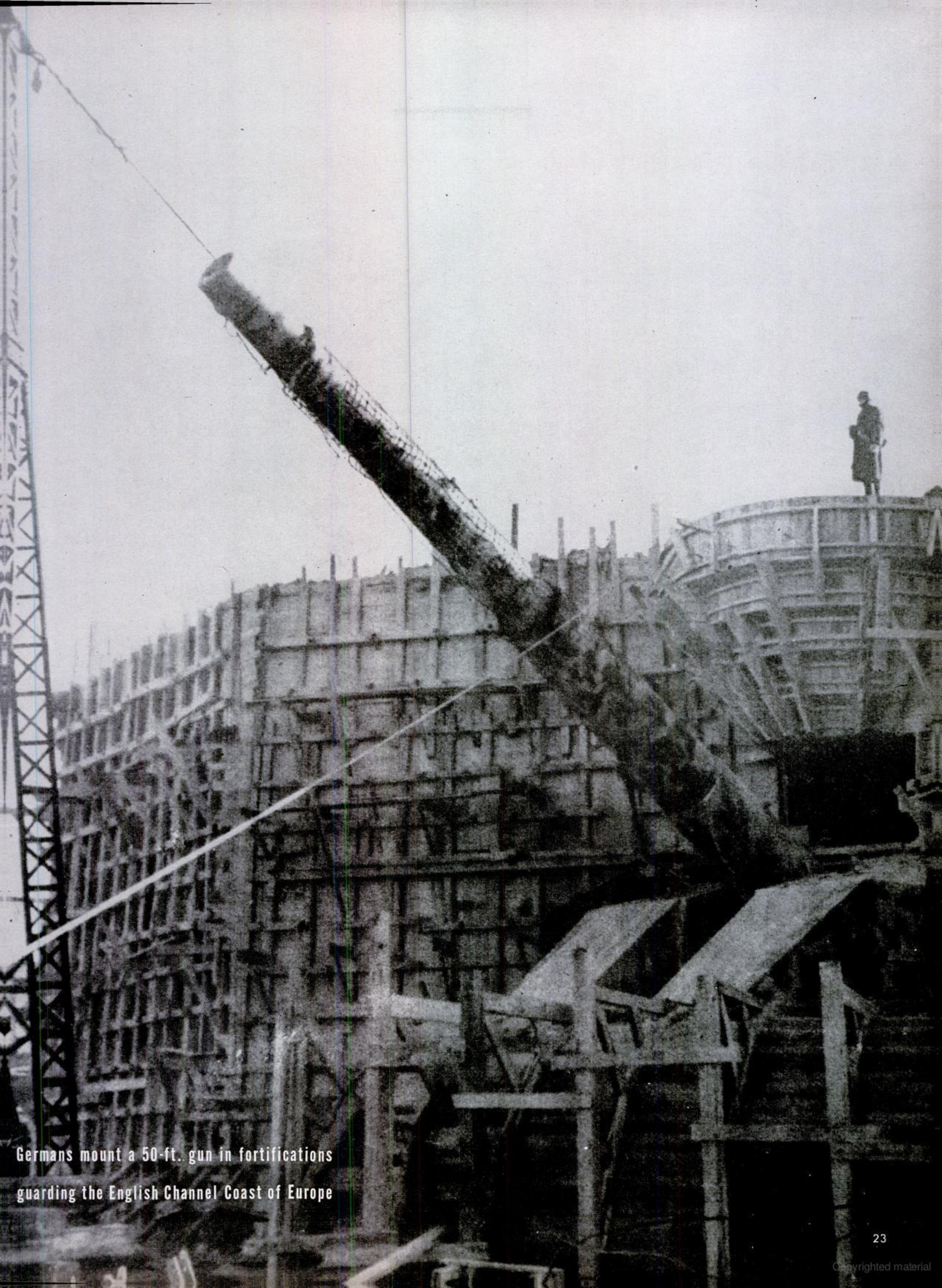
Thus it is that Steve Benét, the soldier's son, can tell us more about the objectives of this war than the political philosophers and economists. He tells it in *John Brown's Body*, whose many printings now total well over 500,000. He tells it in the *Ballads and Poems*; in *The Devil and Daniel Webster*; in the numerous radio scripts and speeches, the inimitable short stories. Steve's war was not fought with bullets, but with American intimations. His signal corps was not concerned with laying telephone wires, but with the "authentic tidings of invisible things." His objective was not a farmhouse, but a light: the light of America shining out across a ruined world.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

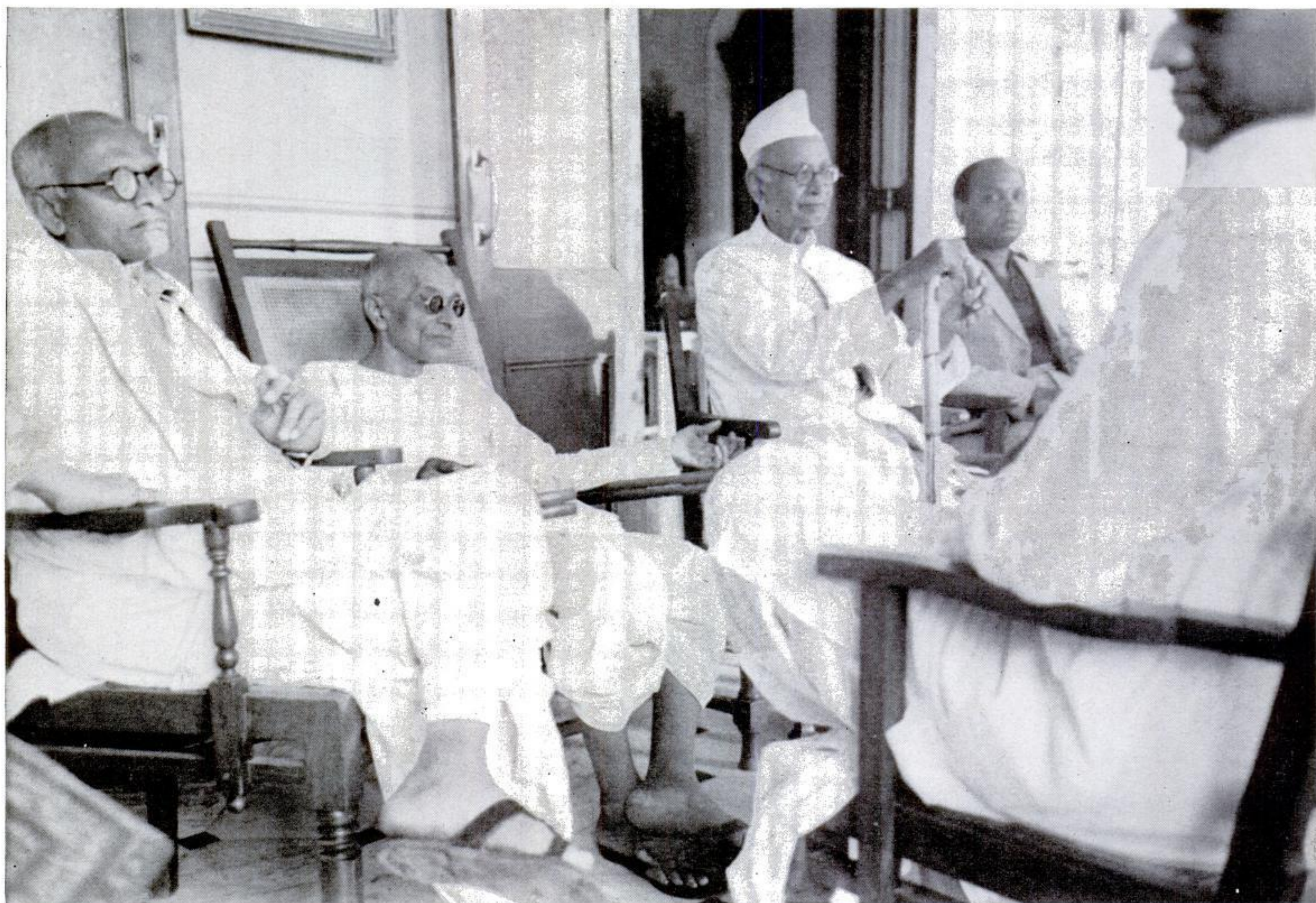
What the Germans think of the prospects of Anglo-American invasion of Europe this year is shown by picture on opposite page. It shows one of the

biggest guns the Germans have, probably a 16-in. coastal gun 50 ft. long. It is being hoisted into its heavy concrete emplacement on the English Chan-

nel, a monster capable of throwing metal at least 28 miles. It would concentrate first on the warships preceding and escorting the invasion convoy.



Germans mount a 50-ft. gun in fortifications
guarding the English Channel Coast of Europe



On a Poona porch, a depressed group of Hindu leaders brooded over what they feared was Gandhi's imminent death. The fo-

cus of the depression was Chakravarthi Rajagopalachariar (second from left), briefly called "C.R." Potent Hindu leader,

C. R. was terribly downcast when he arrived in Poona. After seeing Gandhi, he cheered up and everybody felt much better.



A leading Bombay lawyer, K. M. Munshi, went to see Gandhi and came out worried about his health but awed by his spirit.



Gandhi's sister, 80-year-old Gokiben V. Mundia, had long opposed Gandhi's anti-caste principles but now supports them.



Untouchables' champion, A. V. Thakkar, had daily talks with Gandhi. He works for Untouchables, is a higher caste Hindu.



STANDING WITH BOWED HEADS UNDER A MANGO TREE, GIRL STUDENTS OF A POONA COLLEGE PRAY FOR GANDHI'S LIFE. ONE GIRLS' COLLEGE FASTED FOR A DAY IN SYMPATHY

GANDHI'S FAST

**Worried followers gather in Poona
as Hindu leader survives ordeal**

On March 3, Mohandas K. Gandhi sat up weakly in his palace prison in Poona, India. Sipping some diluted orange juice, he broke his 21-day fast. For three weeks, the 73-year-old Indian leader had taken no nourishment except watered citrus juices. He was protesting against the British for imprisoning him without trial on charges of causing disturbance in warring India.

To Gandhi in Poona came worried politicians and disciples, fearful over the crisis the fast might precipitate. It seemed certain that the shriveled little Hindu would die. The British Viceroy firmly refused to release Gandhi. Gandhi's gloomy followers foresaw the loss of

their leader and a resulting outbreak of futile violence.

Somehow Gandhi survived. But the fast had utterly failed to raise the Indian masses or frighten the British Viceroy. As propaganda or as maneuver, his fast was ineffectual in the eyes of India and the outside world. Though applauded for his physical courage, he lost political face and so did the All-India Congress Party. But some Hindus felt that his effort was spiritually significant. Pointing out that Roosevelt and Churchill both fell ill during the fast, they found some mystical connection between their leader's ordeal and the ailments of the great men who would not listen to him.



Gandhi's opulent prison was the Aga Khan's expensive palace, locally known as "the bungalow." Gandhi's room was in the right-hand corner. He was frequently wheeled on screened veranda.



Gandhi's doctor, Bidhan Chandra Roy (second from right) held daily conferences with the press. Often called India's best physician, Dr. Roy lived up to his reputation in keeping Gandhi alive.



PLANES LINE UP ON FLIGHT DECK WHILE AIRCRAFT CARRIER HEELS IN THE TROUGH OF A WAVE. IN FRONT ARE FOUR NAVY TORPEDO BOMBERS. BEHIND ARE THE ARMY P-40'S

PLANE DELIVERY

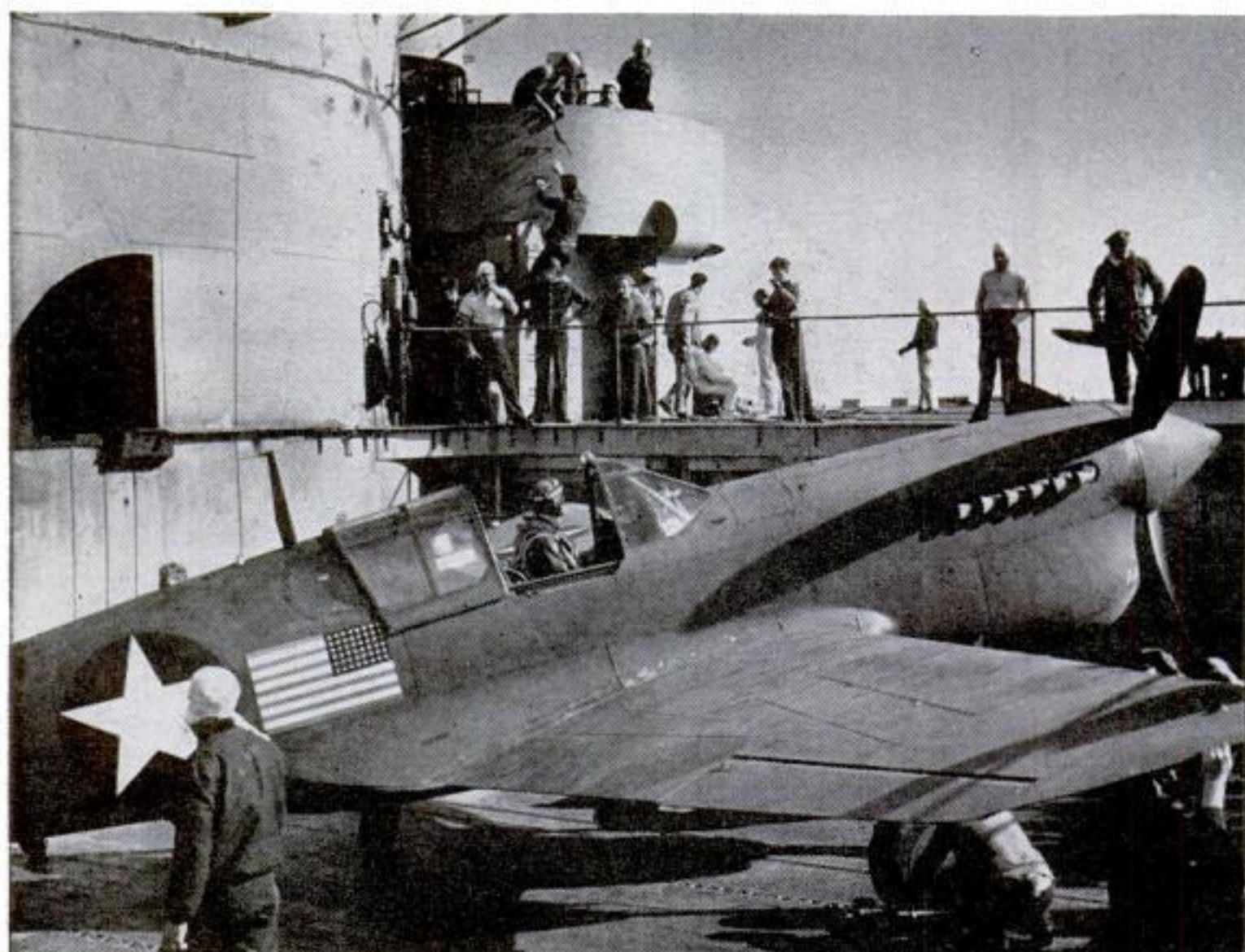
Army fighters take off from a Navy carrier to fly to a fighting front

The most perplexing problem facing American air-power, which last week was stepping up its offensive around the world, is the problem of logistics. Forward bases of operation must be supplied with gas, bombs, food and new planes. Long-range bombers can be flown in, but fighters and supplies must be brought in by ship—a time-wasting job.

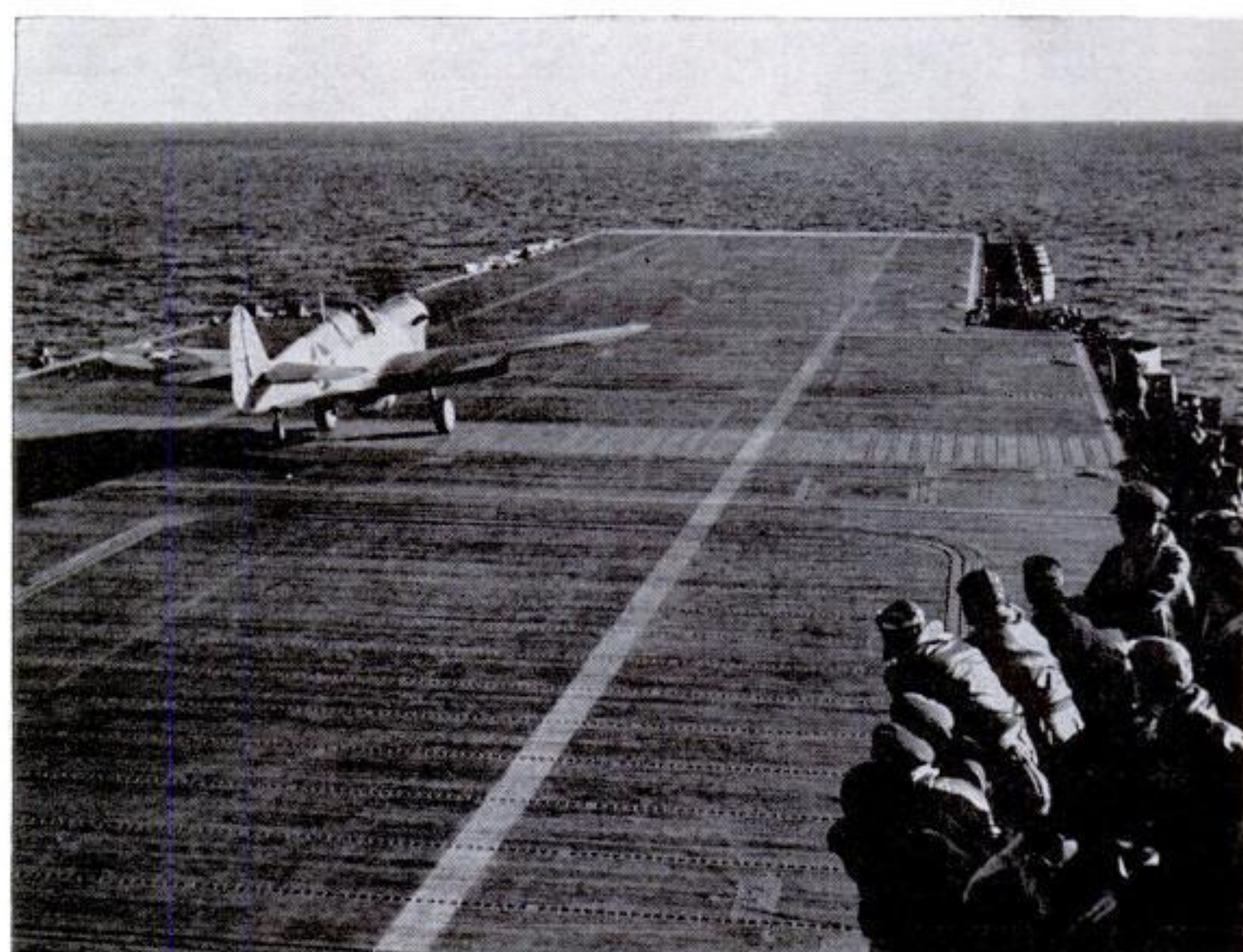
Recently the Army and Navy have been using an ingenious method for delivering planes to the fighting fronts. As these pictures show, Army fighters are

packed aboard a Navy aircraft carrier. The carrier sails to within a short distance of the front, where the Army fighters take off.

It is an exciting operation for Army fliers, who have not been trained for carrier take-offs. On the trip over they listen carefully while Navy fliers tell them what to do, watch carefully while Navy bombers take off from the flight deck. When the big day finally comes, they climb into their cockpits, rev up their motors, and off they go. Few, if any, of them flop in the ocean.



Up the elevator from the hangar deck comes an Army P-40. For identification both American star insignia and American flag are painted on her fuselage. Before take-off, guns were loaded.



Down flight deck roars an Army fighter for take-off, while other Army fliers, whose turn soon will come, watch tensely. Some take-offs were not perfect, but none was bad. Nobody was hurt.



Army fighters, waiting for take-off and delivery to a fighting front, crowd the flight deck of a U.S. carrier



BOMBER WAITS FOR TAKE-OFF ON MT. KENYA. PLANE CAME DOWN OFF LEFT OF PICTURE, WAS WHEELED TO RUNWAY OVER SPECIALLY BUILT ROAD COMING IN FROM LEFT

KENYA TAKE-OFF

Natives salvage plane by building runway on African mountainside

The moment recorded in this photograph was a very big moment indeed to 150 natives of Kenya Colony, Africa. The scene is 17,000-ft.-high Kenya Mountain. Gashed down its scrubby side is an airplane runway. Poised at the top of the runway is an R. A. F. bomber.

The bomber had made a forced landing on Kenya's slope some weeks before. Following rhinoceros trails, the crew reached a village, summoned a salvage party and went back up the mountain with 150 Meru natives

to rescue their plane. For days and days the natives hacked at the heather, filled holes and gullies. They worked fast because the rainy season was coming on.

After four weeks, the plane was pushed to the top of the runway. The workers excitedly stamped out the last rough spots. The motor roared, the plane swept down past the screaming natives, lifted from the mountainside and flew off. Behind it, black rain clouds were piling up. That night it began to pour.

We're On The BOND WAGON NOW!



WE'RE rolling down that good old victory road—full speed ahead! We figure the sooner we put every last cent we can in War Bonds, the quicker this war will be over—and we'll be able to have that new Hotpoint Electric Kitchen we want! That's why Joe and I are stretching the budget to invest even *more* than ten per cent of his pay in War Bonds. The more money we have in bonds, the more of that thrifty, time-saving equipment we can buy for our Hotpoint Electric Kitchen when Hotpoint makes home appliances again instead of war materials!

Some Day We'll Have The ELECTRIC KITCHEN That Bonds Bought!



FOR HOMES COSTING \$6,000.
The Meadow Lark Kitchen illustrated is designed for homes costing as little as \$6,000 and is completely electric, with Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Dishwasher, Sink and Hotpoint Steel Cabinets.



**FOR HOMES COSTING AS LITTLE AS
\$4,000**

Hotpoint Electric Kitchens including Range, Refrigerator, Sink and Steel Cabinets have been installed in numerous homes costing only \$4,000.
The Cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen Averages About 10% of Home-Building Costs

Tomorrow Is Worth Saving For

THERE'S a whale of a lot of incentive for you to make every sacrifice you can today! For after the war—with all the new appliances that are being perfected—the homes of America will be *finer* and cost *less* than you can imagine! Cooking will be done by Hotpoint Electric Ranges that require no watching. Electric refrigeration will be improved beyond belief . . . All these miracle-working conveniences can be yours—when the war is won. So back up your man in the service and speed the day of Victory by buying more and more War Bonds.

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY—An Electric Kitchen Tomorrow!



● Kitchen hours will be cut down considerably with an automatic Hotpoint Electric Range to do the pot-watching! Vitamins and minerals will not be cooked away!



● Built to provide plenty of storage space—and keep foods at flavor peak far longer—the Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator will save time and money!



● A Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dishwasher and Disposall eliminate your most disagreeable, time-taking household tasks! Turn a switch—and your chores are done for you!

HOME PLANNING FILE



PLAN TODAY FOR TOMORROW'S electric kitchen. Hotpoint's Home Planning File is perfect for saving ideas for your new home. Size 9" x 12", of box board, ten divisions, folder for recording War Bond purchases. If your electric company or dealer cannot supply you, send 25 cents in coin or War Stamps.

Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc.
5616 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Illinois

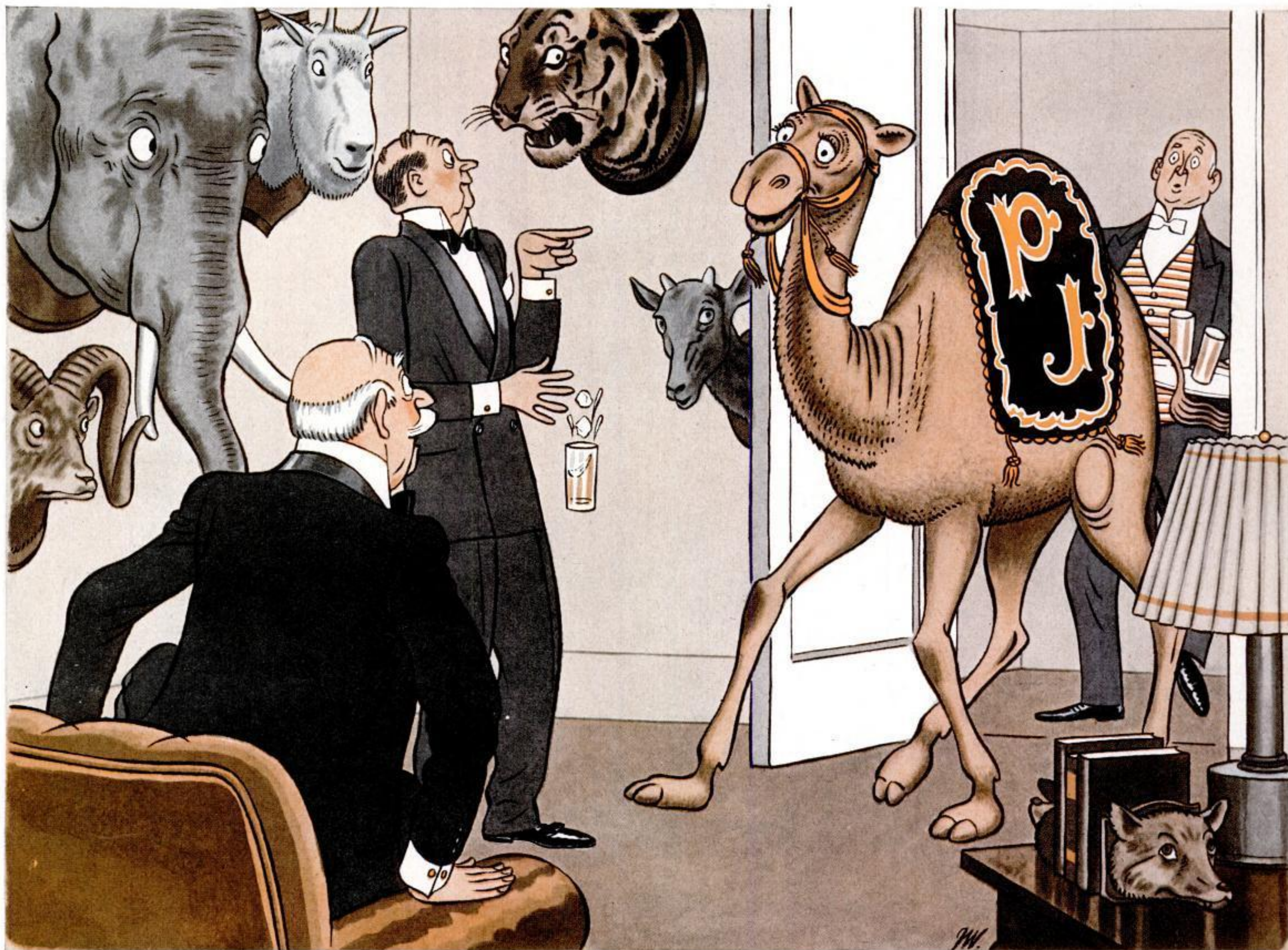
Enclosed find 25 cents for which please send Home Planning File.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

ELECTRIC **Hotpoint** **KITCHENS**



“Egad, Colonel, the one that got away!”



man, that King of Connoisseurs, that World-Famous Host . . . J. SANFORD NORRIS, *ESQUIRE*?

COLONEL: Ah-hhhh! Hmmm! Well, now! I mean, by Jove, m'friend, I—

COLONEL: Zounds. Camel! How dare you come charging in here like this?

CAMEL: But, *Sahib*! Are you not that celebrated sports-

CAMEL: Exactly, Effendi! And I am the Paul Jones Camel. The living symbol of the *dryness* in dry Paul Jones whiskey! The—

COLONEL: Fap! Faugh, you ignorant beast! Don't you know that this dryness you're talking about is a quality of champagne?

CAMEL: Pardon, Terror of the Jungle. But had you ever tasted the superb Paul Jones you would know that it, too, has this quality of *dryness*, or lack of sweetness. For, *Sahib*, it is the *dryness* of Paul Jones which permits you to enjoy *all* of its fla-

vor, its *full* richness and mellowness!

COLONEL: Hold, Camel! Stop it, Beast! My palate fairly twitches for a taste of this expensive whiskey. But . . . well . . . my dividends falling off, I—

CAMEL: Ah. Mighty Hunter, but the superlative *dry* Paul Jones is *most* moderately priced!

COLONEL: Eh? Oh, well now! Sit down, my friend! Sit down, Camel, while I order up a round of this fine *dry* Paul Jones! And say! Did I ever tell you how I was once trapped by twelve man-eating tigers? Well, Sir . . .

*The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry*

Paul Jones



A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



IN BOMBED CENTER OF BRISTOL VOTERS STOP TO LOOK AT CANDIDATE JENNIE LEE'S BANNER. "BEVERIDGE" REFERS TO BRITAIN'S FAMOUS POST-WAR SOCIAL SECURITY PLAN

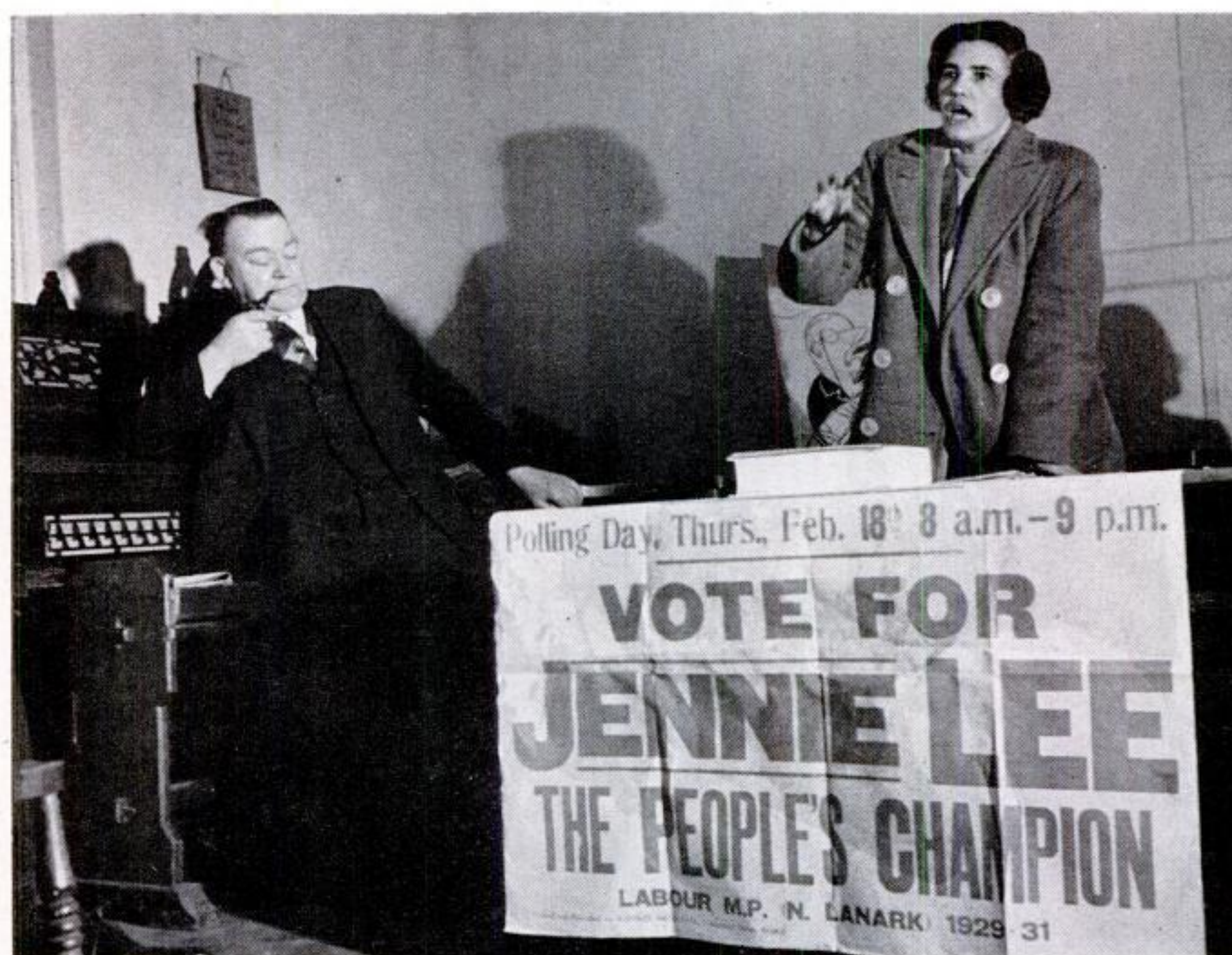
ENGLAND VOTES

A Tory Lady and a Labor lady
contest a by-election for seat
in Parliament from Bristol

A British by-election, from start to finish, is shown on this and the following pages. The Member of Parliament for Bristol, Lord Apsley, had been killed in the Middle East in a flying accident. Some 35,000 Bristol citizens had a right to vote for a new M. P. on Feb. 18. Unable to vote, because Parliament has prolonged its life eight years and there has been no new register of voters since 1939, were all who since then had turned 21 or moved into the district—about 20% of the total.

The Tory candidate was Lord Apsley's widow. The Labor candidate was Jennie Lee, the wife of the rebellious Labor M. P., Aneurin Bevan. Neither lives

in the constituency. One big difference between this and a U. S. election was that party caucus nominations and primaries were completely omitted. Such American doings shock the British. Anybody in all England who could hand in £150 (\$600) and eight signatures of electors had a right to run. Two unimportant men did so. Another peculiarity of any British election is that England has about 5,000,000 more registered voters than adults. This is because propertied people and university alumni have several votes. This is a relic of days only 80 years ago when only one in 40 Englishmen had a vote. But otherwise this election was basically like an American election.



Candidate Jennie Lee harangues meeting, one of three a night. Her manager (left) was expelled from Labor

Party for supporting her, for Labor Party has agreed not to put up candidates for Tory seats during war.



Also-ran was John McNair, independent Laborite, who claimed Jennie was phony working class. He had no chance but hurt Jennie's chances.



On Nomination Day, ten days before election, Jennie Lee and other candidates must each produce eight signatures and cheque for £150 for Town Clerk Green (left). If she polls one-eighth of vote she will get back the £150; otherwise not (In U. S. 750 signatures might be needed).



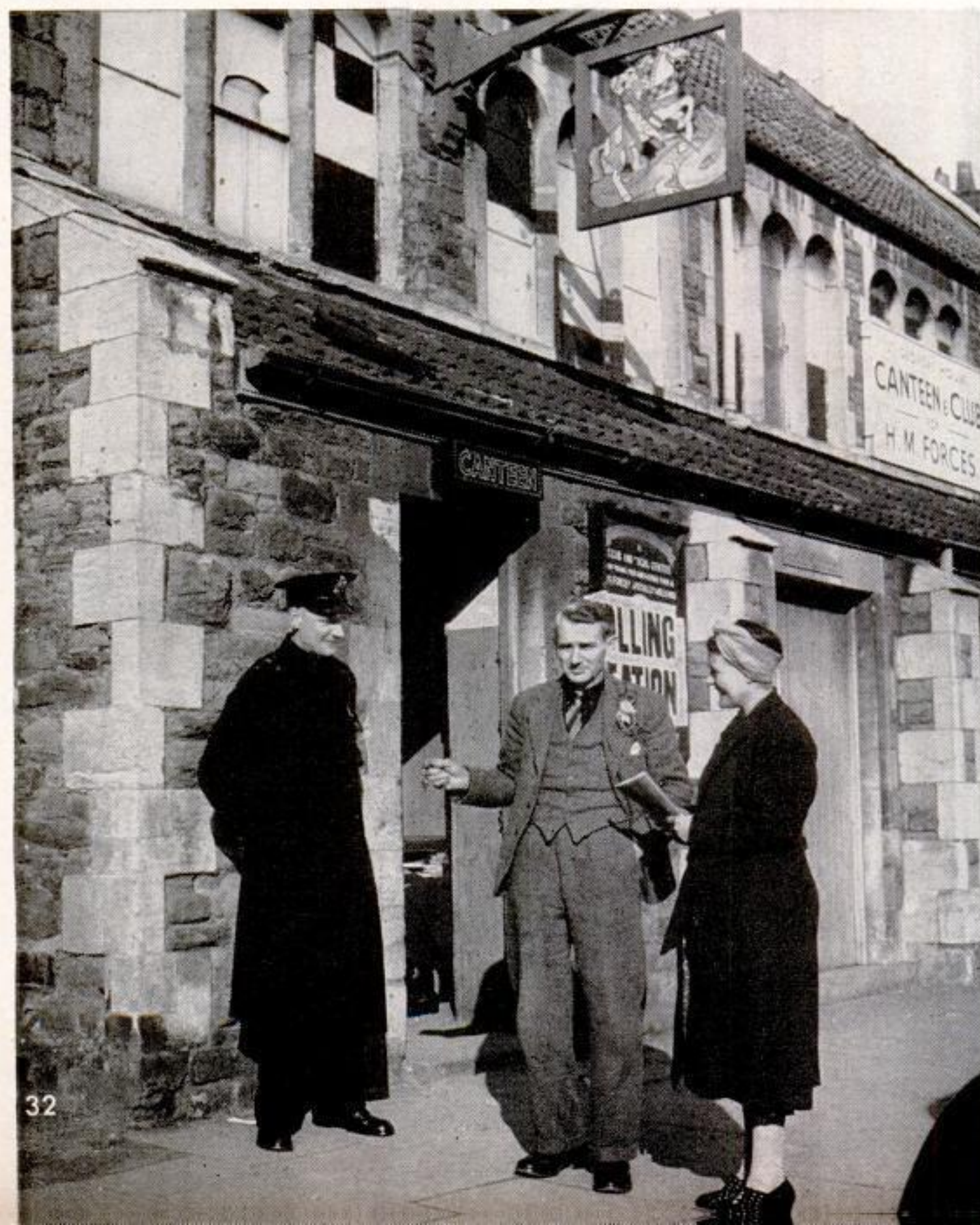
Children parade posters for Jennie Lee, with phonograph loudspeaker and tin cans, singing "Vote, vote, vote for Jennie Lee." Issue of the campaign was the Beveridge post-war social security plan, which Jennie Lee claimed Churchill's Conservatives are quietly "murdering."



A fighting speech is made by Jennie Lee to an audience including her mother (hands folded) and a Leftist clergyman of Bristol. Below, Jennie on election day has gone visiting inside a public polling place watched by a policeman, while her brother-in-law waits for her outside.



At Jennie's big meeting, her London friends spoke for her. Speaking against old register of voters which deprives 7,000,000 Britons of vote, Tom Wintringham said, "You can be registered for chocolates, but not for democracy." Below, Jennie canvasses demolition workers.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

Facts below* are reported by impartial dental authority not concerned with promoting — or attacking — any dentifrice.

THESE CAVITIES AREN'T DECAY— YOU GRIND THEM IN YOURSELF!

THE MORE YOU USE POPULAR DENTIFRICES — THE DEEPER THEY GET!

8 in 10 Adults Run Risk— DENTAL AUTHORITY REPORTED

*Recent studies at a leading Research Foundation Clinic disclosed this startling evidence: First, 58% of all adults examined had these cavities in softer parts of teeth (exposed by receding gums) — cavities ground-in by abrasives contained in the popular dentifrices they regularly used. Second, the worst of these ground-in cavities were found in teeth cleaned most regularly. Third, 8 in 10 run this risk constantly.

—(Summarized from report in authoritative dental journal)

See that cavity?



Brushing did it!

Better Protect Beauty Now—with TEEL

THINK what may happen to *your* teeth — if you keep on scouring them with popular dentifrices. The tooth above gives warning!

By looking at such cavities, researchers actually could tell which persons were right-handed—which were “lefties”.

Because, the deepest cavities came in the *left side teeth* of *right-handed persons* . . . where brushing pressure was hardest. And—vice-versa for the “south-paws”! Positive evidence that the more you scour with popular dentifrices—the more damage you’re apt to do!

But—TEEL protects teeth—because, of all leading dentifrices, it is the *only one* that contains *no abrasives*.

TEEL’s scientific new way makes teeth look their loveliest . . . *safely!* So easy, too. Just brush twice daily with TEEL—and one extra minute a week brush with TEEL and plain baking soda. Get TEEL today—in your regular store. There’s beauty in every drop.



NEW SAFE TEEL WAY TAKES ONLY
*One Extra Minute
a Week!*

TEEL COMES IN A BOTTLE
—NO BOTHER WITH TUBES



HERE'S ALL YOU DO

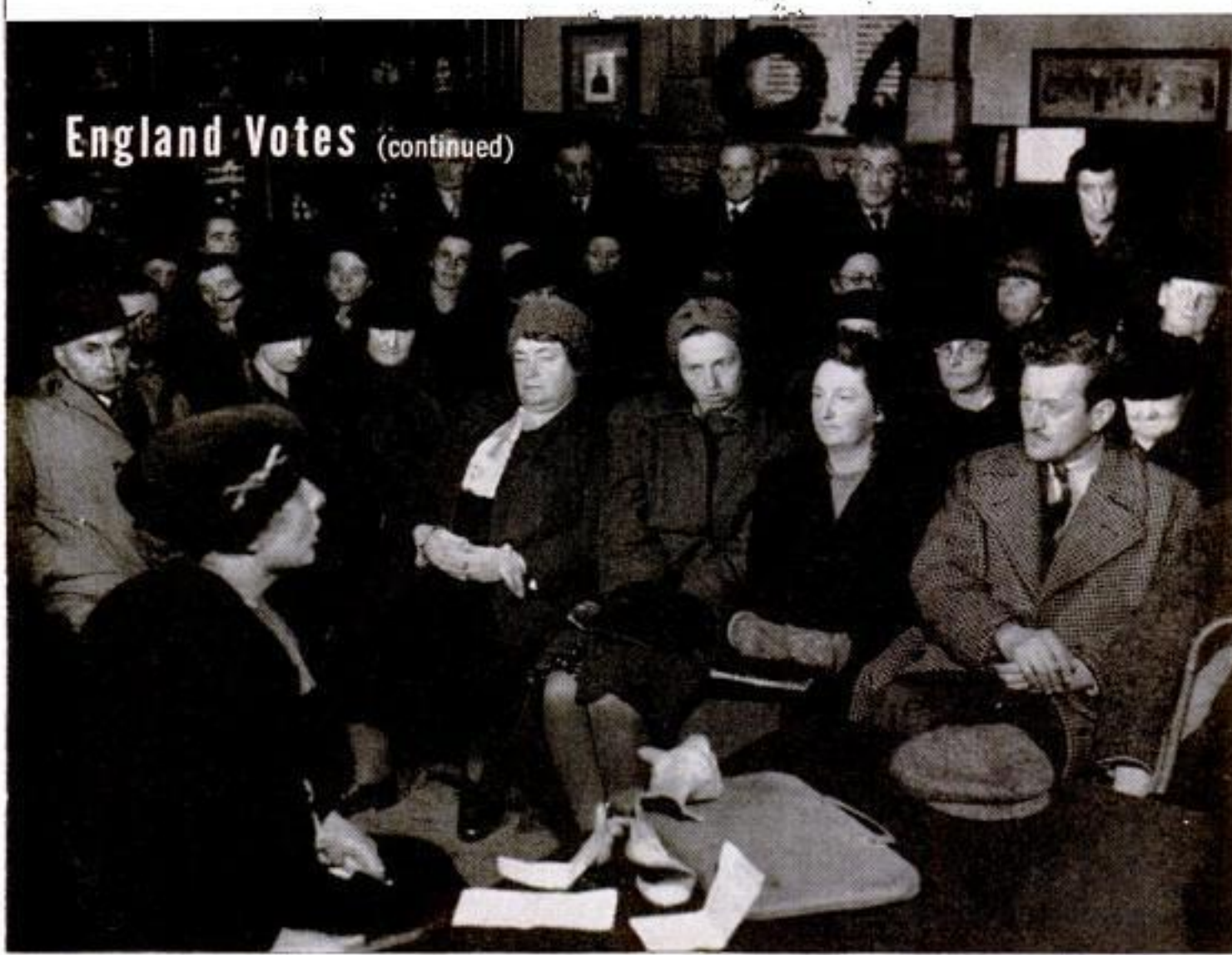
1. Brush your teeth every day—thoroughly with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean!
2. Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on brush moistened with TEEL. Brush at least an extra minute.

THIS NEW TEEL WAY CLEANS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH . . .
LEAVES MOUTH DELIGHTFULLY CLEAN AND REFRESHED.

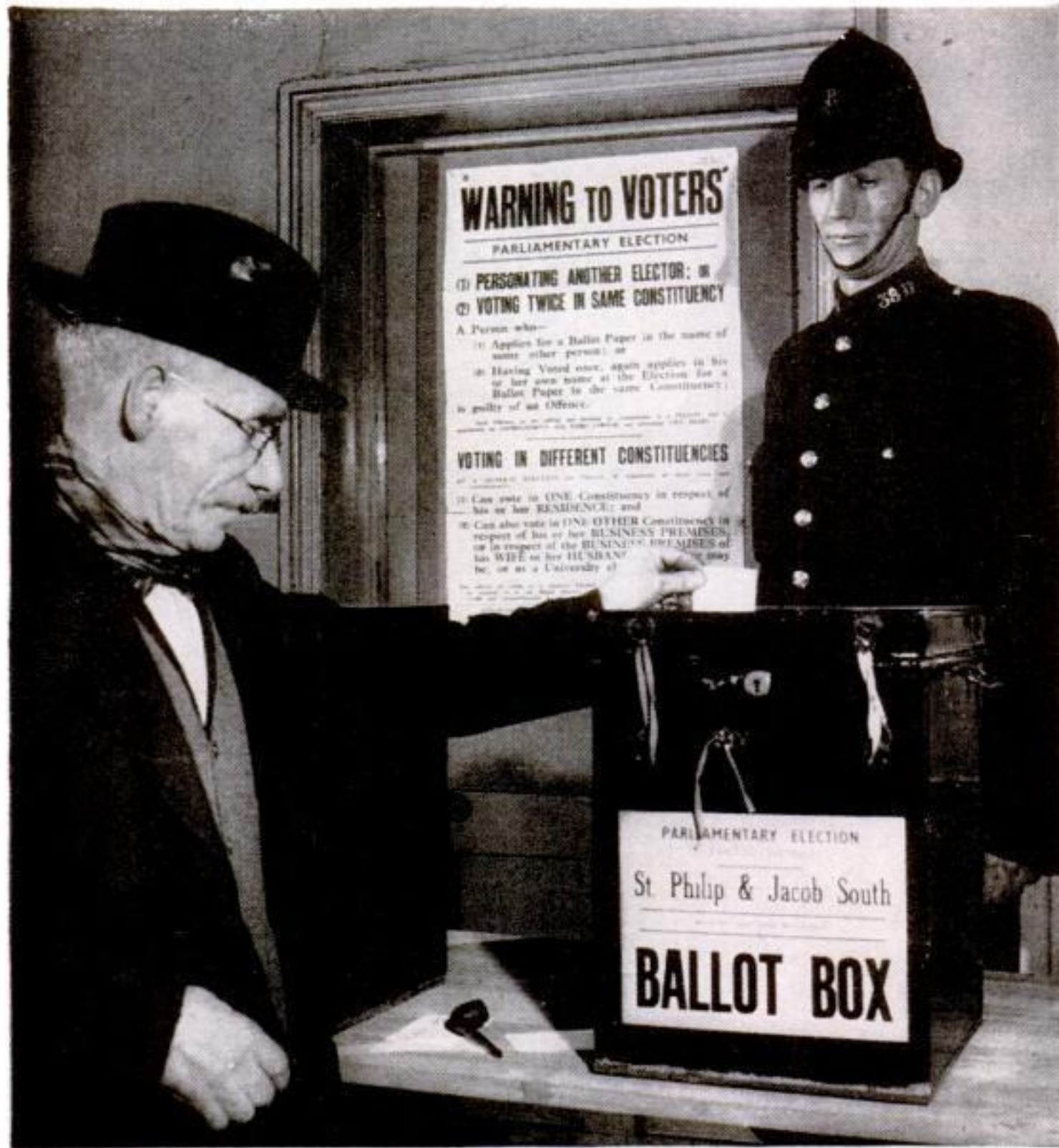
Teel protects teeth *Beautifully!*

LIQUID DENTIFRICE

England Votes (continued)



Lady Apsley, running for seat of late husband, holds a meeting of Tories and, oddly, Communists. She was much heckled by Jennie Lee supporters. In England, quick wit and good temper with hecklers are major assets in getting elected. Lady Apsley was at least good-tempered.



Ballot, marked secretly by voter in polling booth, is dropped into the ballot box which will be sealed overnight, emptied and counted next day. Below, Sheriff Harold Hosegood reads the results of Central Bristol's elections to the assembled candidates, their agents and friends.



Invalid's chair is stowed in the rear compartment of Lady Apsley's car, for she was crippled in a fox-hunting accident in 1930. All four candidates made house-to-house calls, tried to catch workers for speech at lunch hour, distributed handbills, tried to avoid using their cars.



Final results, after defective ballots (above) had been discarded by agents, were: Lady Apsley 5,867; Jennie Lee, 4,308; two other also-rans forfeited their deposits. Below Lady Apsley is presented to people, while defeated candidates stand behind. Jennie is behind Lord Mayor.



Magic? No! DU PONT "ZELAN"

PROTECTIVE TREATMENT FOR FABRIC THAT DOESN'T COME OUT

SHEDS WATER



RESISTS SPOTS



CLEANING DOESN'T SPOIL IT



***ARMY TEST PROVES "ZELAN" LASTS**



No wonder Uncle Sam puts millions of his soldiers in field jackets treated with a durable water repellent. It keeps 'em dry and comfortable in all weather. Keeps 'em clean longer, too! Splashes roll off. Non-oily spots and stains sponge away. And the protection lasts.

*Standard Army spray test shows that "Zelan" sheds water readily after 3 severe laundings or dry cleanings... equal to many washings at home... many trips to your cleaner.

LOOK FOR THIS TAG



WHEN YOU BUY



RAIN CLOTHES, WORK CLOTHES, CHILDREN'S WEAR, SPORTSWEAR



Conservation note: If your garments aren't treated with durable "Zelan," ask your laundry or cleaner to make them water repellent with Du Pont "Aridex."

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



SOMEWHERE WEST OF SUEZ

ROARING in from the desert night, a procession of transport planes sits down at a secret base somewhere west of Suez.

Out of them steps the greatest gathering of military leaders in history—Commanders in Chief, Chiefs of Staff, Aides and Ministers.

The base commander greets them, and the United Nations go into a council of war—almost in the enemy's camp!

Today, Air Transport makes the entire globe a conference table for the highest ranking officials of the United Nations.

Over a world-wide system of air routes, they fly to Moscow or Melbourne, London or Washington, Chungking or Casablanca—in a matter of hours and days.

They meet face to face in the same business-like manner as a group of executives who fly to Chicago to confer on speeding up production in a dozen plants from coast to coast.

They thrash out critical problems and come to personal, clear-cut decisions, right on the spot. No confusion, no slow down in the process of winning the war.

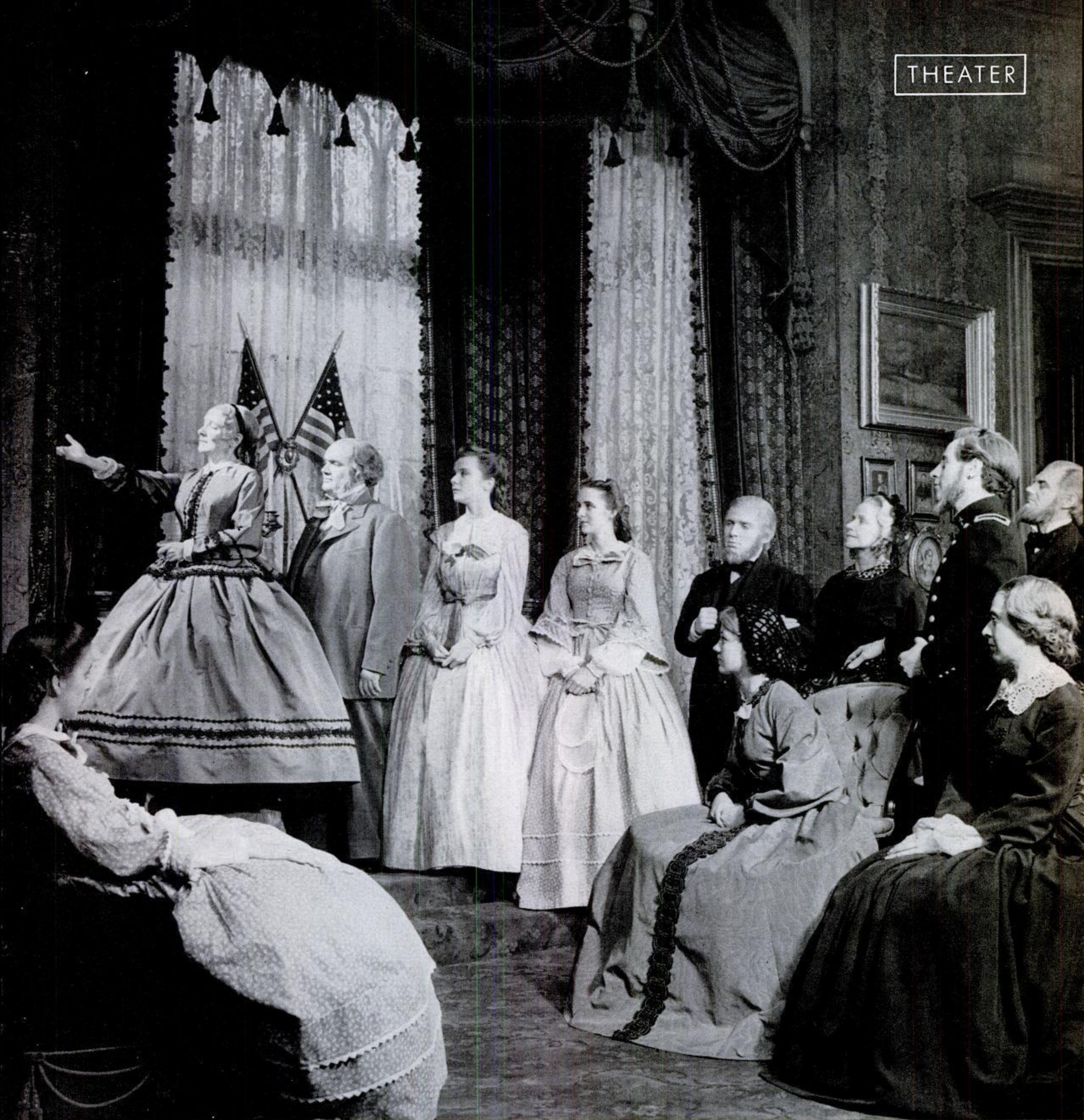
Today, the Airlines are working hand in hand with the U.S. Army Air Transport Command in the globe-circling job of military supply by air—in addition to maintaining regular scheduled service between industrial centers for passengers, mail and Air Express on the war production front at home.

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

IF YOU CAN'T FIGHT, YOUR DOLLARS CAN. BUY BONDS!

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

AIR TRANSPORT GETS THERE FIRST... PASSENGERS... MAIL... AIR EXPRESS



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (HELEN HAYES) SURROUNDED BY HER FAMILY SPEAKS TO TOWNSPEOPLE OF ANDOVER, MASS. SHE HAS JUST RETURNED FROM MEETING LINCOLN

HARRIET

Helen Hayes portrays the life of
Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who
roused the nation over slavery

Miss Helen Hayes who has portrayed in the theater such women as Queen Victoria and Mary, Queen of Scots has now in *Harriet* turned to American history for her latest stage portrait. As Harriet Beecher Stowe, Miss Hayes brings to Broadway the crusading woman who wrote the great anti-slavery novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and caused Lincoln to say to her: "So this is the little lady who made this big war."

Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811-1896) came from a crusading family of "hell and damnation" preachers. There were seven of them. One was Henry Ward Beecher, the Boston spellbinder. To escape this large and overpowering family Harriet married an absent-minded scholar, proceeded to have seven children

of her own. To escape the slavery question Harriet moved her family from Ohio, where the "Kentucks" were making raids on the border towns for fugitive slaves, to Brunswick, Me. But the abolition problem followed her. A runaway slave sought refuge in her house, was captured and stirred Harriet to write one of America's most controversial books which included such now-famous characters as Uncle Tom, Simon Legree, Topsy and Little Eva.

Out of this colorful Beecher-Stowe legend Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements have written a fair play. A crinoline drama of domesticity, it is turned into an exciting evening in the theater by the warmth and artistry of Miss Helen Hayes playing the title role.



In her new home, a small cottage in Cincinnati, Harriet Beecher Stowe has just returned from her wedding trip. The members of the Beecher family gather to welcome her. Those "of greatest interest to the public" pose for a newspaper artist's delineation, while Harriet holds the lamp and tries to pacify the family on the question of slavery.



Some years later Harriet tries to soothe her son, frightened by lawless bands of "Kentucks" who have crossed into Ohio, a free State, to capture fugitive slaves. In vain, Harriet begs her father and brothers not to use force against invaders. At left is a servant's child, Celestine, who later found fame as Topsy who "just growed" in Harriet's sensational anti-slavery novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

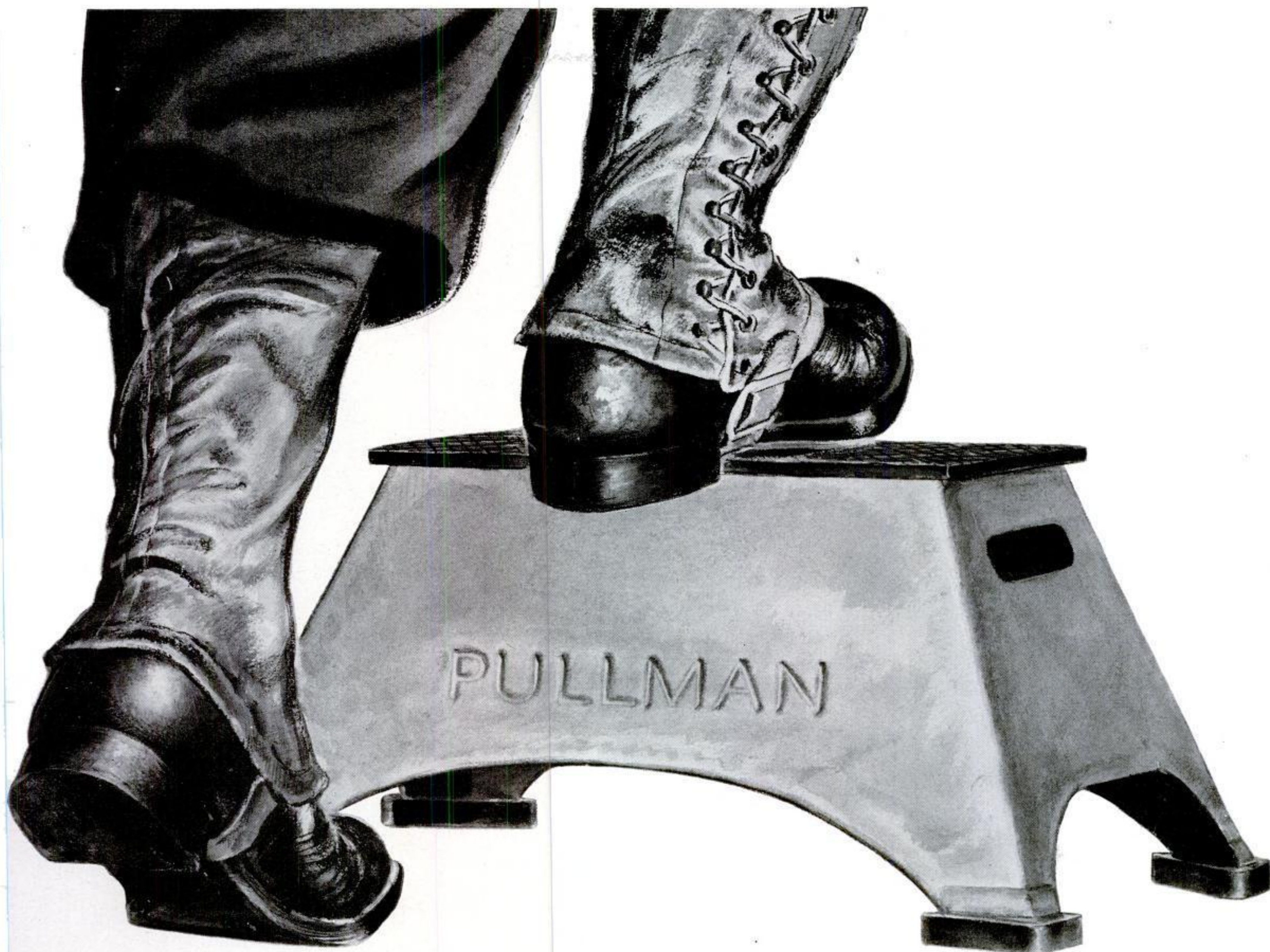


Moving to Brunswick, Me. to find peace, Harriet is once again faced with the slavery problem when a runaway slave, Sukey, seeks refuge in her home. With the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Act, she is powerless to prevent the town authorities from taking Sukey. It was this incident that prompted Harriet to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.



Surrounded by her family at Christmas time, Harriet, who has been writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in midst of a hundred domestic crises, reads a recently completed chapter. She reads: "It is the right of man to be a man and not a brute; the right to protect and educate his children, the right to have a home of his own, a religion of his own, a character of his own, unsubject to the will of another."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



First Step toward the fighting front

It leads him to a good night's rest in a soft, sleep-inviting bed.

And that's the *least* that anyone can wish him—although the demand for so many sleeping cars to move troops results in occasional inconvenience to

civilians traveling Pullman in wartime.

We are grateful for the tolerance with which you accept the situation—for your understanding attitude that says as plain as words:

"He comes first with *all* of us!"

AN AVERAGE OF ALMOST 30,000 TROOPS A NIGHT NOW

GO PULLMAN

★ Buy United States War Bonds and Stamps Regularly! ★



Copyright 1943, The Pullman Company

Treasure your KAYSER Treasures

Lovely, lovely Lumitone* slips of finest, runproof, rayon jersey—not as plentiful as usual—therefore more precious than ever! As superb as everything that bears the famous name of Kayser. Treat them with knowing care—better care means longer wear.

BE WISER...BUY KAYSER

So few... So fine

KAYSER
Gloves, Hosiery,
Underwear and Lingerie
...Buy War Bonds, too!

*Trade Mark

"Harriet" (continued)



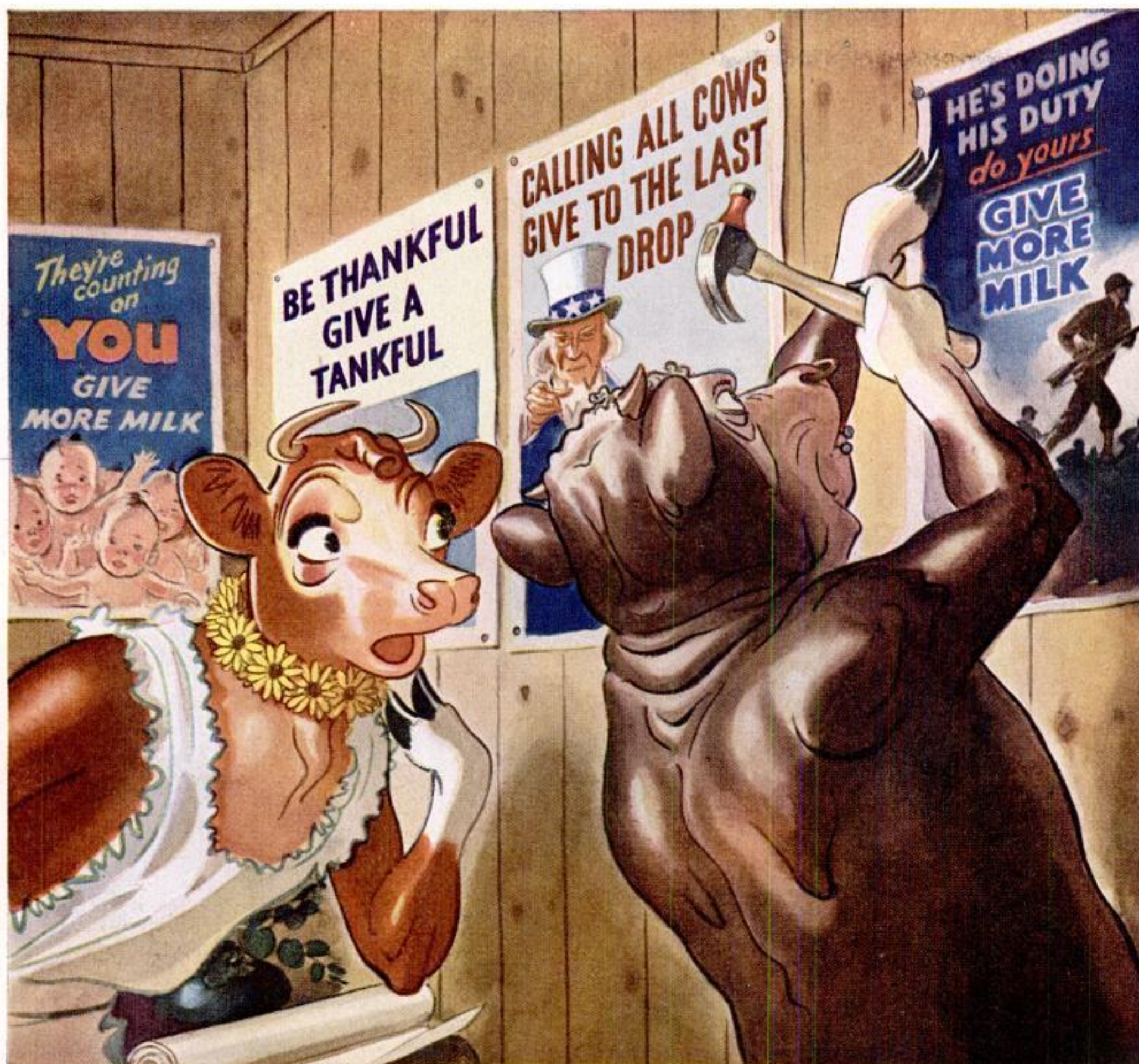
A silk dress has always been Harriet's fondest hope. Now that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a financial success she can afford one. She complains that the skirt is full, but Harriet's daughter reads from *Godey's Lady's Book*: "No lady with any pretense to fashion can hope to achieve a modish silhouette without at least 60 yards of material."



Letters of praise about *Uncle Tom's Cabin* start to pour into the Stowe household. Harriet is pleased, as she is with showers of presents, but her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, tells her of blasphemous letters that have been hidden from her. He tells her many people feel she has started a conflagration which may destroy the Union.



The Civil War started, Harriet, standing with her husband in their mansion at Andover, Mass., reads the casualty lists and discovers that her son, Freddie, has been wounded in action. Bitterly she says: "We have given our flesh and blood to fight for freedom. It has all been for nothing." But a visit to Lincoln restores her courage.



"Are you trying to say I'm a slacker?" gasped Elsie

"HARUMPH!" snorted Elmer, the bull. "Then, how do you explain this shortage of milk products that everyone's talking about?"

"Easily," retorted Elsie, the Borden Cow. "We cows aren't to blame at all. We're giving more milk than ever before. The shortage is due to the war."

"Sounds pretty thin to me," jeered Elmer. "You can't blame the war for everything."

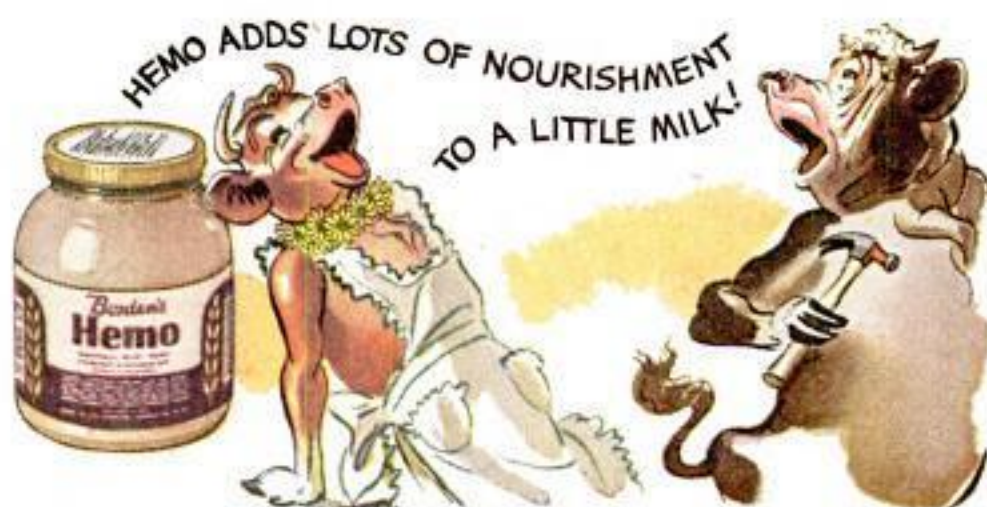
"I'm not blaming," smiled Elsie, "I'm explaining. You see, it's hard for farmers to increase milk production because so many dairy hands have gone to war. On top of that, the men in our armed forces drink more milk now than they ever did as civilians. The way things are, it takes one quart of milk out of every four to supply our armed forces and Allies."

"That's all very well," bellowed Elmer, "but, war or no war, children must have milk. You cows will just have to work another shift."

"That's been suggested and we're going to try to do it," laughed Elsie. "But it isn't like making bullets. Every drop of milk requires the personal attention of

"What about grownups?" roared Elmer. "Are they supposed to chew milkweed?"

"Of course not," replied Elsie. "In some sections, grownups may have to get along on less milk, and there won't be any milk to waste anywhere. But there's a lot of nourishment in a little milk when you add two heaping teaspoons of *Borden's Hemo* to each glass. Hemo is the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em, you know."



"If there's one thing I do know," Elmer shouted, "it is that you can't help these shortages by talking about them!"

"Nothing of the kind," chided Elsie. "By talking, I can tell people the best way to use the Borden products they can get. For instance, I'll let them know that *Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk* 'creams and sweetens' coffee at the same time."

"A great idea," scoffed Elmer. "Only where can they get the coffee?"

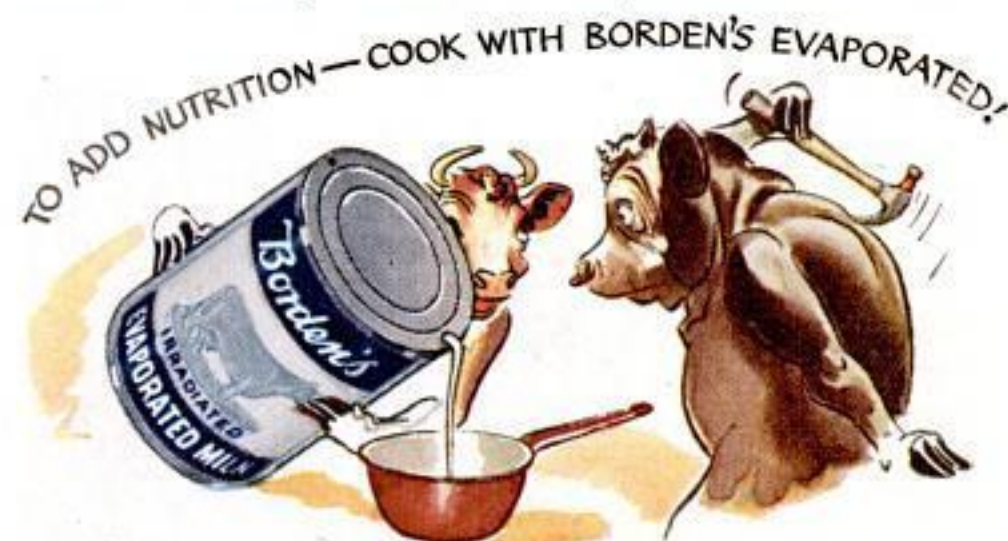
"Don't embarrass me," giggled Elsie. "I have shortages of my own to worry about. Due to the shortage of *Borden's Ice Cream*, folks ought to use ice cream like any other nutritious food. For example, when ice cream is served for dessert, it should take the place of another

milk dish in the meal."

"I suppose you expect that to end everybody's worries," sneered Elmer.



"Goodness, no," sighed Elsie. "That's just the beginning. There's going to be less *Borden's Evaporated Milk*, too. I only hope that what there is will be used first for the baby in the house. Any left over can be used



in cooking to add flavor and nutritive value to those foods which are plentiful. That's what I call patriotic cooking!"

"Huh," sniffed Elmer, "what's patriotic about cooking? Next, I suppose you'll be telling me that there's a patriotic way to eat."

"There is," beamed Elsie. "With cheese getting scarcer, it's certainly patriotic to eat *Borden's Fine Cheeses*, not as a side dish, but as part of a balanced



one-dish meal, or in sandwiches for the lunch box. With all good dairy products—eat only those you need for food value. Don't eat any just to stuff yourself."

"Don't look at my midriff that way," blustered Elmer: "that's not fat, that's muscle. And stop worrying me with your gloomy talk."

"Who's gloomy?" protested Elsie. "Milk producers and distributors will do everything they possibly can to see that people get the dairy products they really need. And I'm sure my friends will do their part by using dairy products carefully. I'll do my part, too. Every Borden product available will still be the kind that makes people say: '*If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!*'"



a cow and the man who milks her. But don't worry. Children will get first call on all the pure, wholesome Borden's milk that's available."



© The Borden Company



It's Hot + Bun Time!



Jane Parker Hot Cross Buns
are delivered *fresh daily*
all during Lent . . . from
Mar. 10th to Apr. 25th.



AT ALL
A&P FOOD STORES
(Except on Pacific Coast)

P.S. AND DON'T FORGET
TO SERVE THE DELICIOUS
Jane Parker KIND
. . . NOW "DATED FRESH DAILY"



IN YALE POOL, WHERE HE SPENDS MUCH TIME, FORD GLIDES SMOOTHLY BENEATH SURFACE. THIS PORTRAIT WAS TAKEN THROUGH THE SIDE OF A HALF-SUBMERGED FISH BOWL

ALAN FORD

Yale freshman breaks a hallowed swimming record set 16 years ago

One of the classic performances in sport by which lesser athletes measure their skill was recorded in 1927 when Johnny Weissmuller swam 100 yards free style in an incredible 51 seconds flat. This record withstood the zealous efforts of a generation of swimmers, while all marks at other distances toppled about it. But last Jan. 30 it also fell, victim of a comparatively unheralded Yale freshman (now a sophomore) named Alan Ford, who swam the same distance in a brilliant 50.7 seconds in a meet against Springfield College.

Ford, a beautifully muscled, compact (5 ft. 9 in., 160 lb.) 19-year-old, comes to Yale from Balboa in the Canal Zone, where there is plenty of water and time for swimming. Although he is the star of this year's Yale team, Ford is nearly overshadowed by the overall excellence of his teammates. In February a team of four Yale swimmers, including Ford, set another world's record: 3:26.2 seconds for the 400-yd. free-style relay. This year Yale has been the victor in all of its dual meets, has not lost one since early in 1940.

NOW! For the First Time!

INSTANT BANDAGES WITH

SULFATHIAZOLE



Identified by
Yellow Gauze Pad
and Yellow and
Blue Package

BAUER & BLACK ANNOUNCES

Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE

to help prevent infection

TODAY... NOW... Curity HANDI-TAPE, the first instant bandage with Sulfathiazole—is available for your daily use.

Sulfathiazole! One of the famous SULFA-compounds that have proved so effective on world battlefields, now comes to you for home first aid in Curity HANDI-TAPES... to help prevent infection in minor cuts, blisters, and abrasions.

Keep Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE in your medicine chest... in

your car and kitchen... in your basement workshop... in your office desk... ready *instantly* to do the vital, necessary task of helping guard you and yours against infection.

Your druggist now has the generous-size packages of Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE (remember that name). It costs no more to have the greater protection of sulfathiazole in an instant bandage.

LOOK FOR THIS
DISPLAY

You'll see this Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE display next time you see your druggist. Pick up a pack or two.

Not for sale in
Connecticut, Utah,
Arizona and
Minnesota

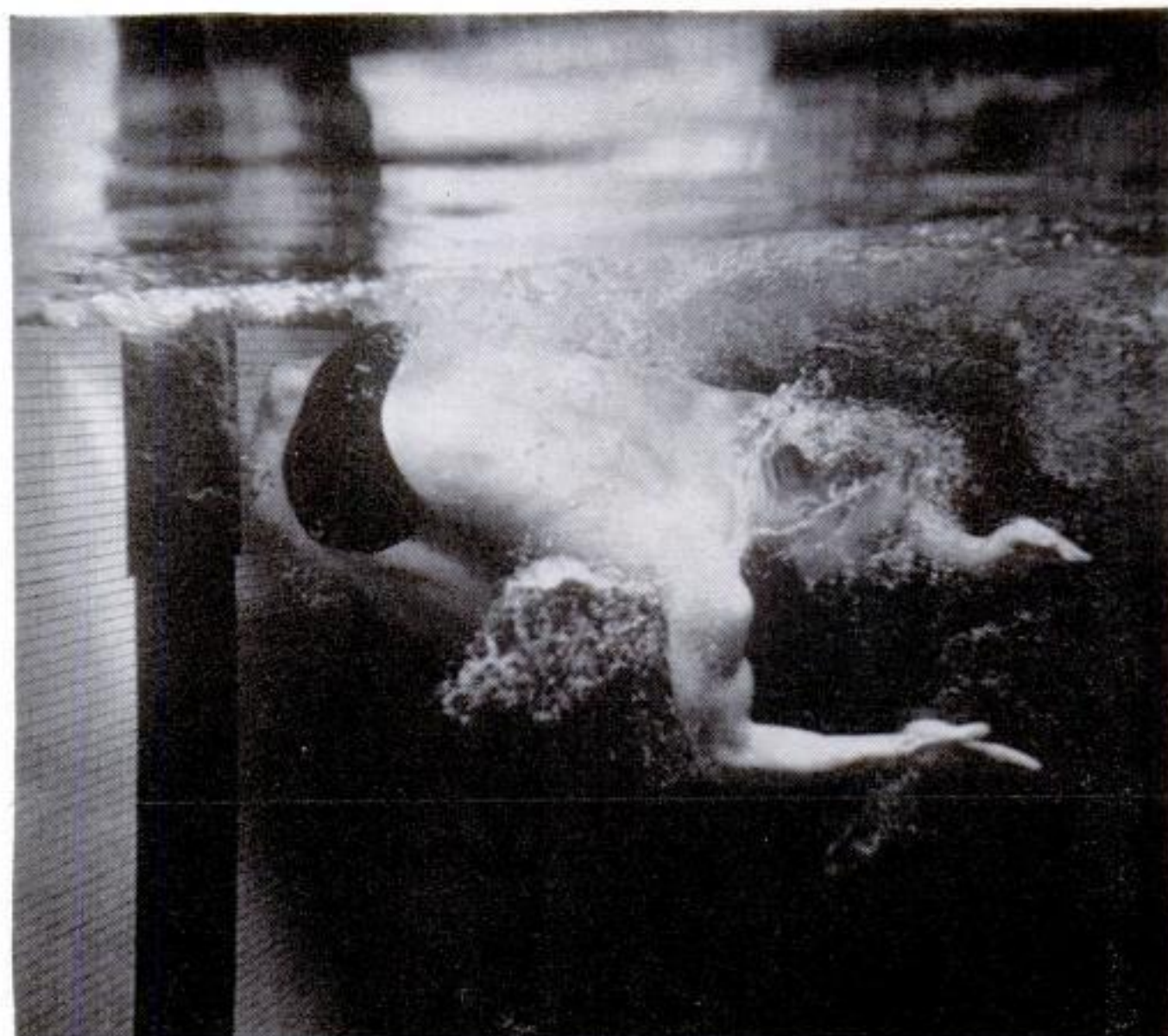


Curity

BAUER & BLACK
DRESSINGS
SURGICAL & FIRST AID

BAUER & BLACK • Division of The Kendall Company • Chicago
Copyright 1943, Bauer & Black, Chicago

Alan Ford (continued)



Ford practices racing turns by the hour at Yale's Exhibition Pool. His coach, Yale's famous Bob Kiphuth, considers Ford's turns the weakest part of his racing technique.



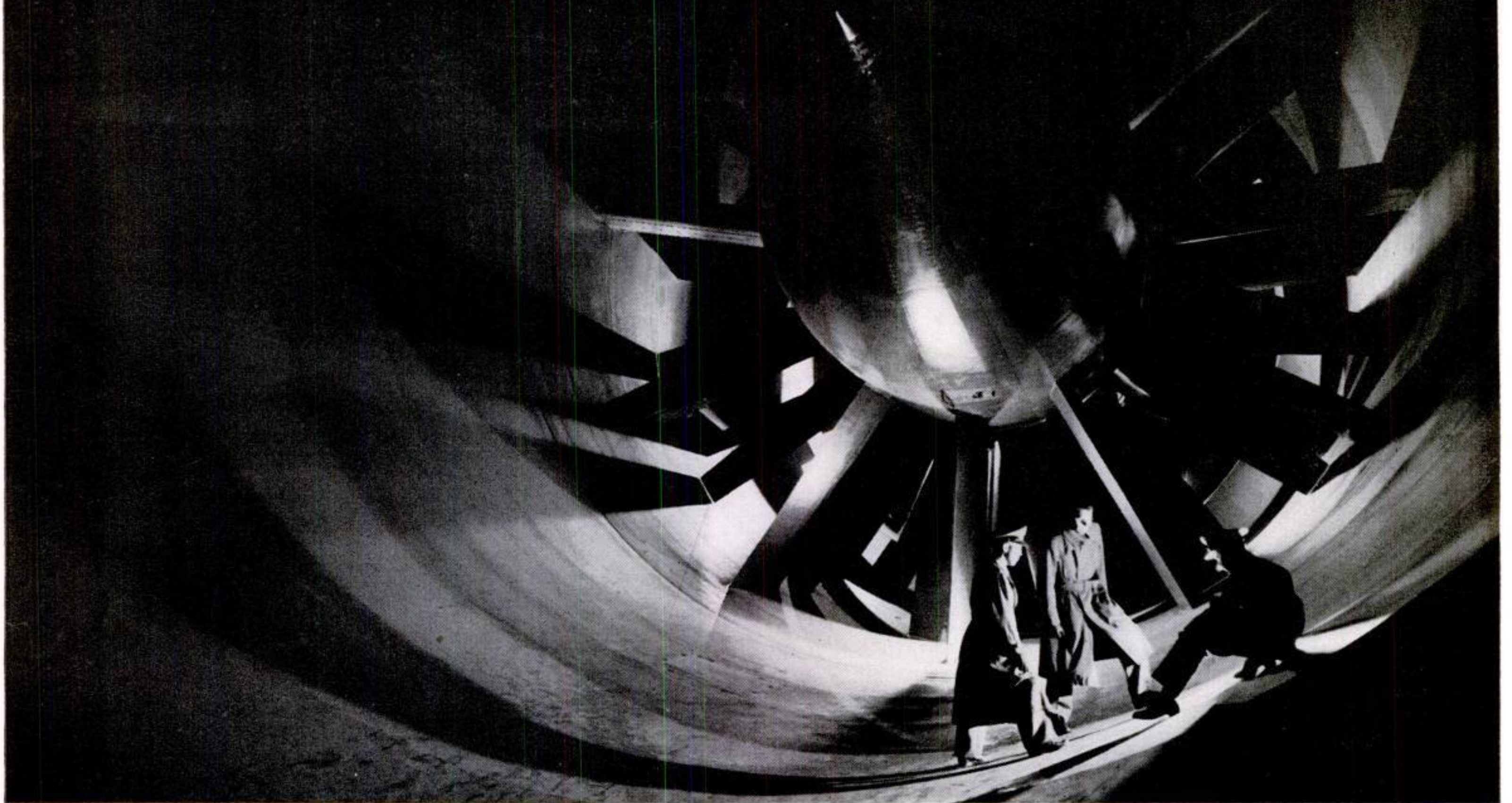
Kiphuth uses mirrors in training so that his swimmers may analyze their own shortcomings. He finds this is more effective than any amount of patient explanation.



Kiphuth with Ford at the end of time trial. Until he worked with Kiphuth, Ford was largely self-taught. In best Yale tradition he once said: "I'd die for Bob Kiphuth."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST WIND —



TO BLAST THE WORLD'S BIGGEST WINDBAGS!

A roaring, raging hurricane seldom hits harder than 100 miles an hour. But at Wright Field, Ohio, *Air Force engineers whip up an almost unbelievable 400-mile wind* — to help improve American military planes.

Two forty-foot fans, weighing nearly a million pounds, put the “hurry” in this hurricane tunnel. They’re driven by a huge 125-ton electric motor with a terrific horsepower rating. They permit accurate tests of large-scale plane models at speeds up to 400 miles an hour.

America’s sleek fighters and burly bombers are faster, safer, more deadly to the enemy, because America has the world’s biggest wind tunnels—

and the world’s biggest supply of electric power.

In fact, electric power is basic to practically all war production. It turns the machines that turn out tanks, planes and guns. It welds the steel seams of fast-building ships. It flashes the urgent words of war by air and by wire.

War has brought shortages of many materials, but there has been plenty of electric power for war production. The electric companies under business management, supplying about *seven-eighths of all America’s electric power*, had a BIG job to do — and *did it!*

They’ve produced *billions more kilowatt-hours* each of the last three years. They’ve been able

to do it because they *know how* from long experience — and because business men in this country are still free to roll up their sleeves and put their ideas and plans to work.

Let’s keep this freedom after our whirlwind has dusted off Adolf, Tojo and Benito!

**BUY WAR BONDS AND
BUST THE WINDBAGS**

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 103
**ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER
AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT**

*Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.



Sure signs that it's time to put your winter overshoes away

The first robin . . . the first leaf bud . . . the first day of Spring!

These are the signs. And this year, more than ever before, your government and your local rubber footwear dealer urge you to heed these signs. *Save your rubber footwear for next winter.*

In so doing, you will actually perform a service to your country, your family, and your next door neighbor by making it possible for your dealer to meet the essential needs of the greatest number of people in your community, when the going gets rougher next winter.

Put your winter overshoes away carefully. Take care of them. Make them last.

There are three steps to take in properly storing your winter rubber footwear. Take these steps now, that you may take steps next winter in comfort and health. They are as simple as a. b. c.

a.



Wash rubber surfaces to remove dirt, oils and acids.

b.



Dry linings in normal temperature, stuff with paper.

c.



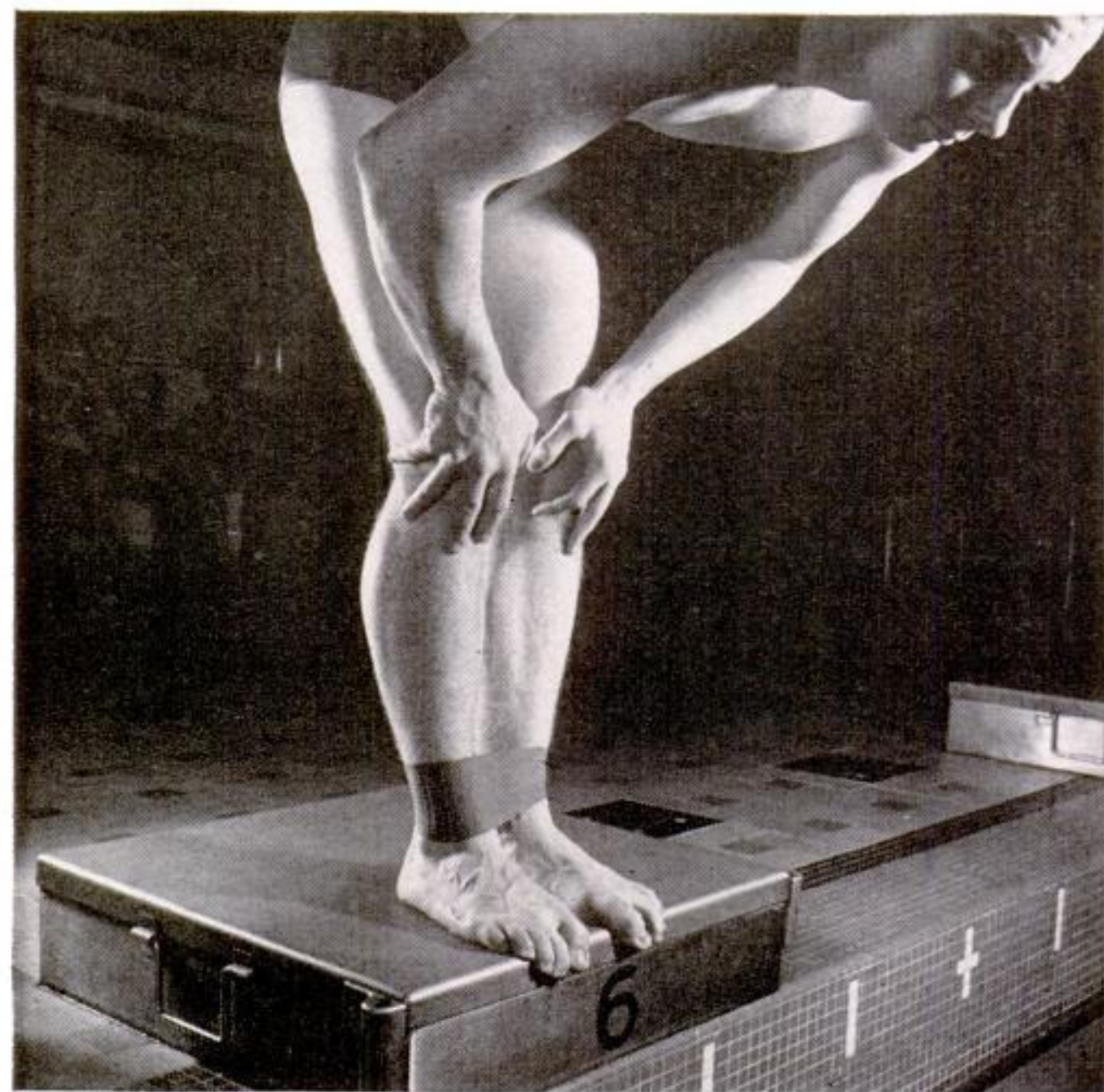
Hang up in a cool, dry place, away from direct light.



FOOTWEAR FACTORY, WATERTOWN, MASS.

Buy only what you need • care for what you have • turn in your scrap

Alan Ford (continued)



For extra exercising of the arm and shoulder muscles, Kiphuth ties his swimmers' ankles together with a stout rubber band, has them swim without kicking at all.



Ford (right) and teammates. Rubber flippers on feet are used to teach swimmers to keep ankles limber, also to exercise the legs by increased resistance to the water.



Dry-land exercises are an integral part of Kiphuth's training regimen. This exercise strengthens the trunk and back muscles. Object is to stretch as high as possible.

Good news anywhere!

*"It's a boy—and he's thriving
on Carnation!"*

Many a nervous buck private flops down on his cot—trying to take in such heart-jerking news!

Could any news be better? New life . . . coming into a new world we're fighting to make ready!

Don't worry about him, soldier! You're certainly doing *your* part! Let Carnation do *its* part—then there'll be no stopping your boy!

Doctors the country over rely on this pure, wholesome milk for a baby's start in life. Millions of healthy babies have been raised on it—and go right on drinking Carnation. A milk that's absolutely safe and pure, as well as nourishing and easy to digest.

It's homogenized, so they get every bit of its value. And it has all the milk solids of the original fine whole milk. All that's removed is part of the natural water. And Carnation is enriched with "sunshine" vitamin D—to help teeth and bones develop.

Here at home . . . or miles away . . . it's a good thought, isn't it? The baby *came* safely. Carnation will help him *live* safely!



BABY'S FORMULA

Your doctor will give you directions for your baby's formula. It can easily be prepared with pure, nourishing Irradiated Carnation Milk, which is so easy to digest because it forms a softer curd. Remember that adding an equal amount of pure boiled water gives you the equivalent of whole milk richness, which makes it simple to figure the right proportions in the formula. Millions of fine husky youngsters owe their good start to Carnation.

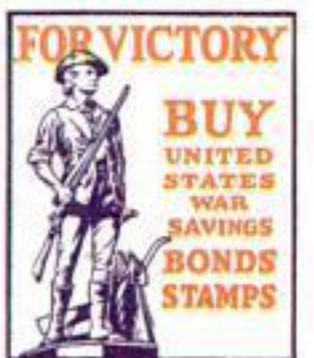
FREE! And full of friendly, helpful advice. Big, illustrated, 36-page booklet—"Your Contented Baby." Written by a Registered Nurse who is a mother too. Baby recipes, and some for older children. Address Carnation Company, Dept. L20, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

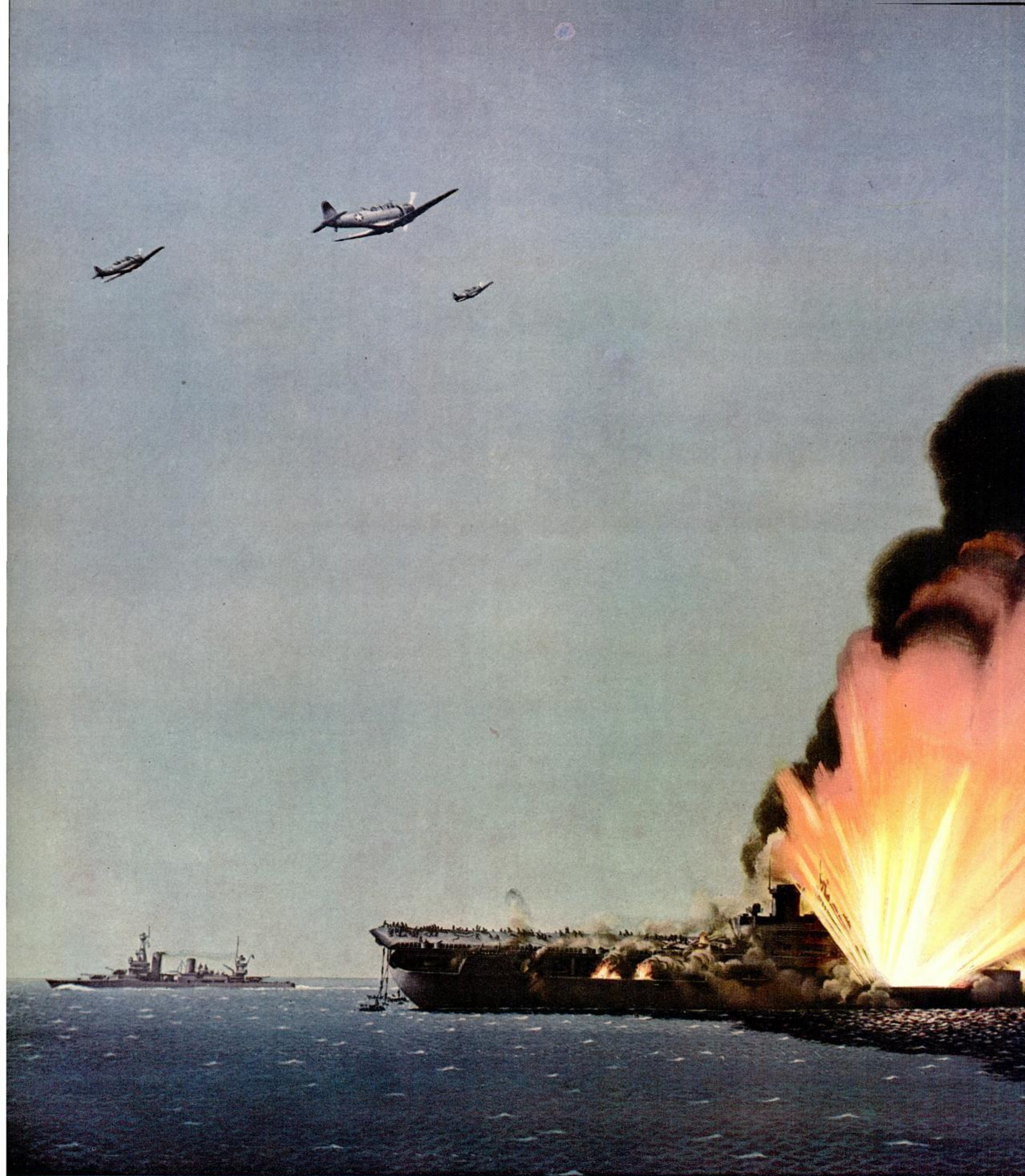


TUNE IN THE CARNATION "CONTENTED HOUR"
MONDAY EVENINGS, NBC NETWORK



IRRADIATED
Carnation Milk
"FROM CONTENTED COWS"





WITH A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION FORWARD BOMB MAGAZINE OF THE WASP BLOWS UP. FLASH LASTS ONE SECOND. SIMULTANEOUSLY SHELLS IN FORWARD GUN GALLERY ARE EXPLODING,

SINKING OF WASP

A PAINTING FOR LIFE BY TOM LEA

It was just a little before 3 p.m. Sept. 15. The U. S. S. *Wasp*, accompanied by her task force, was proceeding in a westerly direction through warm South Pacific seas. On the forward flight deck she was gassing her planes. Suddenly a torpedo hit her on the starboard bow, starting a gasoline fire. Soon she was hit by another torpedo.

Just before 3:30 the fires, now out of control, reached her forward bomb magazine.



AND AFT ON HANGAR DECK GAS TANKS OF PLANES ARE BURNING. FROM AFTER PART OF FLIGHT DECK MEN ARE ABANDONING SHIP WHILE A CRUISER AND DESTROYER STAND BY

There was a sudden blasting explosion; flames shot hundreds of feet into the air; boiling columns of black smoke rolled skyward. Gasoline and ammunition explosions flashed along the decks. The *Wasp* was doomed.

On another U. S. warship near by was Artist War Correspondent Tom Lea on a LIFE assignment. In his painting he has recreated faithfully the moment of the

big explosion. Says he, "This painting has had a peculiar effect on me. I felt very depressed while painting it. The colors are poor inadequate symbols of the real tragedy, and whether the picture shows that tragedy, I do not know. It is so strange to put a howling inferno into the middle of a soft and beautiful sky and an untroubled tropic sea. Yet that's how it was, and I have painted the truth as well as I could."



Luscious Skin may soon be yours through this Proved New Beauty Method!

DOCTORS PROVE NEW SKIN BEAUTY COMES TO 2 OUT OF 3 WOMEN IN 14 DAYS!

THINK OF IT! Here at last is a simple beauty method that really works! Yes, here is actual proof that you may get new complexion beauty in just 14 days!

All over the country this new method was proved by 36 doctors. They tested it on 1285 typical American women and found that 2 out of every 3 showed remarkable complexion improvement. They

proved, too, that this new beauty method works on all types of skin—old, young, dry and oily—*your* type of skin among them. And remember, it took this method just 14 days to bring new skin beauty.

Will it work for you?

Will it work for you—with your own cake of Palmolive—in your own bathroom? Hundreds of

women have already tried this method at home, and have reported their results to us. And far more than 2 out of 3 of these women tell us that this new method of using Palmolive Soap brought them a better complexion! So don't wait! Get Palmolive Soap and follow the method faithfully for 14 days. Then look in your mirror for thrilling complexion improvement!



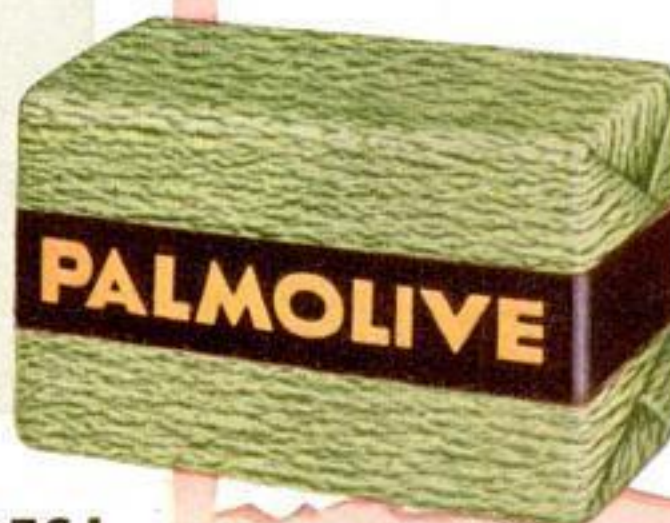
HERE IS THE PROVED NEW METHOD:

Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then each time take one minute more—a full 60 seconds—to massage Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather into your skin... exactly as you would a cream. Now rinse. That's all!

The secret, you see, is in extracting the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather. So follow the method every day for 14 days. Don't get discouraged. Don't omit a single Palmolive massage. Remember, results are *sure* for more than 2 out of 3 women who follow Palmolive's proved new way to beauty faithfully!

Look for These Specific Improvements in Only 14 Days!

- Finer texture
- Fewer blemishes
- Less dryness
- Less oiliness
- Softer, smoother skin
- Better tone
- Cleaner, brighter skin
- Fresher, clearer color



These are among the many complexion improvements reported by the doctors—improvements to watch for when you follow Palmolive's new beauty method. So don't wait! Start this proved new way to beauty—today!

NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!



GENERAL MONTGOMERY WEARING HIS FAVORITE HAT, THE BRITISH TANK CORPS BERET

GENERAL'S BERET AS ADAPTED BY FLORENCE REICHMAN, A LEADING N. Y. MILLINER

MONTY'S BERET

British tank corps beret worn by General Montgomery inspires a popular wartime hat fashion

When fashion history is written many years hence, the present war will probably be known as the war which started many new hat fads. Fashion designers could, if they would, borrow ideas from the uniforms of paratroopers, tank forces or other novel military attire, but they turn most readily to hats. This war has already produced the "Johnny-Jeep" (LIFE, Aug. 24), the "Pierre," modeled after the French sailor's pompon beret, and, most notably, "Monty's beret," inspired by General Montgomery, Commander of Britain's Eighth Army.

The General is a man of many hats. When formality requires it, he has been known to wear the regula-

tion visored officer's cap. He prefers the wide-brimmed felt of the Australians, with or without chin strap, but most favored of all is the beret of the British tank force. Legend has it that during World War I French soldiers gave their berets to the British tank men in gratitude for having turned the tide of battle. The present tank corps beret is a modification of the poilu's headgear.

In the photograph above at left, General Montgomery wears his beret according to army protocol—straight over the eyebrows, down over right ear, insignia over left eye. Miss Christian, above at right, on page following and on cover, follows her own whim.

HOW "MILLION-DOLLAR" *Powers Models* **GLAMOUR-BATHE THEIR HAIR**



Let This Remarkable Beautifying Shampoo Bring Out Your Hair's Natural Glossy Beauty

In these busy war days, more and more women are saving precious time and washing their hair at home. And the vital question is *what* shampoo to use.

Well, girls—here's a *real* beauty tip! Gorgeous Powers Models are famous for their enchantingly lovely, silken-sheen hair and these girls are advised to use *only* Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair. They call it their 10-minute "glamour hair-bath."

Why Kreml Shampoo Gives Such Amazing Results

Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of dirt and loose dandruff—it actually "unlocks" the natural sparkling lustre and brilliant glossy highlights that lie concealed in *your* and *every* girl's hair. Just notice how much softer, silkier and easier to arrange your hair is—how it stays in place so much longer. This is one shampoo you can buy which has a special Olive Oil base



ADVISES GIRLS WANTING TO BECOME POWERS MODELS

Over 1,000,000 girls have besieged John Robert Powers to join his beautiful models—often called "million dollar" models because so many have married millionaires or have become so successful on the stage or screen. Mr. Powers advises all girls wishing to become Powers Models on the importance of having beautifully soft, silken-sheen hair and of always washing their hair with Kreml Shampoo. Be sure to read **WHY!**

which helps keep your hair from becoming dry or brittle.

So get a bottle of Kreml Shampoo today from your drugstore. When Powers Models use it, you may be sure it's one of the most beautifying you can buy.

Marvelous For Children's Hair, Too!



Because of its special Olive Oil base—Kreml Shampoo is excellent for children's hair. There are no harsh chemicals in it to dry the hair. It never leaves any excess dull soapy film.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASY TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



"Monty's Beret" (continued)



IF TANK CORPS WORE BERETS THUS, TARGETS WOULD BE HARD TO SEE AND HIT



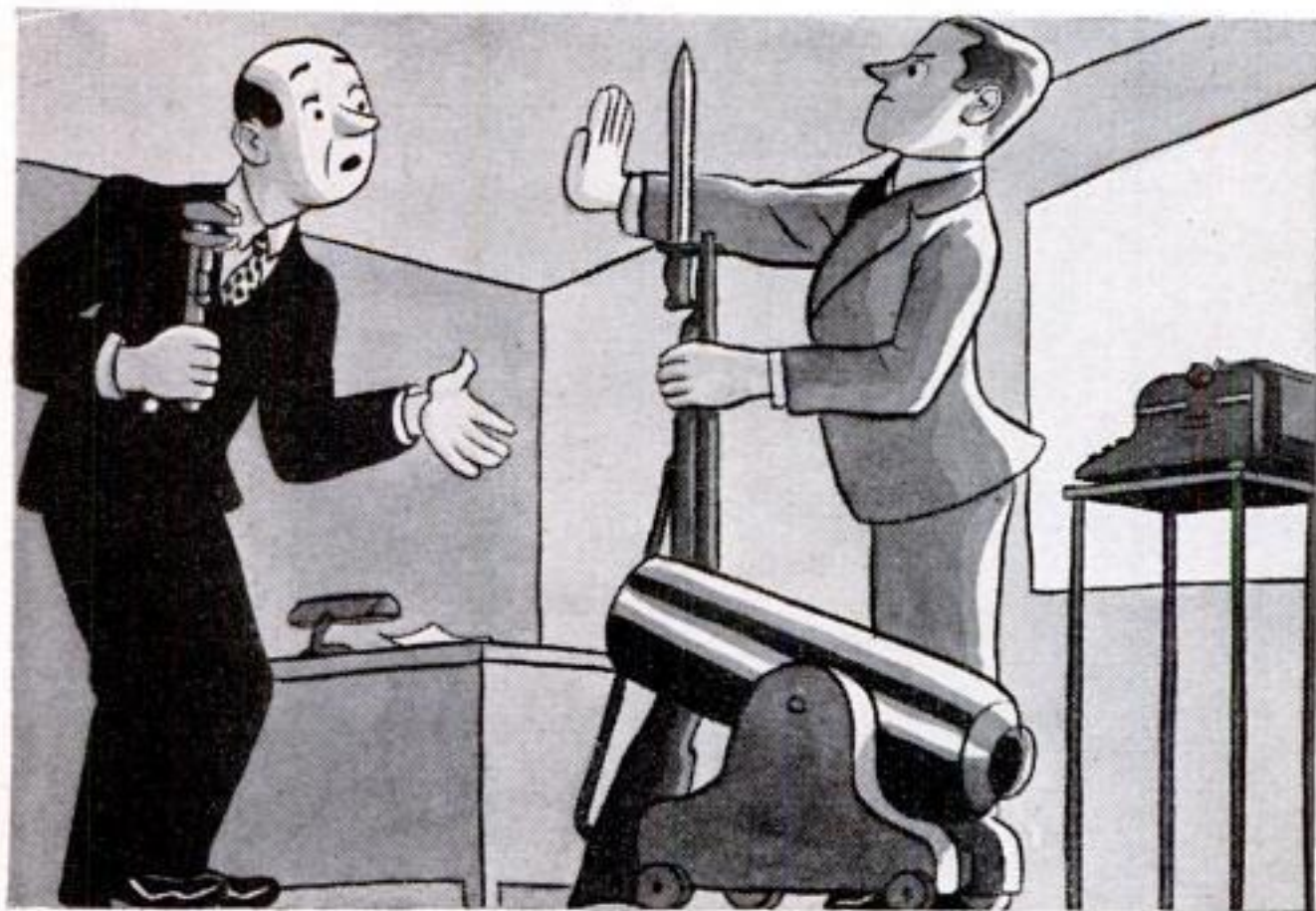
WORN OVER THE FOREHEAD, WEARER HAS FREE RANGE FOR SIGHTING PREY



WORN FRONTSIDE BACKWARD, BERET BECOMES A POUCH FOR FLOWING HAIR



TIP TO THE GENERAL: WORN THUS, BERET SHIELDS EYES FROM AFRICAN SUN



Don't fix your typewriter yourself, any more than you'd fix your own watch. (Some adjustments in a typewriter are as fine as some in a watch.) When you feel the urge to tinker, be strong. Restrain yourself. Or if some friend, with a tinkerish gleam in his eye, offers to help, be firm. If necessary, be impolite. Say "NO!" Then call your Royal Service man, and relax.



Don't let your typewriter become a collector of dust and such. Keep it covered when it isn't in use. The air is full of tiny particles that raise Cain with typewriters. This stuff would raise Cain with *you*, too, only you've got a nose to filter it out of the air you breathe. Your typewriter hasn't got a nose, but it *has* got a cover. Keep the cover *on* and the stuff *out*.



Don't treat your typewriter as if it were unbreakable. It isn't. Even a Royal *can* be damaged by rough handling. If you get mad and *must* slam something, get up from the typewriter and go slam the door. This will save the carriage, and is more fun, anyhow. And if you're in the habit of dropping or bumping things, take it out on dishes. Sure, they cost money, but they *can* be replaced. Your typewriter *can't*.

Do's and Don'ts

for stretching your typewriter from now till victory!

TODAY you can't buy a new office typewriter at any price.* So the machine you do own becomes mighty important. Naturally, you'll want to make it last—in good running order—until Victory.

If you own a Royal, you've got an advantage right from the start, because the Royal is the sturdiest machine of its kind ever built—the result of years of meticulous improvements. (Some of our friends used to kid us about being "fuss-budgets," because we spent so much time on improvements; but, because we *were* so fussy your present Royal will see you through, even if the war lasts for *years*.)

One thing, however, you should remember: A typewriter is a precision

machine, and even a Royal needs a certain amount of care. This is a simple matter, but it is just plain foolish to ignore or forget it, especially now when a ruined or crippled typewriter is so much more serious a loss than ever before. †

If you'll just observe a few easy "don'ts" and "do's", your typewriter will reward you with every bit of service that was built into it.

*Absolutely *no* typewriters are being made for civilian use. Royal is making airplane engine parts, propeller parts, machine gun parts, rifle parts, and bullets.

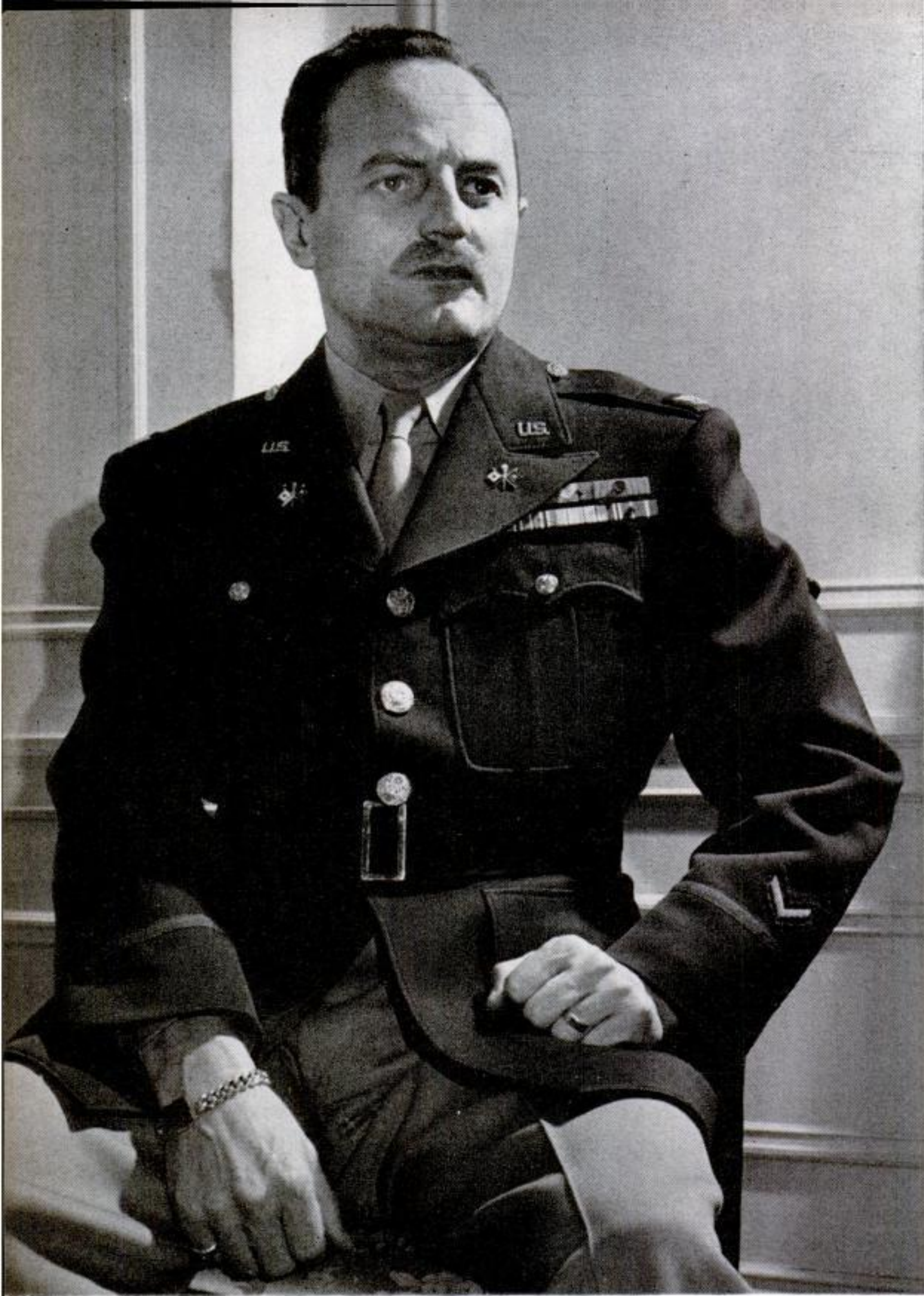
†If you use a number of typewriters, and if you haven't already turned some of them over to Uncle Sam, you probably soon will. They are urgently needed for the armed services. Ask your Royal representative for details.

ROYAL WORLD'S NO. 1 TYPEWRITER

Copyright 1943, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

Do have your typewriter serviced by somebody you're *sure* is qualified to do the job. Pick up the phone and call a Royal Service man for a Royal Wartime Check-up. The Royal Service organization is nationwide. Regular service costs you very little. It saves you a lot of time, trouble, and—in the long run—money. Most important, *it saves what money can't buy—your typewriter.*





COLONEL DARRYL F. ZANUCK, OF 20th CENTURY-FOX COMMANDED PHOTOGRAPHIC UNIT

TUNIS EXPEDITION

AFRICAN BATTLE IN FILM & BOOK

by COLONEL DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Besides directing the Signal Corps' color film "At the Front," Colonel Zanuck has written a book about his experiences in North Africa. This excerpt is dated Dec. 2.

Although I am not aware of it, this is to be the most exciting day of my life as far as combat action is concerned. We had two air alarms before breakfast. The signal at Headquarters is three short blasts on a sergeant's whistle. I ate at the officers' mess in a grove of sycamores some distance from the camp and had my first taste of American coffee in over a month. General (secret) was in the process of interviewing an American P-38 pilot who had been shot down behind the German forward positions. The young Captain had lost one motor by Nazi ack-ack. He managed to land his plane in a field and get out of it before he was apprehended. Outside of shock he was not injured. Consulting his maps, he had reckoned his position and sneaked back through the Nazi lines, finally reaching a road which he followed in the darkness until a motorcycle scout found him and brought him in.

The conference was interrupted by our third alarm in an hour, but the Nazis were high and passed us by. I had another chance to study the war map. A war map, even in the field, is kept up to date by rapid changes whenever news is brought in by courier or flashed in by radio. The map itself is a large-scale affair of that particular sector on which the actual battle is being fought. It is covered by a transparent sheet of celluloid on which are marked the positions and movements of friend and foe. Our troops are always shown in blue and the enemy in red. Sometimes there will be a series of war maps, one for tank and armored movements, one for fixed positions, etc. Each field officer continually checks his own maps with the master, and thus orients his position in relation to the enemy's. The battle score often is tabulated on the side of the map, telling the numbers of losses and gains in men and machines. Naturally, such a valuable item is closely guarded, although this one was practically out-of-doors.

Studying the latest markings, there was no denying the fact that we had come up against stiff opposition. The Germans were going to contest every acre from here to Tunis, and while several officers still thought that yesterday's sortie of the 40 Nazi tanks was nothing more than a "reconnaissance in force," it looked to me, on the map, like the start of a typical Rommel drive, where he suddenly darts a Panzer column in from a daring and unexpected angle.

I learned that our scouts had located the position of the Nazi column during the night and contact was momentarily anticipated. The battle would most likely be fought in a valley just this side of Tebourba. We controlled the hilltops and had some men in town itself, but this coming clash was to be on a much larger scale than that which we had encountered earlier, and the outcome might very well decide the entire Tunisian campaign.

The Nazi attack of yesterday had been timed perfectly. It came just on the eve of our own thrust, and our main concern now is the Battle of Tebourba. Tunis, which had seemed so near yesterday, now appears far away and for the time being completely out of the picture. We had some unconfirmed information that the Panzer column had been reinforced during the night and that the Nazis were bringing up heavy artillery.

The atmosphere at Headquarters was tense as I selected Lieutenant Klein and Sergeant Chapman to accompany me to the forward positions. Now we would have something really worthwhile for the record. We stripped the Bedford for action and headed down the road to Tebourba, hell-bent for election, as by now experience has taught us that he who drives slowly on a front-line road is in the process of driving nails in his own coffin. The Lieutenant took the wheel. I was the air observer in front; the Sergeant the air observer in the rear, with the job of looking back and nothing else. I might add that the Sergeant wore rather thick glasses.

I had not noticed this until suddenly, out of the blue, our truck leaped upward by the force of a tremendous explosion. An ear-splitting crash deafened us and we were lifted out of our seats as the diving roar of a Nazi plane swept down on us from behind. I vaguely remember what happened next. All I know is that in a flash I saw flames and black smoke pour out of the third vehicle on the road behind us, I saw more bombs in the air on their way down and heard the horrible spit of machine-gun bullets that seemed to be tearing the earth apart right at our feet. Somehow or other we all managed to get out of the truck. I dived headlong into a shallow ditch (thank God for it) and did my utmost to shrink and burrow my body into the ground. I could almost feel the rush of air as the plane swept over us. The earth shook again and again as the bombs

ARMY MAKES A GOOD MOVIE AFTER MANY FAILURES

Last week the dignified New York Times said, "It is high time someone were doing something—and doing it p. d. q.—about the coverage (or lack of coverage) our news films are giving the war." The Times based its argument on the obvious fact that American news films about the war have been scanty and poor. The same thing, unfortunately, can be said about still pictures. They have been poor too.

One important reason for this is that, instead of dividing war coverage with civilian agencies, the Army behaves like a power-grabbing monopoly. The Army Bureau of Public Relations permits only the minimum number of civilians to visit war theaters. The Army's picture-taking monopoly is operated by the Signal Corps, to which organization all Army ground force photographers are traditionally assigned and the Bureau of Public Relations depends largely on them for the war's picture history. These Signal Corps cameramen are brave soldiers and ambitious photographers, but few of them have experience enough to do a professional job of photo-reporting. Their results have not yet given an adequate report of what war is really like.

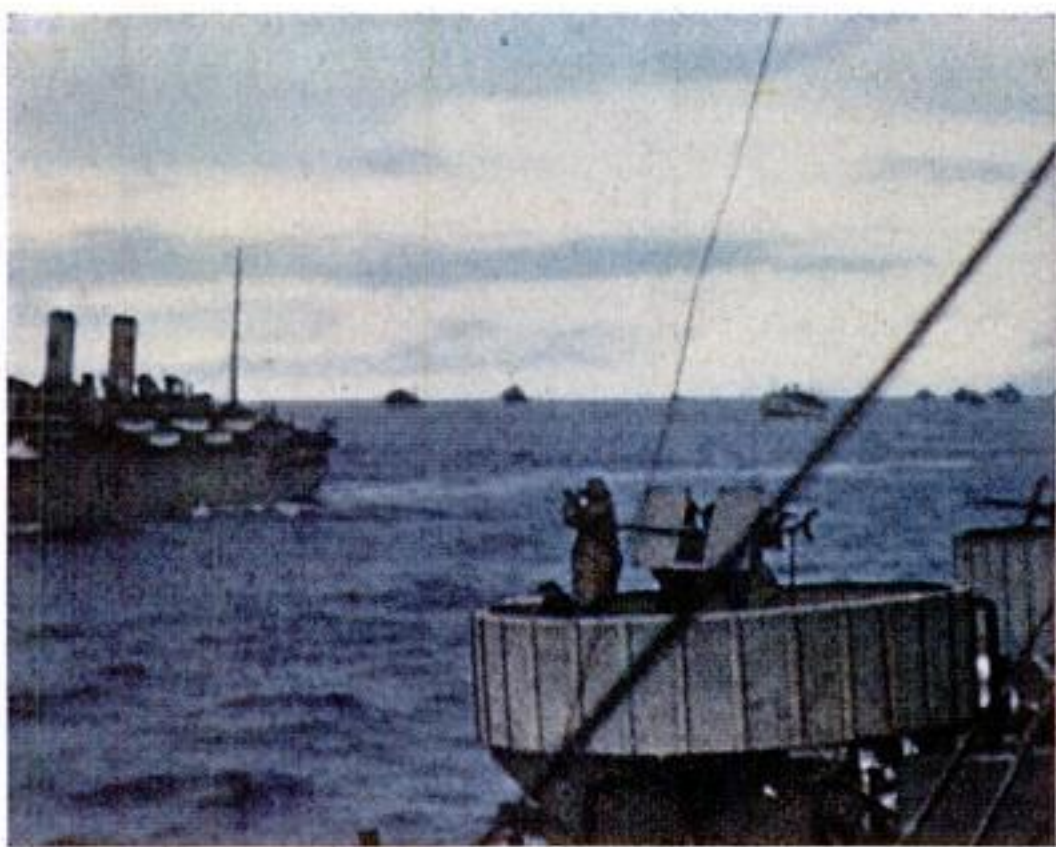
When the Americans landed in Africa the Army took along scores of Signal Corps still photographers but

only three professional civilians, representing the A. P., International and Acme picture services. They were joined on landing by LIFE Photographer Eliot Elisofon, who got there via the Navy, and later by Margaret Bourke-White, who got there via the Army Air Forces. Yet the best pictures to come out of North Africa were taken by these five civilians.

Fortunately, one good newsreel film taken by Signal Corps photographers did come out of Africa. This is AT THE FRONT, from which pictures opposite and on the next page are taken. The photographers were organized and commanded by Colonel Darryl Zanuck, 20th Century-Fox tycoon. In addition to directing the movie, Colonel Zanuck also wrote a book about his trip called *Tunis Expedition* (Random House, \$2) from which comes extract at right.

The New York Times called AT THE FRONT a "deficient" movie. Probably it seems deficient only because it is 100% honest. Unlike many Russian and British films no "re-staging" has been necessary to secure dramatic effects. Its shaky technique and blurred images are the result of battle conditions. In addition, Zanuck and the Signal Corps had the courage and foresight to shoot it entirely in color. This brings to the screen the reality of war better than any film has done before.

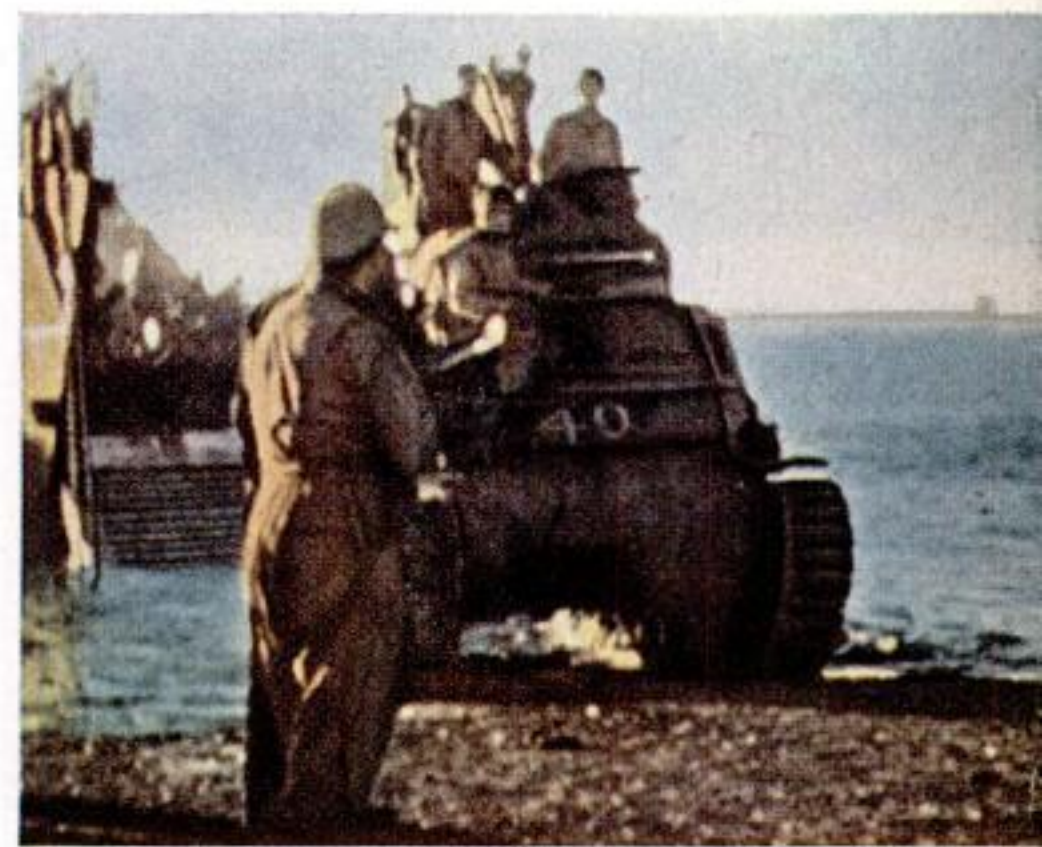
TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 58



ALLIED CONVOY moves through the Mediterranean enroute from Algiers to an advance base at Bone. On the ship in the foreground a lookout standing beside an anti-aircraft gun scans the horizon.



GENERAL GRANT TANK rides aboard a tank landing craft. These boats are built with a low silhouette and a special bow which can be lowered like a drawbridge. The General Grants have a 75-mm. gun.



ROLLING ASHORE come the General Grant tanks at Bone. During landing, Nazi planes from Sicily, only an hour away, made a bombing attack.



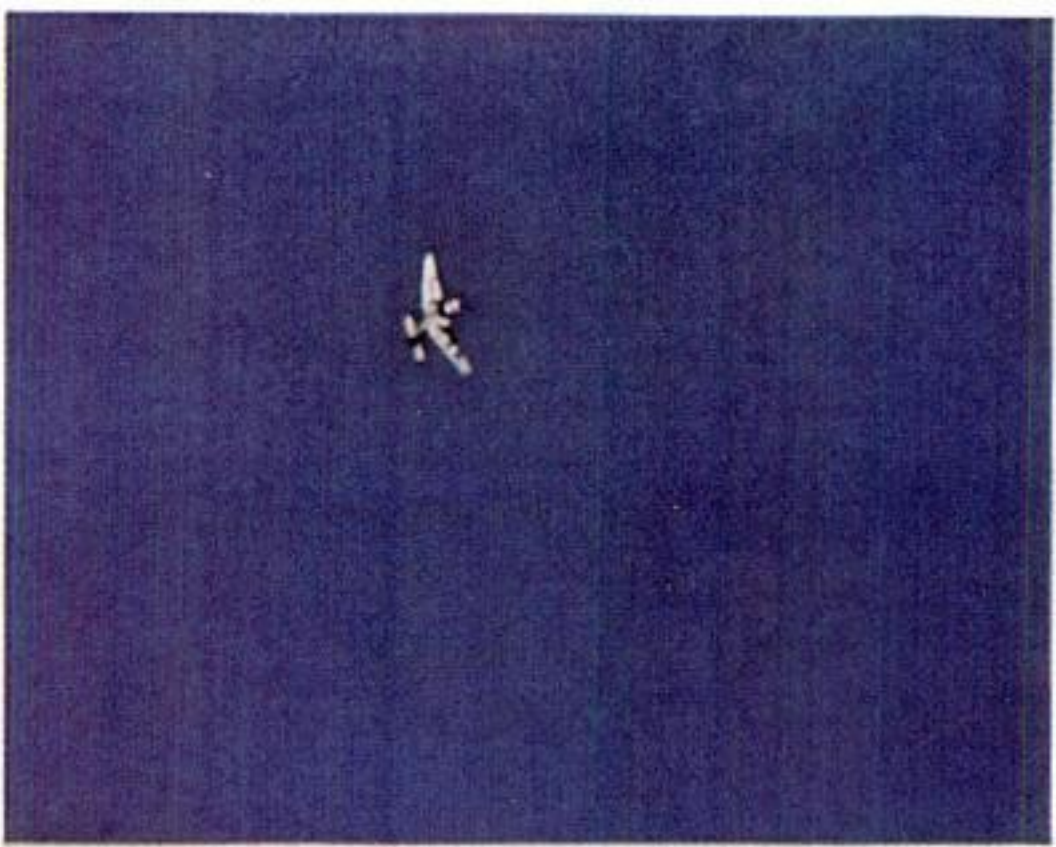
COLONEL ZANUCK is knocked down by concussion of a German bomb hitting bridge in background at Souk el Arba airfield. At times in the action he let go with tommy gun, used up three clips.



BRIGADIER GENERAL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, smiling at left, with a French officer reviews a parade of French Foreign Legionnaires at Sidi bel Abbes, the historic headquarters of the Foreign Legion.



IN TRADITIONAL RED and blue uniform, with old cap-and-ball percussion muskets in their hands, two French Legionnaire guards stand motionless.



GERMAN MESSERSCHMITT circles to dive on airfield at Souk el Arba. Soon it was engaged by Spitfires. Most common American fighter plane in Africa was P-38 (Lightning), sometimes used for strafing.



U. S. FUEL DUMP goes up in black smoke as Nazis come in for a bombing attack on the Souk el Arba airfield. This airport, close to the Nazis' Tunisian lines, was originally captured by paratroops.



A BRITISH LORRY burns when it is strafed with incendiary bullets. Says Zanut, "Sometimes planes would come as low as a few hundred feet."



GASOLINE FIRES burn brightly behind the road leading to the airport. Haste in utilizing such advance airfields renders good protection almost impossible. This fuel dump was a very easy target.



CLOSE-UP of the burning fuel dump at Souk el Arba. Because of the rapid advance into Tunis, the Americans at times were unable to provide completely sufficient air coverage for their ground troops.



FRENCH RED CROSS ambulance train at Souk el Khemis has been strafed by Nazi planes even though it was plainly marked with a red cross.

TUNIS EXPEDITION (continued)



ALL THAT IS LEFT of a Messerschmitt burns near harbor of Bone. It was shot down when Americans were landing tanks from tank landing craft.



SMASHED GERMAN HEINKEL lies in ruins at Bone. It was shot down either by Spitfires or Lightnings and its crew was captured. Unlike Italians, who were happy to be captured, the Germans were surly.



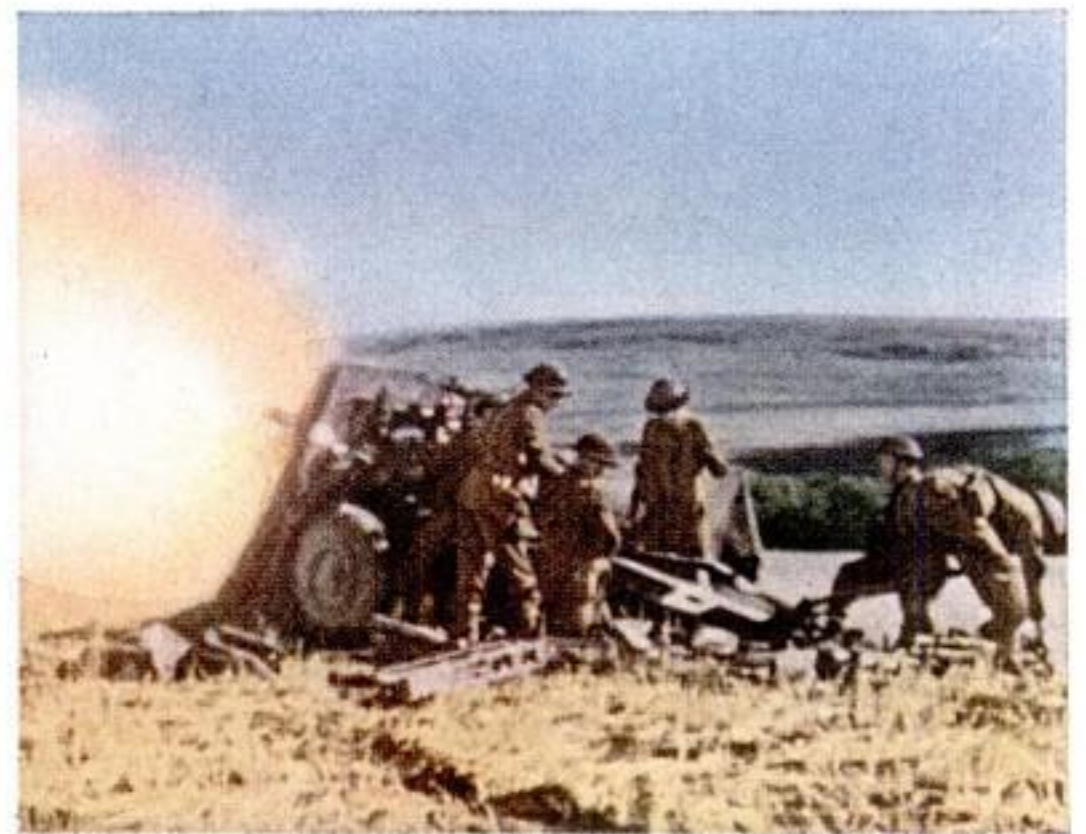
BRITISH SPITFIRE flames up brightly on the Souk el Arba airfield, caught by fragments from German bombs before it could take off. All U. S. planes in Tunisia are under command of Gen. Spaatz.



SCANNING BRITISH artillery positions from side of road from Medjez el Bab to Tebourba is Col. Darryl Zanuck. Tank assembly area is not far off.



PREPARATIONS FOR TANK BATTLE near Tebourba on road from Medjez el Bab show emplacement of British 25-pounders. Artillery was used to soften up the enemy lines before U. S. tanks moved in.



BRITISH 25-POUNDERS open up on Nazi tanks which are hiding beyond a hill to left. American tanks which attacked under this artillery support started from tank assembly area near Tebourba.



A GERMAN 88-MM. GUN, camouflaged to resemble a haystack, opens fire on the Allied positions. These pictures were taken from nearby hilltop.



ALLIED ARTILLERY GETS THE RANGE of a German 88 and some German tanks. The plan of this battle was for British to attack from left with heavy armor, Americans to come from center and right.



HAYSTACK BURNS but the 88 apparently is successful in escaping. From the hillside where the photographers were working, burning tanks, both Allied and German, could be seen in every direction.



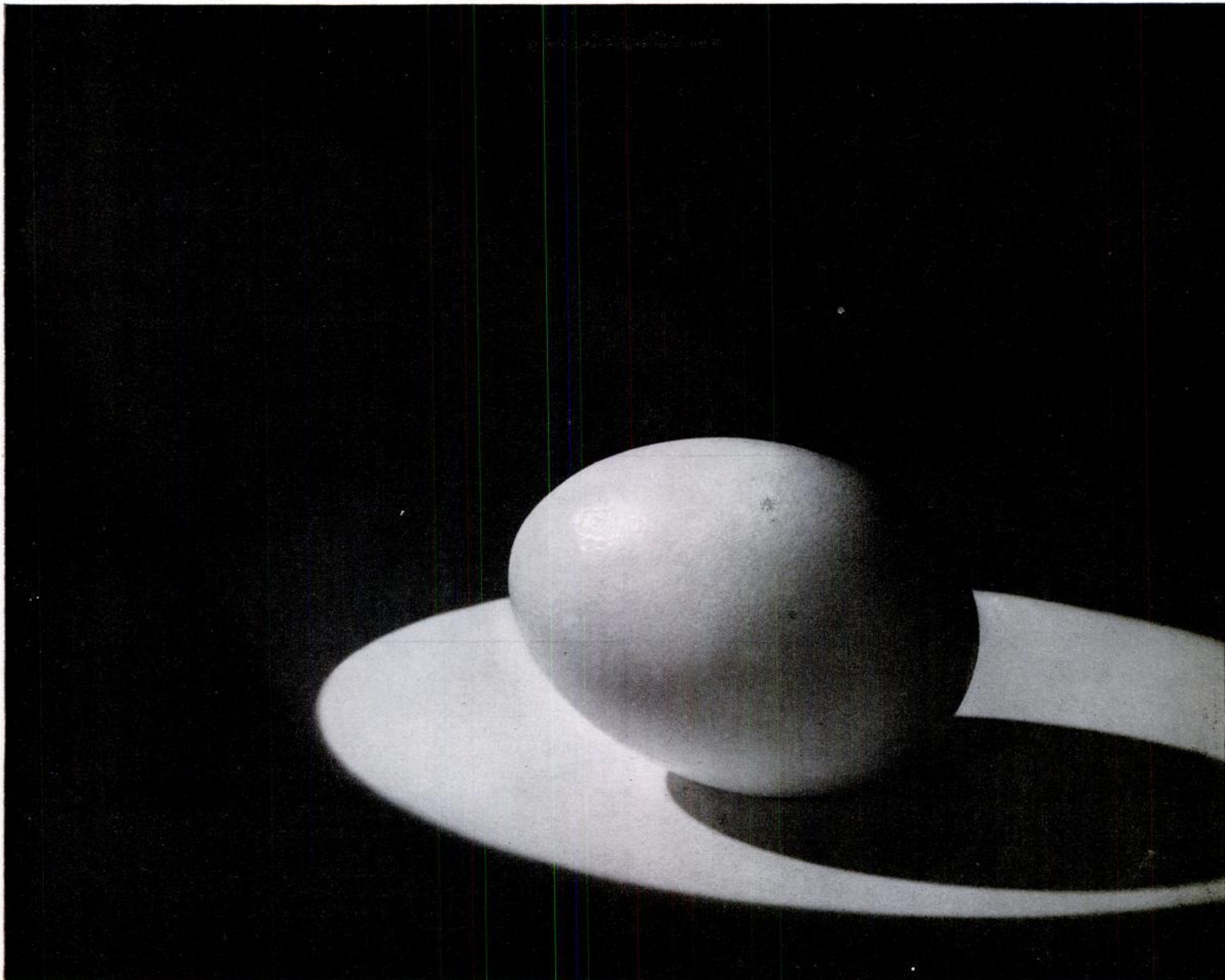
GERMAN TANKS in foreground wheel around, attempting to turn away from American fire. German tanks in this engagement were Mark IV's.



TOWARD THE HORIZON go the Germans at top speed. The Nazi tanks are marked with broad, bright red patches on their tails to prevent them from being attacked by the German Stuka bombers.



LAST STAGE OF THE BATTLE comes when the Germans high-tail it off. The Allies, however, did not win the battle. It was a draw, and but for accuracy of British artillery might have been a defeat.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The egg of the month

"The one egg we are allotted each month is rarely obtainable in the shops, and if bought in the black market it costs about 50 cents. The hens are so poorly nourished they won't lay. I know a priest in a village near Cannes who performs the marriage ceremony only for eggs, and refuses to accept money."

Quoted from "How We Live in France," in the January, 1943, Reader's Digest, condensed from December 15, 1942, Vogue.

IF YOU could eat only one egg a month, think what a banquet that egg would be! . . . The tragedy of France serves to accent America's good fortune. Hens here are well-nourished — and working overtime to help keep you well-nourished, too!

Much of the credit goes to poultrymen who are feeding their flocks scientifically pre-

pared emulsions of buttermilk, cheese whey, wheat germ, fish oil, and other ingredients.

American poultrymen use several million pounds of this specialized, protective feed every month — with remarkable results, reported in their letters. The feed helps chicks grow fast and resist disease. Added to the diet of hens, it encourages production of more and more eggs.

This balancing feed first grew out of an effort to make milk by-products more useful. It was developed in National Dairy laboratories and proved on a National Dairy experimental farm. It employs many million pounds of by-products, once wasted but now helping to increase the egg supply of the United Nations.

Yet this is only a small part of the broad research program which National Dairy carries on constantly . . . research *over and above* the tremendous day-by-day job of supplying quality-controlled milk and milk products to millions of American families.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of milk as a human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farm and in the towns and cities of America.

**NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION**
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Originators of the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection

Loose Talk can cost Lives!



"...sails tonight, world's biggest, packed with troops...Berlin waiting"

Keep it under your STETSON



Stetson "Playboy"...America's most popular hat...
raw edge, narrow band, springy light-weight felt.
Now made by the exclusive
Stetson Vita-Felt* Process...\$5.00.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

STETSON HATS FOR MEN, \$5 TO \$25 • FOR WOMEN, \$5.95 AND UP • ALSO MADE IN CANADA

TUNIS EXPEDITION (continued)

struck. I did not move or look up. I couldn't. My ears rang, and I was out of breath. A sharp pain, which lasted only a moment, caught me in the pit of the stomach, like a low blow.

How many planes were in the attack I shall never know, but it was the neatest job of sneak convoy raiding I ever want to witness. They came from the sun, with motors off, and now as we heard them roar away and knew we were safe, we clambered gratefully to our feet and looked over the damage. A number of vehicles were afire and there were heavy casualties. The biggest blaze came from the American half-track that had received a direct hit. We heard motors again and were ready to hit for the open field, but this time it was friendly—a flight of "Spits" and another formation of P-38's escorting nine Flying Fortresses.

As I looked up at them I realized with no little satisfaction that very soon a column of Nazis somewhere to the east would be crawling in the dirt and getting a taste of their own bloody medicine. You cannot be impersonal or objective about this war—not after you have seen and felt it. You get to hate the Germans, every one of them. You want to see them wiped off the face of the earth! If it weren't for them, you wouldn't have to be here; you could be at home with your loved ones. But no, on account of these lice, and their ideas of world conquest and the superiority of the great German race, we have to change our whole way of life, forget our careers, leave the things we love and come 5,000 miles to fight and die and wallow in ditches. And that isn't all. A lot of clean-cut young American boys will be left here forever, and others will go home, but not all in one piece.

This is what gets you after the first stage of war excitement has worn off. Hell, you want to kill them all in cold blood, smother the entire bloody race. It isn't just Hitler. Nonsense! The German people *made* Hitler. They *wanted* him and they *got* him. If it hadn't been Hitler, it would have been someone else—a Kaiser or whatever you want to call it.

No, sir, there is no alternative. We must crush the Germans so severely this time that they will never rise again to bring all this sorrow and destruction and loss of life to people who want nothing from the rest of the world but the opportunity to live and let live.

American cavalcade

We got back in the truck, sore as hell, and went forward with the flow of traffic. Tanks and half-tracks swept by—motorcycle couriers, jeeps wide open, antitank guns, armored ambulances (the first I had seen), ammunition and front-line supply vehicles. Everything moved forward in a mighty American cavalcade.

We came very close to the advanced positions. The word has passed along to look out for snipers when we pass the next grove where the railroad tracks, the river and the road to Tebourba come together. Snipers have taken a severe toll at this point. It is safe to pass by only if you are in a thick-skinned vehicle (armored) or if you make it wide-out at 60 miles per hour or more. To lumber through in a thin-skinned truck like our Bedford was a bit risky. So we pulled over to the side of the road in the shelter of an embankment to consider the problem. It was essential that we photograph the tank battle or what we could of it, and yet there was no use leading with our chins—not, at least, without normal protection.

As we hesitated, a platoon of American infantrymen drove up in trucks, unloaded and went into the grove after the snipers. More than ten men have got it at this spot during the morning. I can see the bodies of four motorcycle drivers lying in the ditch, their wrecked machines 20 ft. beyond.

We heard the crack of nearby rifle fire. One of my cameramen had gone down the road in an effort to follow up the infantrymen on foot. Hearing more shots, I looked in his direction and saw a single bullet hit the top of the embankment not 3 ft. above him and directly in line with us. I waved him down, and from here on he kept well below the level of the ridge—and so did we.

The Jerries came over three times in less than 20 minutes, and we were in and out of the truck so frequently it got funny. An American half-track plunged directly into the snipers' grove, firing at every tree and bush in a grim, determined effort to clean out the place.

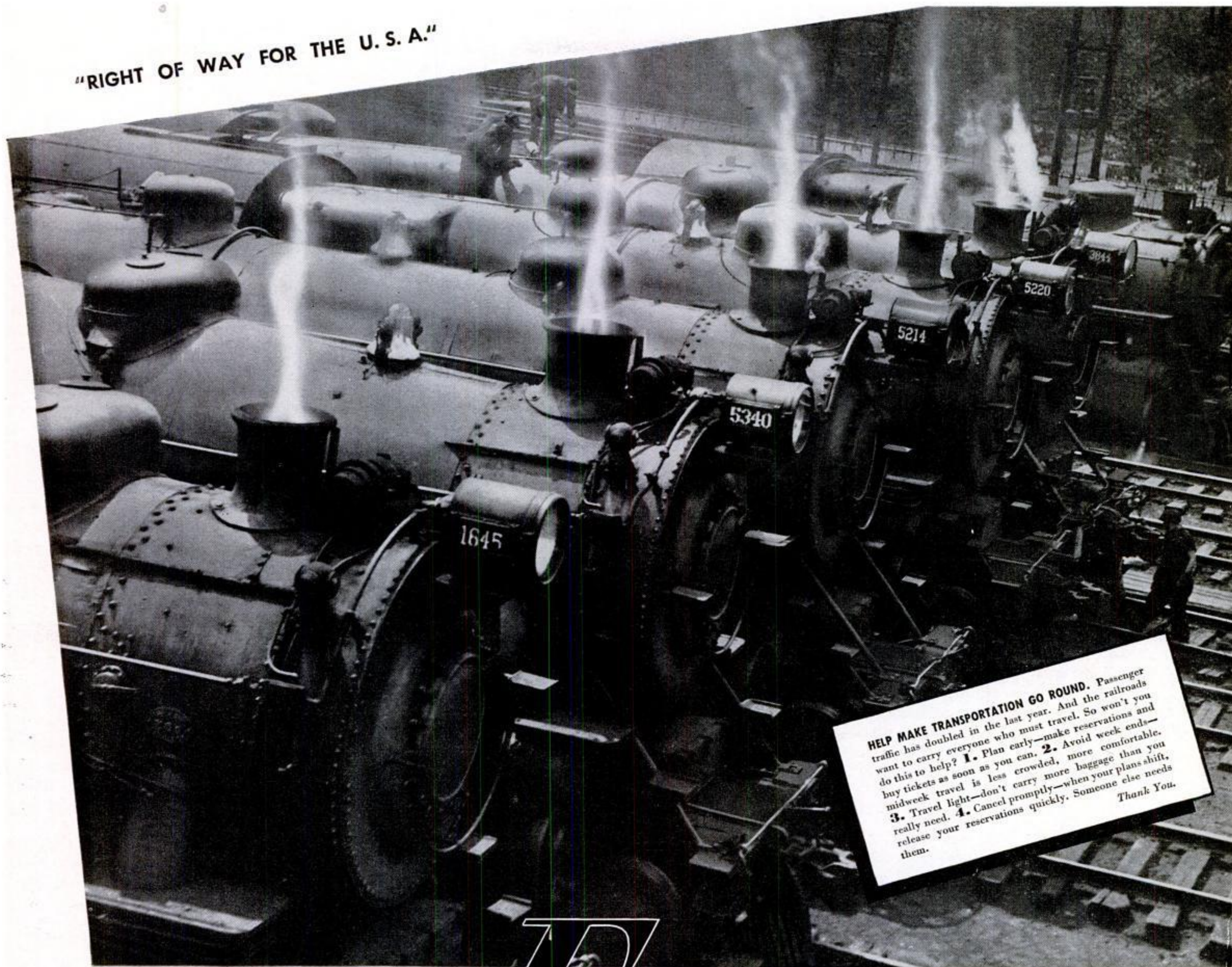
We took advantage of this moment to run the gauntlet. Taking a good start, we gave the sturdy old bus the works and fairly flew through the hot spot. It was a tight squeeze. We crunched down in the unprotected front seat and held everything. A wrecked motorcycle half barred the road. We skidded around it, almost went headlong into a disabled tank and finally reached the welcome protection of another embankment which cut us out of view and range of the grove.

Firing had gone on all during our wild dash, but whether or not it was directed at us we had no way of knowing, although later on we found a nice new shiny hole in our radiator. I know now exactly how a clay pigeon in a shooting gallery feels.

We were now about 3 miles from Tebourba, and actually no more than 20 miles from the city of Tunis. This was the tank-assembly area—mean-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

"RIGHT OF WAY FOR THE U. S. A."



HELP MAKE TRANSPORTATION GO ROUND. Passenger traffic has doubled in the last year. And the railroads want to carry everyone who must travel. So won't you do this to help? **1.** Plan early—make reservations and buy tickets as soon as you can. **2.** Avoid week ends—midweek travel is less crowded, more comfortable. **3.** Travel light—don't carry more baggage than you really need. **4.** Cancel promptly—when your plans shift, release your reservations quickly. Someone else needs them.
Thank You.

BY DIVISIONS ...

FORWARD MARCH!

There are more than 11,000 men in an armored division.

When they move, everything they need to fight with goes with them.

So when the railroads get a call to move one division—it means that 75 trains are needed to do the job.

That means 75 trains which cannot do anything else until that division is delivered where Uncle Sam wants it, in sections running secretly, a few minutes apart.

And if you think that one division is a problem, bear in mind that the railroads have been moving an average of a million and one half troops a month.

Maybe that will give you some idea why it is that, despite our best efforts, seats are not always easy to get on passenger trains—and why trains do not always run on schedule.

"Right of way for the U. S. A." is our watchword, as we think it is yours and every other American's who deserves the name.

Association of
AMERICAN



RAILROADS
Washington D. C.

TUNIS EXPEDITION (continued)

ing the jumping-off place for the fight which would occur a mile ahead. On every side American tanks were dispersed in the shelter of a rather thick scrub forest which bounded each side of the narrow dirt road. The camouflage job was perfect. The men and machines blended into the woods, and it was only after we had parked our truck in a heavy clump of high brush that the size of the force became apparent.

The tank crews were settled on the ground near their machines, smoking and shooting a line. They were a typical American lot, rough, rugged and bearing the stamp of well-trained soldiers. The initial shock of battle had worn off in the past week and now that they had received their baptism of fire, and had come through with flying colors, they were eager for a return engagement.

I located the Headquarters half-track and talked with Colonel (secret) and his officers. The attack was all planned. The British would come in with the heavy armor from the left, the Americans with the mediums and lights from the center and right. American and British infantry would work close with both flanks. The Panzer column had been located and, as we talked, a battery of American artillery in the woods alongside of us opened fire on the enemy positions. The tempo of the artillery fire increased as the boys got their range verified from an advance observation post.

It was most satisfying to know that the Jerries were in for it good and proper. I got the Lieutenant and the Sergeant assigned to positions of photographic advantage, and then I went forward with my trusty Bell and Howell camera and tommy gun. The tanks roared down the road and the battle began in earnest. It was difficult to see, difficult to follow and more difficult to photograph. We did all we could, and our films should prove to be of considerable value. On several occasions I could actually feel the nearness of the enemy fire as machine-gun bullets whizzed by or splattered in the trees. It was impossible to see all of the clash, but from what I did see and from what I learned from the tank crews themselves after both sides had withdrawn to the assembly areas, it ended in a draw. Both sides lost a considerable number of tanks. The Nazis used hidden 88-mm. cannon to great effect. You could see wrecked tanks burning on the hillsides, both ours and German Mark IV's.

Nazi artillery opens up

At this point the Nazis opened up on us with their heavy artillery. I had never actually been on the receiving end of an artillery barrage until now. The ground shook and shook until you felt that the trees would topple over. You hear each oncoming shell and the whistle is so loud and screeching right up to the instant of the explosion that you are convinced it is going to land right on top of you. As a matter of fact, they were 500 yards away to start with, but now they are improving their range and they are not more than 150 yards to the rear of us. Closer and closer they seem to come.

There is nothing much you can do but flatten out in a slit trench or at the base of a tree, and take it. You are helpless to defend yourself or to strike back. You can't run even if you wanted to, and so you just hold your breath and cling to the earth as you hear it coming, and say your prayers. When you hear the explosion and feel the earth come up in your face, you thank your lucky stars and let out your breath, but by that time the damn whistle has started again, so you duck down and do it all over again. Nobody minds the ducking; it's the getting up that counts.

A slice of shrapnel nicked our Bedford, but other than this the nearest shell landed 50 yards away and the casualties and damage were not as serious as they might have been.

The wounded from the tank battle were now pouring in, and we lent a hand as well as photographed for the record. One poor lad had more guts than any ten men are entitled to. He had a hole in his head as big as a fist, and his right eye was shot out. Someone had stuck a wadded cloth in his head to stop the bleeding. He had lain in the open for several hours, given up for dead. They brought him in on a Bren carrier and left him with us. He was semiconscious and all he wanted was a cigaret. He actually smiled through the blood and pulp when it was lit and stuck between his swollen lips. An armored ambulance arrived and the Doc, a young medico from Trenton, N. J., operated on the spot. Throughout this, the action and vibrating thunder of the artillery barrage continued.

From what I could see or gather, we came very close to being overrun by the sheer might of the original Panzer thrust. As a matter of fact, we were overrun in several places and if it had not been for a desperate dusk attack by American infantry, aided by the accurate fire of British 25-pounders, it might have been a clean-cut break-through. The infantry attack and the danger of being cut off in darkness forced the Axis spearhead to withdraw, and the day ended with our positions battered, but intact. We estimated the Nazi casualties of the day at more than 400, which is considerable, considering the fact that almost all forces were protected by armor. Our own casualties were less severe.

Darkness came and we ran the gauntlet again past the snipers on our way back to Headquarters. There were more bodies on the roadside. As the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

BUY WAR
BONDS &
STAMPS



Jockey
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
is classified
"1-A"

With service men, Jockey—the famous brand of support underwear—is a link with home, a reminder of the days of peace. So great is its popularity that they are buying a large proportion of our total output, and the demand is steadily increasing. So, since civilian needs must wait upon the military, you may have to be patient when shopping for Jockey, but it's worth it for the reasons that have made it the service men's favorite.

Mild Support! Cool!



Only Jockey has the famous patented no-gap, Y-front construction that gives mild masculine support. It's exclusive with Coopers and popular with service men and civilians everywhere.

Because its knit fabric absorbs perspiration and lets their skin breathe, Jockey keeps them cool—even in the tropics. Various leg lengths in cotton and wool mixtures will keep them warm too.



Jockey Midway



No Bind!



Washes Easily!

Two-piece . . . contoured shirts to match

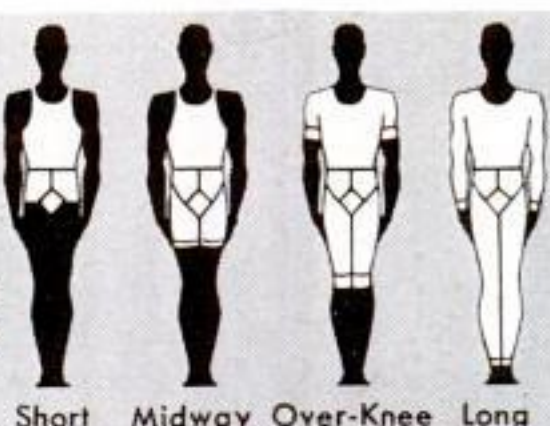
Jockey is favored by active men everywhere because it doesn't bind, crawl or creep even during the most strenuous exercise. Jockey is famous as the underwear that ended squirming.

Dries Overnight—Jockey launders easily, needs no ironing and because it's tailored to fit, quickly returns to body contours. Look for the names "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label.

Be sure that your dealer re-measures you accurately with a hip tape

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



Short Midway Over-Knee Long



Sub smasher

To smash a sub, you first find the sub. That takes a fairly large bomber with a fairly long range, for oceans are big and subs are small.

After you find your sub you go into a power-dive, *quick*, and drop your bombs. U-boats now crash-dive in just 20 seconds. Ordinarily you can't do much of a power-dive with a medium bomber—not and stay in one piece.

But you can in a Lockheed Hudson bomber! Lockheed Hudsons hold the official RAF Coastal Command record for having smashed more subs than any other warplane.

The reason is simple. The Lockheed *Hudson*, like the Lockheed *Lightning* and the Vega *Ventura*, was designed, engineered and built to provide *extra* strength and *extra* dependability. It has been used by the RAF longer than any other American bomber.

**for protection today, and
progress tomorrow, look to**

Lockheed

FOR LEADERSHIP



Vega Ventura
medium-range bomber



Lockheed P-38
Lightning fighter

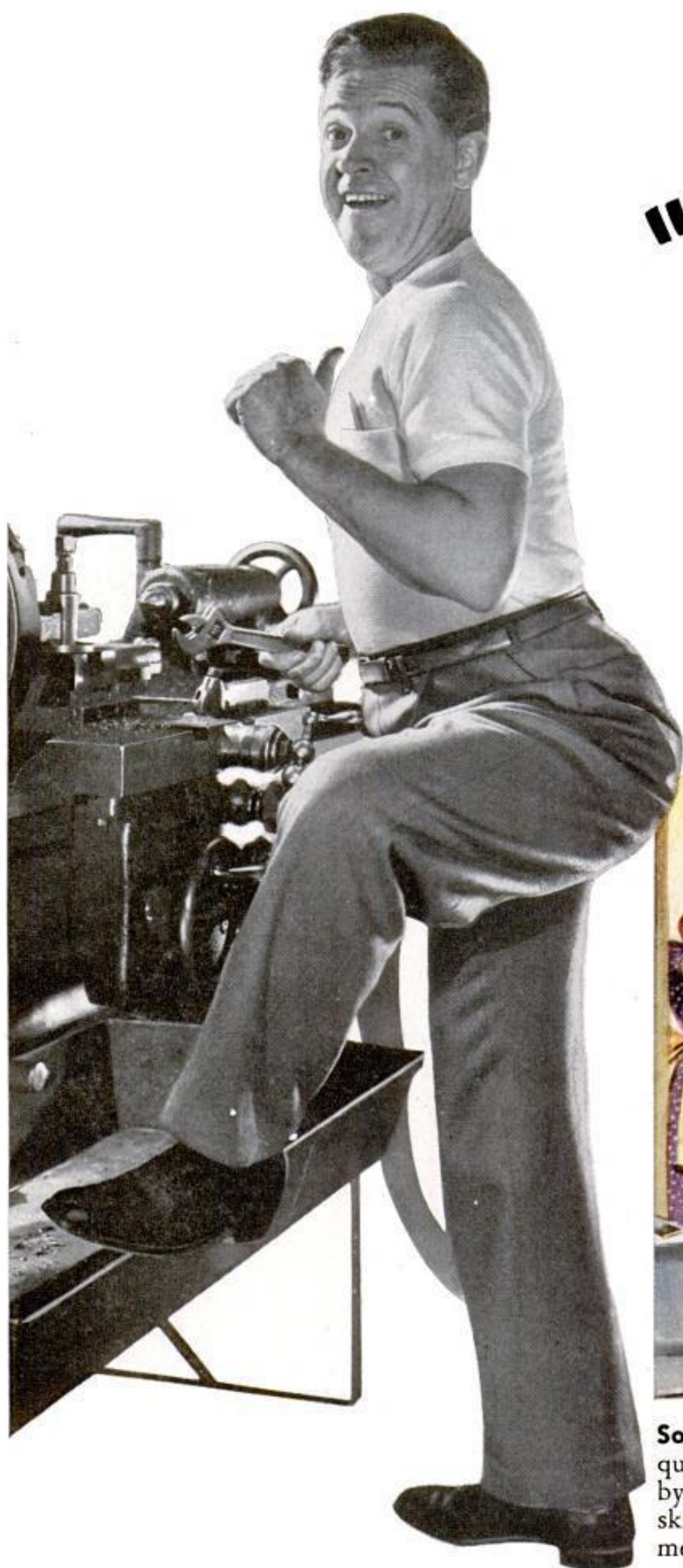
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Vega Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California.
Members Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

ALL FIRST CLASS MAIL BY AIR



IT'S COMING!

REN WICKS



"I've got a new angle on Wartime duds!"

"I've got to pay taxes, right? I want to buy War Bonds, see? And for my own morale on the job and at home, I've got to look *good*. So . . . I'm buying all my clothes carefully from this point on . . . and maybe *that* don't hurt Hitler!"



Sound Thinking, John Citizen! Going all out for quality, you've picked a winner in those Super Shorts by Wilson Brothers. They're as comfortable as your skin! Note how they respond to your every movement . . . *without binding*. And their *full-cut* design and sturdy materials mean *wear*! (75c to \$1.50)



You've the Right Slant on shirts, too! That DuCol Shirt with convertible collar looks good with a necktie . . . looks swell without. It's a *double-date* shirt, for dress or leisure. Like *all* Wilson Brothers shirts, it's V-shaped for *fit* . . . cut *full* in chest and shoulders for *plenty* of comfort and wear! (\$2.25 to \$4)



Maybe You Won't get a strike with every ball, John, but you'll score high with your friends in that Plaid Leisure Shirt with solid color front! It's just one of many sharp new Skipper Leisure Shirts. (\$1.65 to \$7.50) And for 100% utility, you can't beat the new Skipper "T" Shirts like the one you wear at your war plant lathe. Plenty to pick from! (75c to \$3.50)



Looks like the World's Smartest Dad is also a shrewd buyer of night-life clothes! You were wise to pick Faultless Pajamas by Wilson Brothers. With their generous fullness, you can count on *sleep* that really refreshes a man for the next day's work. Did you know they also launder like a million? That you look pretty special in them? Ask the Mrs.! (\$2.50 to \$5)

**SUPER SHORTS
V-SHAPED SHIRTS
SKIPPER LEISUREWEAR
FAULTLESS PAJAMAS**

**Wilson
Brothers**
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO

QUALITY MEN'S WEAR FOR 79 YEARS

Also makers of Wilcrest Ties, Buffer
Socks and Handkerchiefs

Buy More War Bonds and Plamps!

TUNIS EXPEDITION (continued)

last rays of sunlight faded out, the Nazis came over and dropped a fresh detachment of paratroops on the hillside beyond the grove. We saw them come down at a distance, but there was nothing we could do about it. In another second night was upon us, and all we could see was the occasional flash of an enemy signal light on the ridge beyond the grove. As we drove the ten miles back to Headquarters, we could see large fires behind us lighting up the horizon. A sergeant in a jeep flagged us down at the road junction. At first when we saw his silhouetted figure standing on the rim of a ditch alongside the road, we hesitated, unable to make out whether or not he was one of us. There were no other vehicles on the road at the moment and the sight of the Nazi paratroopers was fresh in our minds. For an instant I could feel the Lieutenant's foot waver between the accelerator and the brake. No words were necessary. I knew exactly what he was thinking, and I was thinking the same thing. I had the tommy gun between my knees. I moved the safety latch from On to Off. The figure moved out of the shadows and waved to us. There was no mistaking the cut of his field jacket and low-slung helmet. He approached, identified himself and suggested that it might be advisable for us to pull off the road for a spell: an enemy patrol was thought to be somewhere between us and Headquarters. The Sergeant had been posted here to caution all thin-skinned vehicles. They were letting the tanks and half-tracks go through but we would have to wait. We pulled over to the side of the road and chewed the fat for awhile. The Sergeant hailed from Ohio. He pointed out a farmyard a quarter of a mile away across a plowed field and remarked that it reminded him of his father's place outside Columbus. There was a bit of moonlight now and you could see the farm quite well—a tall, white silo, surrounded by a number of large barns. Funny how everything in North Africa seems to remind everybody of home, no matter what part of America we come from.

The road is cleared

A sudden burst of machine-gun fire shattered the stillness. We tumbled out of the car and crouched down in the ditch. The firing seemed to come from the direction of a grove of trees down the road some 300 yards. We spread out, keeping below the rim of the ditch so as not to present a concentrated target. The firing stopped as abruptly as it had started, and in a few minutes a half-track came by and paused long enough to tell us that we could go on now; the road had been cleared. We did not learn the particulars. The Sergeant followed us in the jeep. As we passed the spot where the firing had seemed to originate, I could see a car turned over on its side in the ditch. I could not make out what it was and we did not stop to ask questions. It was cold now and the thought of Headquarters and the promise of a hot supper was uppermost in my mind. We finally arrived and found that the boys had kept a couple of cans hot for us.

When I checked in at the Signal Office a little later on, General (secret) took me outside and talked to me in the darkness of the courtyard. He requested me to go back to Souk el Arba and try to locate some new aerial photographs of the Tunis theater. This was out of my line, but naturally I agreed to go first thing in the morning. I slept again in the cactus grove and my last thoughts were of the young boy with the one eye and the hole in his head, who smiled through the gore as we lit his cigaret.

Flares dropped near by and I could hear the hum of a plane far overhead, but I wasn't interested any longer. To hell with it! Let it come!



WITH FORMER GOVERNOR GENERAL CHATEL of Algeria (foreground, left) and U. S. Army officers, Colonel Zanuck (second from right) poses before Spahi guards in Algiers.

*Distinguished for Beauty
Famed for Precision*



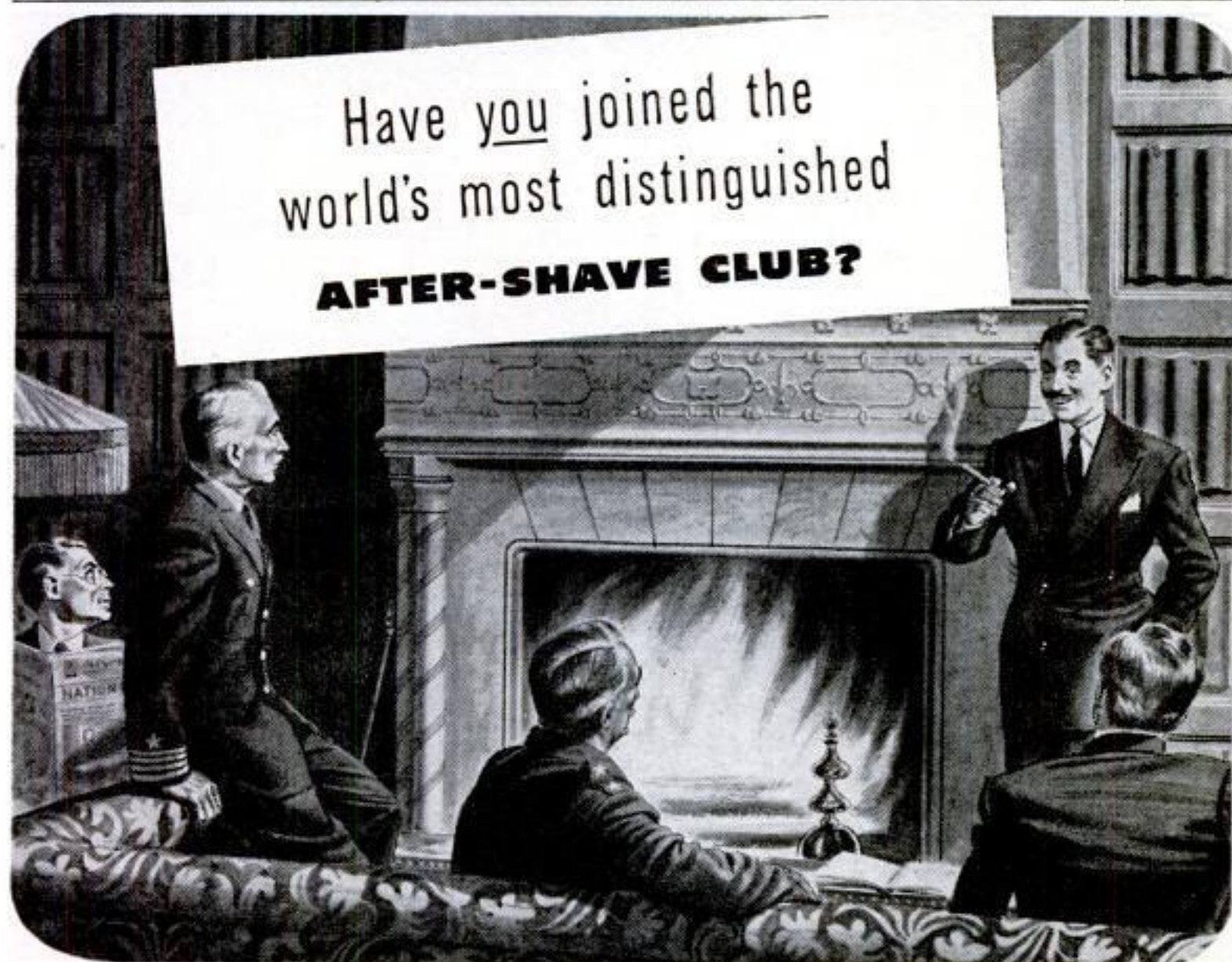
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Fine Watches since 1791



Girard-Perregaux Watches in 17 jewels are available at leading jewelers from \$35... Write for your copy of the brochure L-43 "What's in a Fine Watch?"

GIRARD-PERREGAUX, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

Have you joined the
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AFTER-SHAVE CLUB?



JOIN the gentlemen everywhere who enjoy Aqua Velva, the world's most popular after-shave lotion. Cool and tingling as a polar breeze, Aqua Velva leaves your skin feeling softer and smoother—wonderfully refreshed! Clean, fresh scent.

You use just a few drops of Aqua Velva each time. **ELECTRIC SHAVERS** enjoy it before and after shaving.

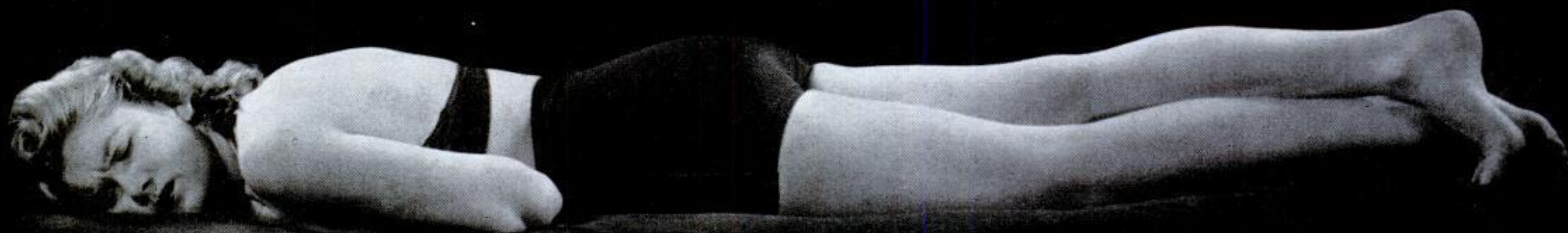
The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn.—famous for fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.



A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

James Thurber
George Fielding Eliot
Burgess Meredith
McClelland Barclay
Laurie R. King
Albert Spalding

TENSE



RELAXED



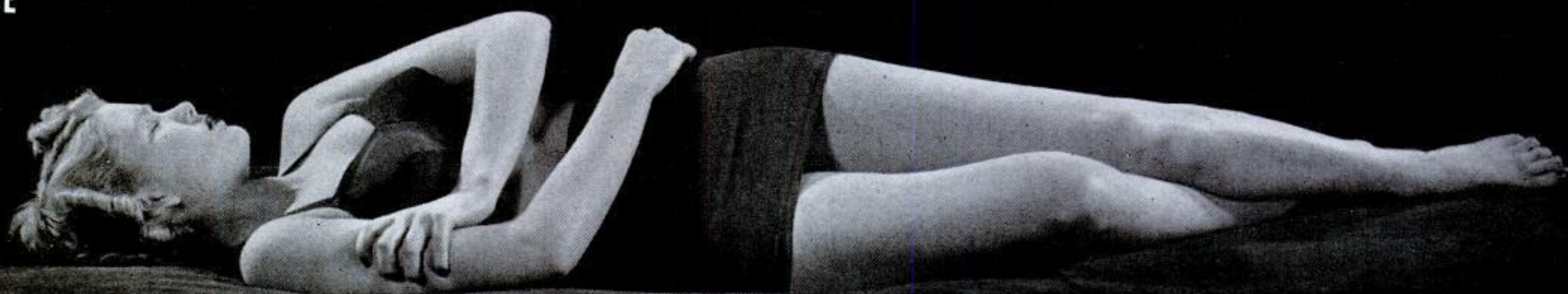
TENSE



RELAXED

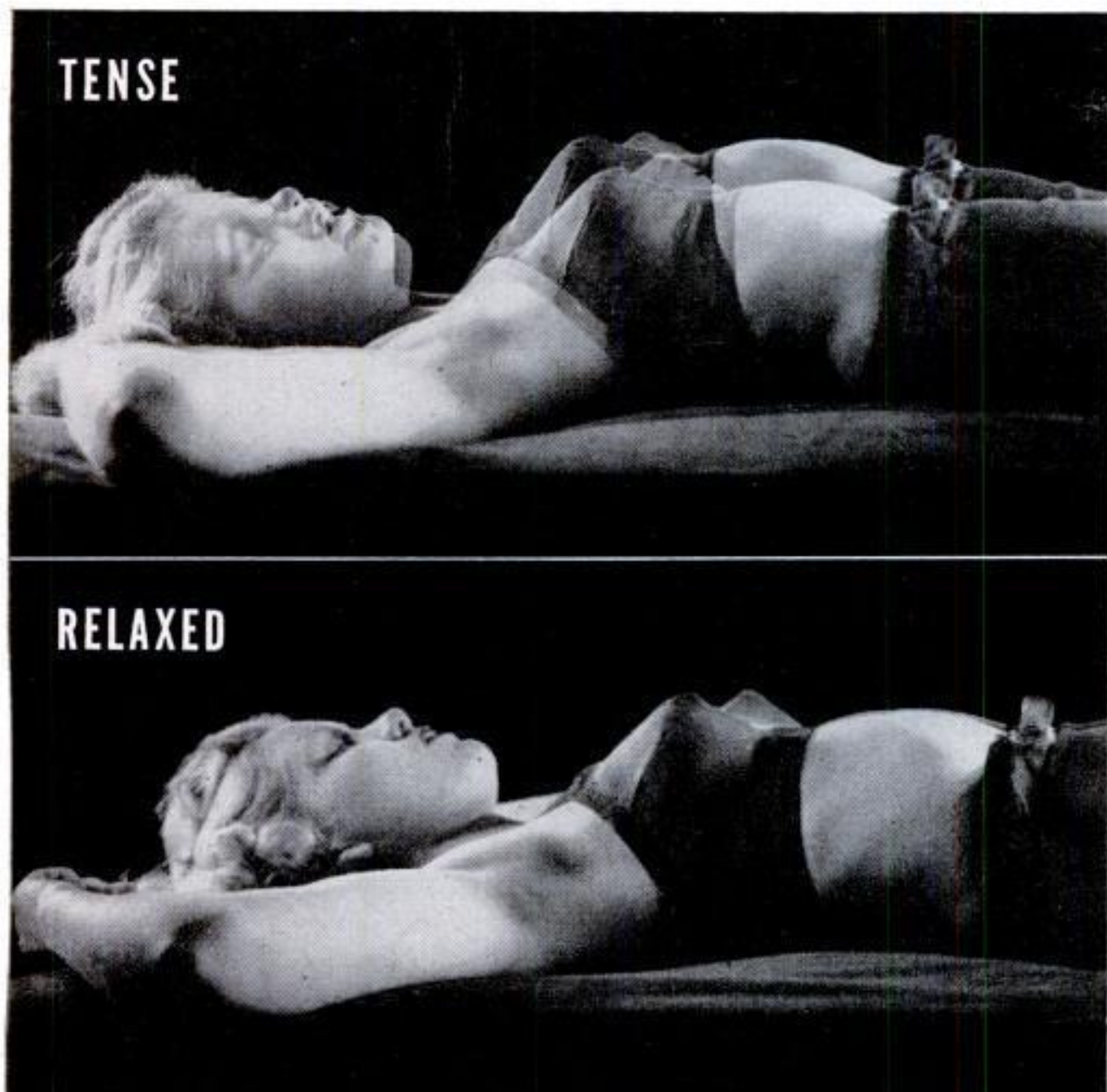


TENSE



RELAXED





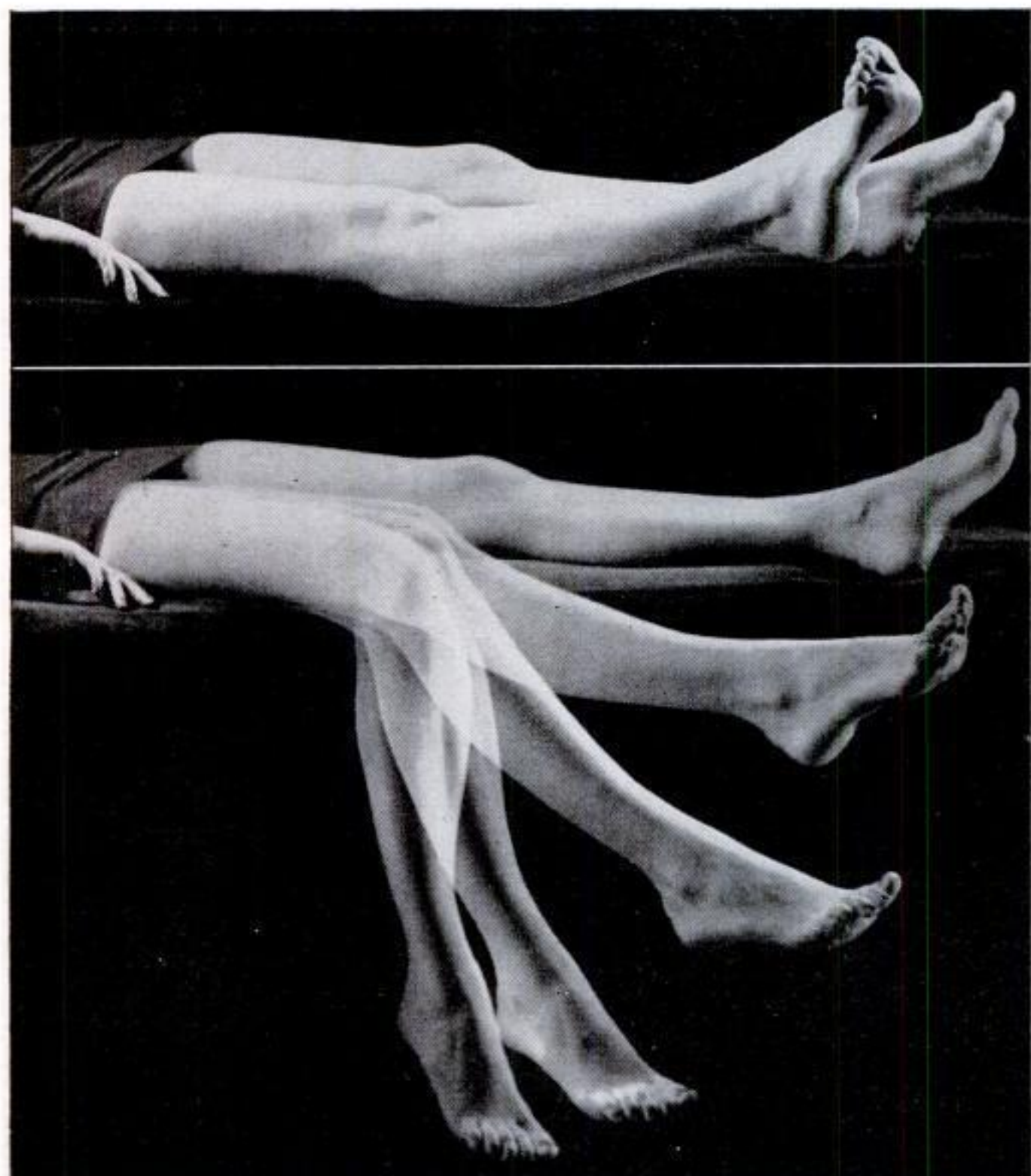
Tense breathing produces chest expansion shown at the top. In "relaxed" picture, chest movement is negligible. Time exposure for both photographs was the same.

HOW TO RELAX

Tense muscles make millions of people nervous, cut down their efficiency, keep them awake at night. In *You Must Relax* (Whittlesey House, \$1.75), Dr. Edmund Jacobson gives practical advice on "cultivating relaxation."

Most people, says Dr. Jacobson, are tied up in knots much of the time. To readers of this page he would say: "Look at yourself. See if your fingers aren't clenched, your brow knotted, your legs or feet twisted into a strained position. See if your neck isn't tense. See if you aren't making some nervous motion with your hands." Before anyone can relax at will, he must, learn to recognize tenseness, then "let go."

Even in sleep many people do not fully relax and therefore do not get full benefits. The pictures on the opposite page show a girl first tense and then relaxed, in the same positions. Notice particularly her brow, arms and feet.



To recognize tenseness of the thigh muscle, subject extends leg (top). After leg drops loosely over side, the muscle is relaxed. Object is to learn to detect the difference.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Sunbeam

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MIXMASTER

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**IS MAKING
RATIONED
FOODS
GO
FURTHER**



The Budget-Saver Meat Pie illustrated above makes a little meat go a long way. It is one of the suggestions included in the new kit of Sunbeam Victory Recipes. All on handy 3"x5" cards for your file. Send for your free set to:

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5600 W. Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 53, Chicago, Ill.
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Over Half a Century Making Quality Products

"WE'LL MARK THIS BOND FOR OUR
Sunbeam MIXMASTER
AFTER VICTORY"

• MIXMASTER now doing "wartime duty" in over two million American homes. If you have one—care for it well and get the most out of it. If not—buy a War Bond today for your Mixmaster later.

• MIXMASTER does the tiring arm-work of cooking, baking, getting meals . . . makes ingredients go farther . . . saves time and money. Mixes • Mashes • Whips • Beats • Stirs • Blends • Juices • Folds • Creams.

• MIXMASTER has the exclusive MIX-FINDER DIAL on which all the everyday mixing needs are plainly indicated . . . you simply "Dial your favorite recipe." A wide range of powerful, EVEN mixing speeds.

• There have been no Mixmasters manufactured at the Sunbeam factory since Spring, 1942. Production of war goods replaced them at that time. But they will be back with Victory. Get yours with a War Bond.



By the Peacetime Makers of **Sunbeam** TOASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, SHAVEMASTER

FOOT-O-GRAPHS

FROM *Life*



Hitting the deck of a "flat-top" calls for precision flying — and big doughnut tires to cushion the jolts of speedy landings.



How about cushion landings for your feet, too? Let Porto-Ped Air Cushioned Shoes take up the shock of hard floors and pavements.



THE CUSTOM
Model 2257
Black or
Tan Calf

\$7.85
Some Styles
Higher

Your weary feet will be happy feet, when you turn in your ration stamp for Porto-Ped Air Cushioned Shoes. They're built for extra COMFORT. The patented air cushion pillows every step — the exclusive Arch Stay gives the added ease and comfort of constant, flexible support. See your Portage Dealer, or write us for his name.

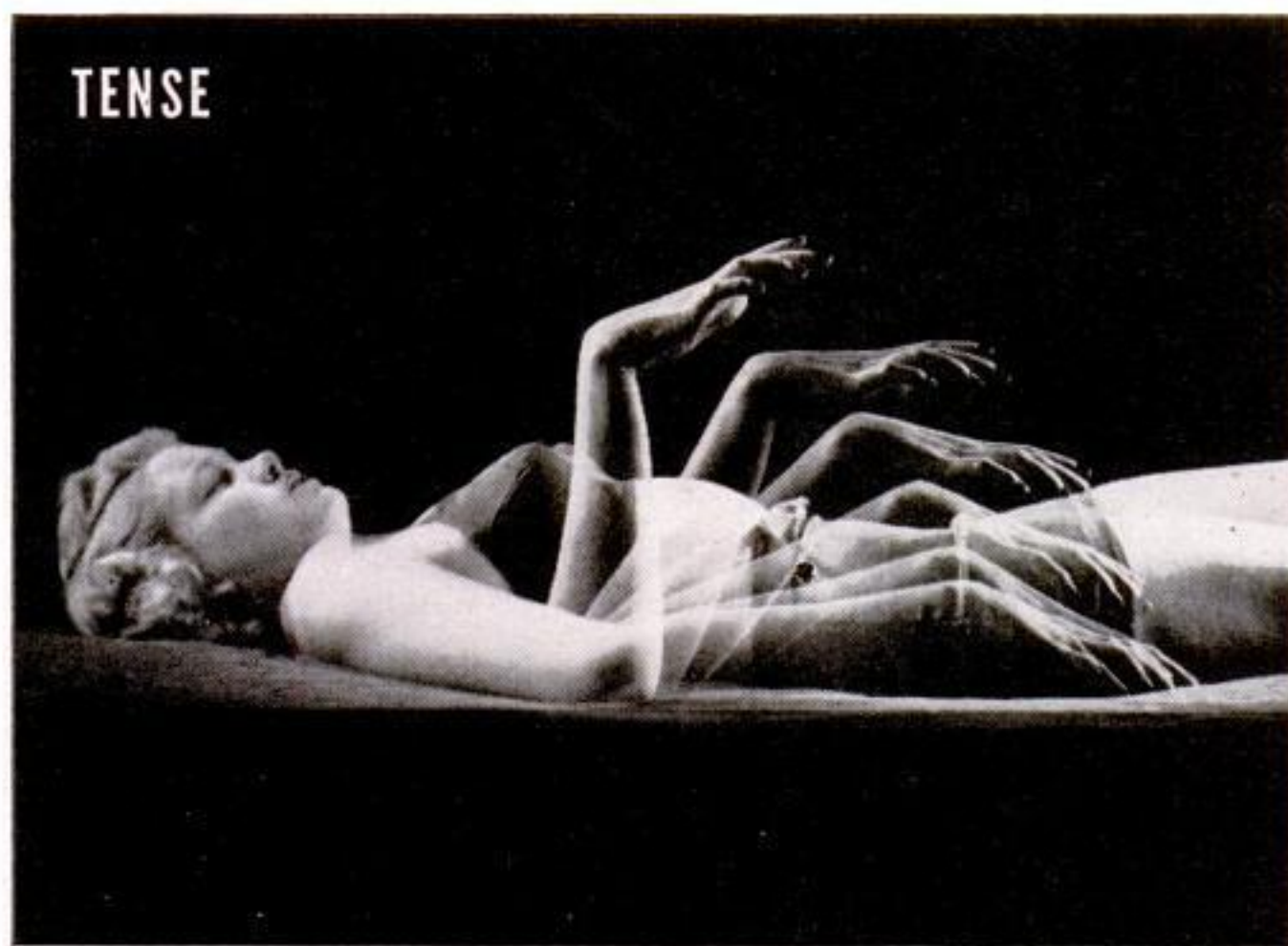
Portage Shoe Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.



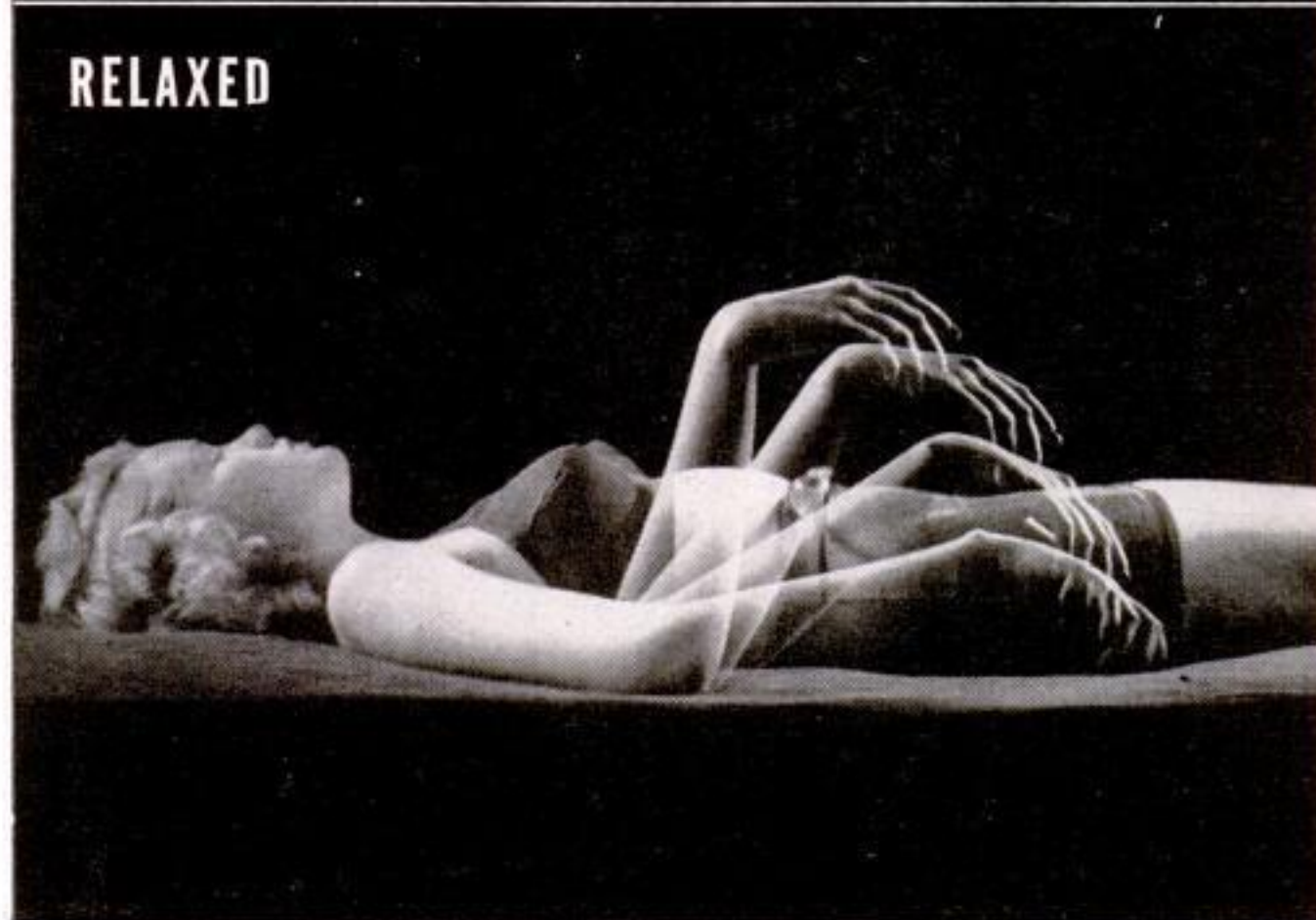
PORTO-PED
Air Cushioned SHOES
by PORTAGE

How to Relax (continued)

TENSE



RELAXED



Dropping an arm sounds simple but many people, when told to "let go," will carefully place arm down as in the "tense" picture. In "relaxed" position, arm flops naturally.

TENSE



RELAXED



With forearm tensed, subject shows strained (top) and relaxed (below) way of dropping hand. These are not exercises but ways to recognize tense and relaxed muscles.

Now
Mabel!



That takes too much time!

Don't make toilet sanitation a chore. Why use a cleansing powder *plus* a disinfectant? Sani-Flush—made especially to do the whole job—cleans away the film, stains, and incrustations where toilet germs may lurk. Removes a cause of toilet odors. It's quick. It's easy. It's thorough.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. When used according to directions on the can, Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections. Use it at least twice a week. Sold everywhere in two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET
BOWLS WITHOUT
SCOURING

Pass along
this copy
to a man in the
armed forces

LIFE

has proved to be very popular among men in the armed forces stationed in the U. S. A recent survey shows that 63% of them read LIFE each week. Chances are that some man you know will be pleased to receive this copy when you have finished with it.

Or turn it in to your nearest U. S. O. or canteen.



EVER FACE A FIRING SQUAD?

TAKE A good long look. This is what a condemned man...or woman...sees at twenty feet. No one has ever come back to describe that last moment before the scene is suddenly blacked out with a rattle of fire and a burst of lead.

But even a brave man or a courageous woman facing such a scene must hope feverishly that this is all just a bad dream from which there will be an awakening...a vision from a remembered movie in which someone will come, will come, in time. But no one comes.

Thousands...hundreds of thousands...of human beings, like yourself, have had just such a last glimpse of life during the past few years. And they, too, have hoped it was a dream. But it wasn't.

How far removed do you think *you* are from play-

ing the star part in such a performance as this? Two years, three years, maybe four years...if the Japs and Nazis win.

And don't think that you can talk yourself out of it if the time comes. Don't think that you can turn coat; that begging for mercy on bended knees will spare you; that promising to be good, to cooperate, will help. Some patriot in your neighborhood will kill one of their officers in the night, and the next day you will be rounded up with nine or nineteen or ninety-nine others...to be shot.

This is something for all of us to think of...to dream of while we can still awaken to the clean air of freedom.

It is something to make all of us resolve that all our waking effort will be bent to the one job of

winning this war...that whatever we know we *can* do, we *will* do...and that whatever else we can *find* to do, we will also do.

For unless *all* of us put the winning of this war before everything else, a lot of eyes that now look on this page may face that same scene in reality.

Not somebody else's eyes. *Yours...*

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. • MANUFACTURERS
OF TANKS • GUN CARRIAGES • ARMY AND NAVY
ORDNANCE • STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES



The wedding veil I'll never get to wear

TODAY'S the day we planned to get married.

Today I was going to wear ivory satin and the lovely rose-point wedding veil that Grannie had worn, and Mother... the veil they'd kept through all these years for me.

But two months ago Paul said, "Darling, I got my Army orders today. I'll have to go next week." He didn't think it was fair to ask me to marry him—so I asked him to marry *me*. And he did—the next day at City Hall.

So I wore a blue felt hat instead of Grannie's veil, and two gardenias instead of a bride's bouquet. I didn't get a trousseau, or furniture for a house, or pore over lists for wedding invitations. I didn't do *any* of the things I'd thought I'd do when I was getting married. I didn't even get my sterling silver—though it was the possession I'd cared about more than almost anything else, I guess.

But this morning, when I was putting Grannie's veil away in its satin box, the mail came—with a big fat envelope from Paul. Inside were some War Bonds and this note...

"Dearest: I went into town yesterday to buy our sterling. I knew what it meant to you—as a promise of the home we'll have some day. I couldn't find a complete set in your favorite pattern—just the pieces that the store will send you. So I'm mailing you these bonds besides. They'll buy the rest of our International Sterling after the war. And meanwhile, they'll help do what I know you're praying for—to *get the war won* so that people like you and me can live our life the way we planned it."

International Sterling craftsmen are now working day and night making war weapons. During wartime only a very small amount of sterling

silver can be made. But when the war is over, there will again be plenty for everybody. And when the solid silver you choose is International Sterling, you will have the lifetime satisfaction of knowing...

—that your sterling was made by the world's foremost silver house...

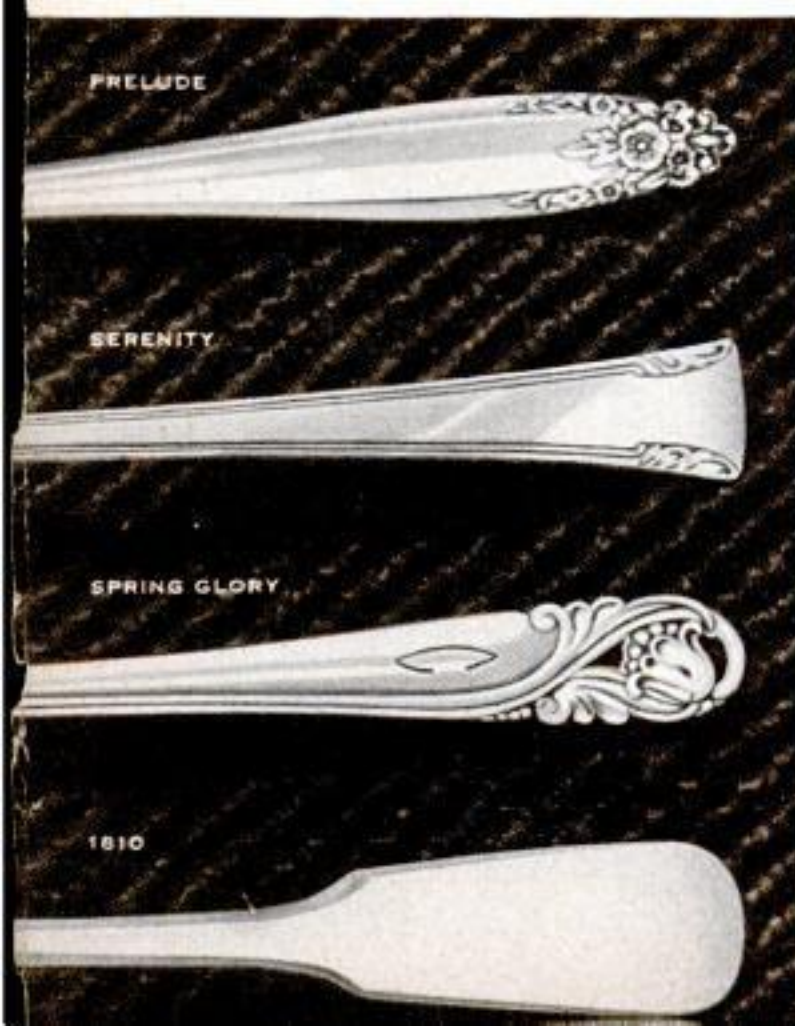
—that your pattern was designed by craftsmen whose predecessors were creating spoons of coin silver 100 years ago...

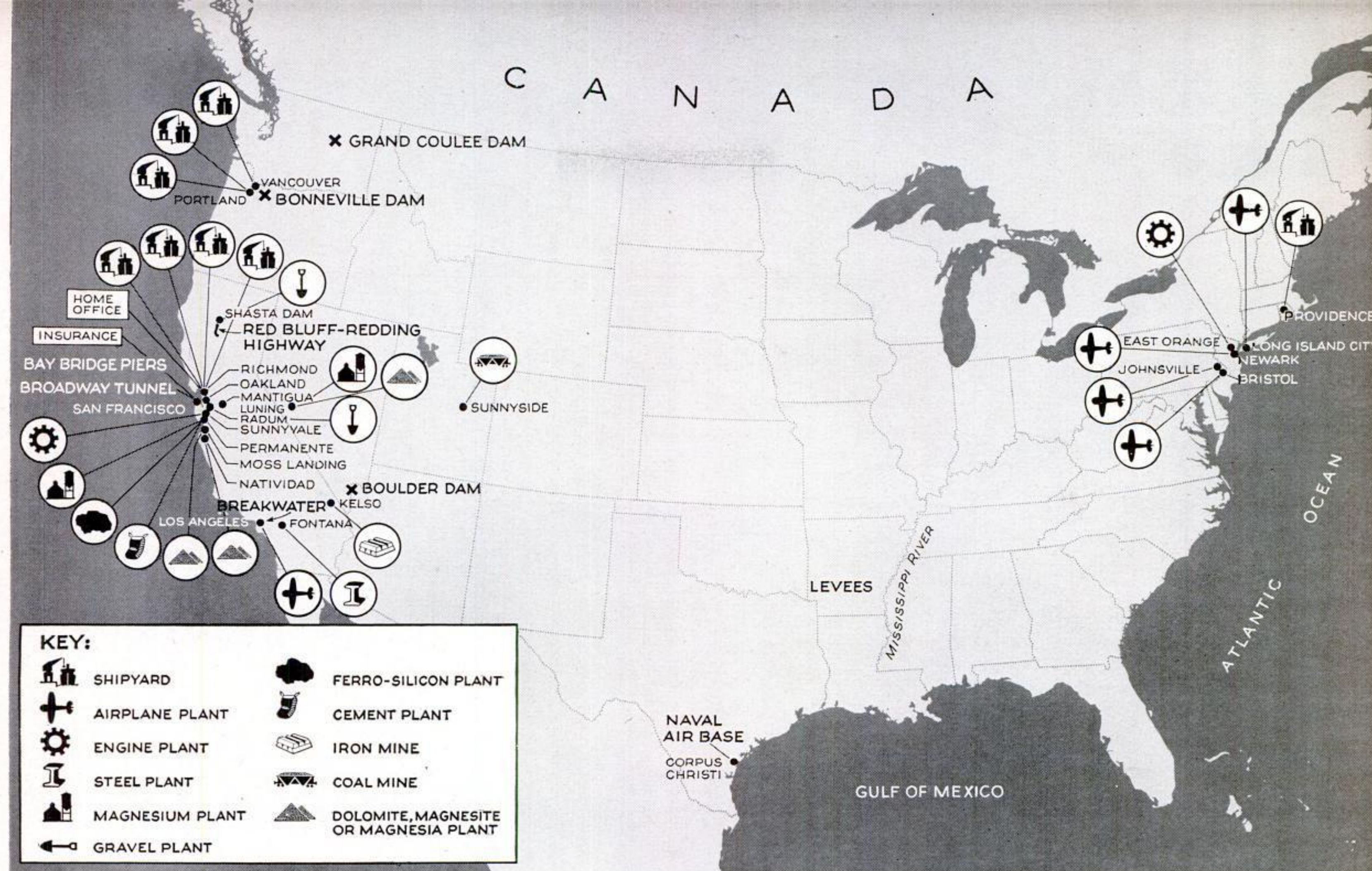
—that pieces created by International's *present* craftsmen have often been exhibited in leading art museums.

Why not earmark some of the money you are putting aside in War Bonds now, for the purchase of your International Sterling when the war is over?

Illustrated below are some of the lovely International patterns that will again be made in quantity when the war is over.

Copyright 1943, International Silver Company





SYMBOLS LOCATE HENRY KAISER'S PLANTS, ALL, WITH EXCEPTION OF GRAVEL PITS, BUILT SINCE 1939. ALSO IDENTIFIED IN LARGE LETTERS ARE PRE-WAR KAISER ACHIEVEMENTS

THE KAISER EMPIRE

IT NOW REACHES ACROSS THE CONTINENT

The massive enterprise of Henry J. Kaiser now embraces a transcontinental empire (see map). Last month, the West Coast shipbuilder became an East Coast aircraft producer. At the behest of the U. S. Navy, Mr. Kaiser took over the stumbling Brewster Aeronautical Corp., a \$275,000,000 bottleneck of dive bombers and fighters. On his own, he bought up the Fleetwing Aircraft Co., and assumed therewith its \$25,000,000 trainer plane contracts. While thus achieving his fondest ambition, Mr. Kaiser undertook a chore for the Maritime Commission. In Providence, R. I. he and his associates will direct the refurbishing of a shipyard for production of corvettes.

For his fellow citizens, who have witnessed the spectacular development of his war-born empire, Henry Kaiser is an affirmation of the chief reason why they are sure that they cannot lose this war. The U. S. citizen makes no extreme claims for the brilliance of his generals and diplomats or even for the military prowess of his still unbloated armies. But in his capacity to produce, to tackle any kind of industrial production and, in no time at all, bury his enemy under sheer tonnage, he is sure he has no peer. This conviction had weakened somewhat during the past decade. In the current renaissance of U. S. enterprise it has found new life, and Henry Kaiser, Jack of all industries, is its image.

The Kaiser legend is well-known. The dam-building sand-and-gravel man, who laid his first keel in the spring of 1941, has become the world's biggest and fastest shipbuilder. Simultaneously he has swept into such diverse fields as cement, magnesium, steel and aircraft. The map above pins the legend down to its component shipyards, plants, quarries and mines, and locates the major projects of the Henry J. Kaiser Co. when, before the war, it was engaged merely in general construction. Not shown are the projects of Henry Kaiser's "Western Group" partners, who share in Kaiser's interests and share their own interests with Kaiser.

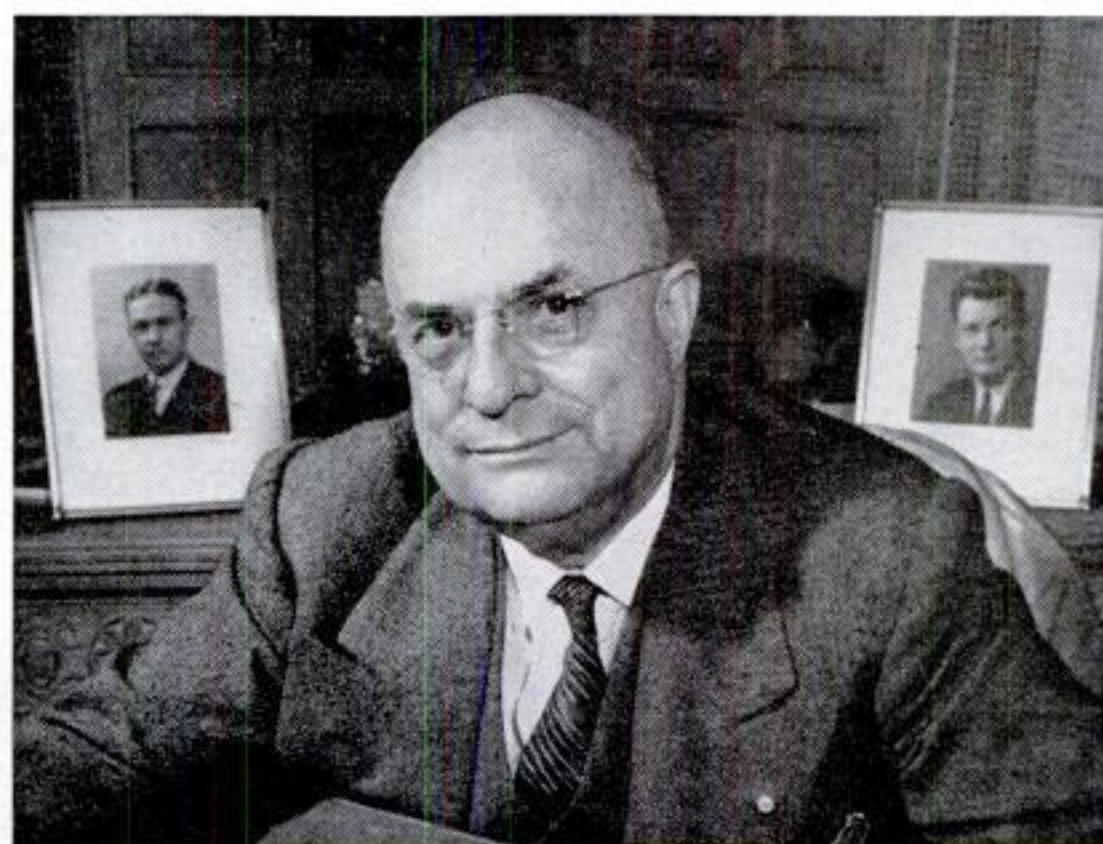
Newest operating unit on the western side of the

empire is the steel mill at Fontana. It is the first complete steel plant, from blast furnace to rolling mill, in California. Ore and coal come from Kaiser mines in Kelso, Calif. and Sunnyside, Utah. The Portland, Ore. shipyards are operated by Kaiser's able son Edgar. One of them holds most of the Liberty shipbuilding records. Another, on April 5, is launching the first Kaiser aircraft transport carrier. Heart of the empire is the San Francisco region, with the home office in Oakland and four shipyards on the bay. To the south in San Jose Valley is Permanente, Kaiser's bright, new industrial center, producing cement, magnesium and the alloy metal, ferrosilicon.

These heterogeneous enterprises make Henry Kaiser one of the nation's biggest employers of labor. With about 250,000 workers, Kaiser maintains uniquely realistic relations. He fights turnover and absenteeism by getting housing, recreation and medical facilities for them. He willingly signs closed-shop agreements, largely with the A. F. of L., but vigorously fights C. I. O. efforts to upset them. While he fights the C. I. O. in the West, he signs up 20,000-plus C. I. O. workers in his new Eastern aircraft plants.

The essence of the Kaiser legend is Kaiser himself. He not only builds ships faster than anyone else does, but says he will beforehand. Bigwigs sometimes object to the amount of space he gets himself in the press as "the can-do man." In neglect of the oak-paneled reserve of U. S. big industry, he goes directly to the public at large to propose that he be commissioned to build cargo airplanes, to suggest that war bonds be pledged for post-war products, to declare that his enemies are smearing him.

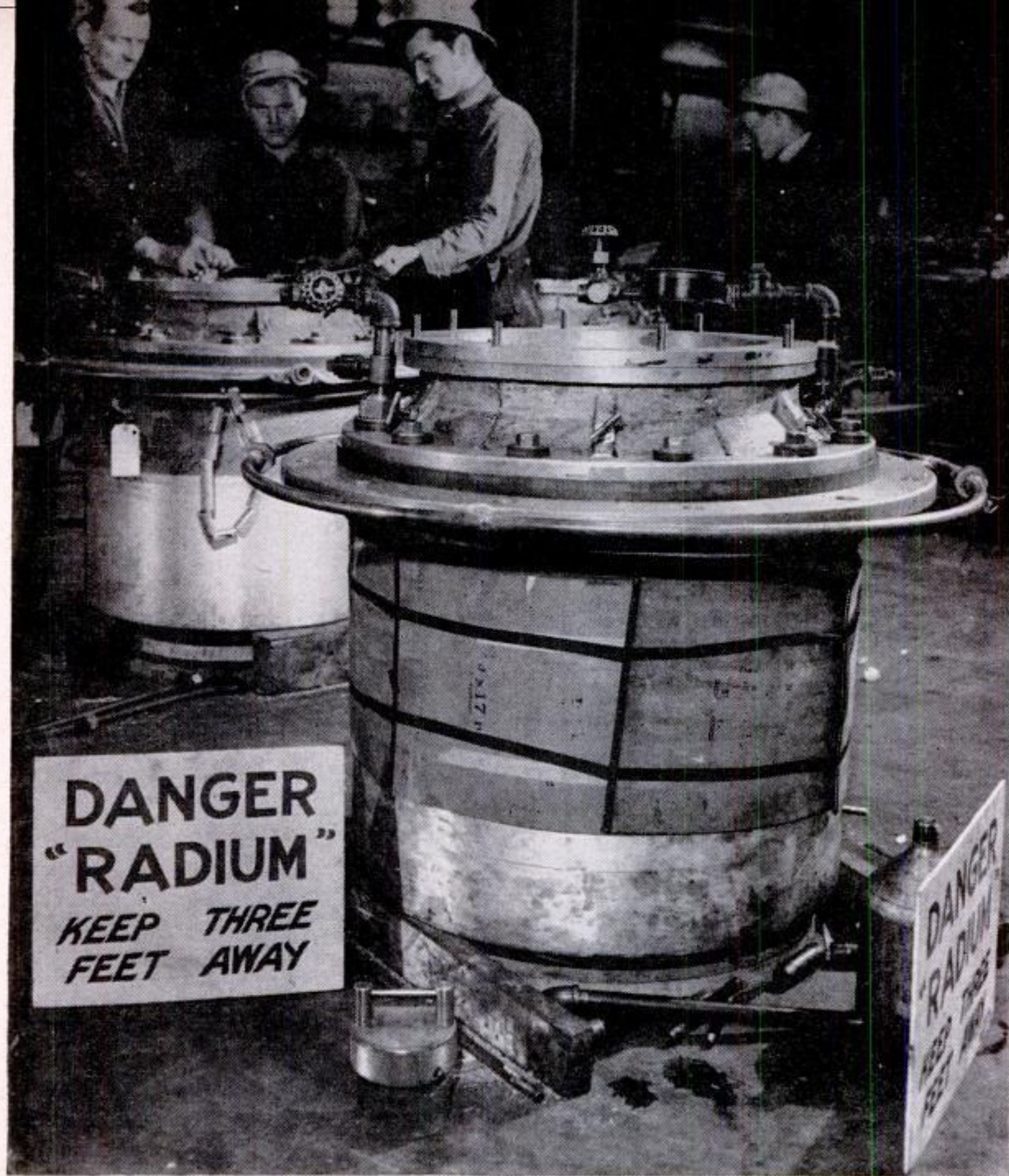
There are those, particularly among Kaiser's fellow industrialists, who behold in him not a Paul Bunyan but a P. T. Barnum. Since the Government is his chief banker and customer, they wonder how he will be able to survive in a wide consumer market when the war ends. For that day, as indicated on pages 76 and 77, Kaiser himself can hardly wait.



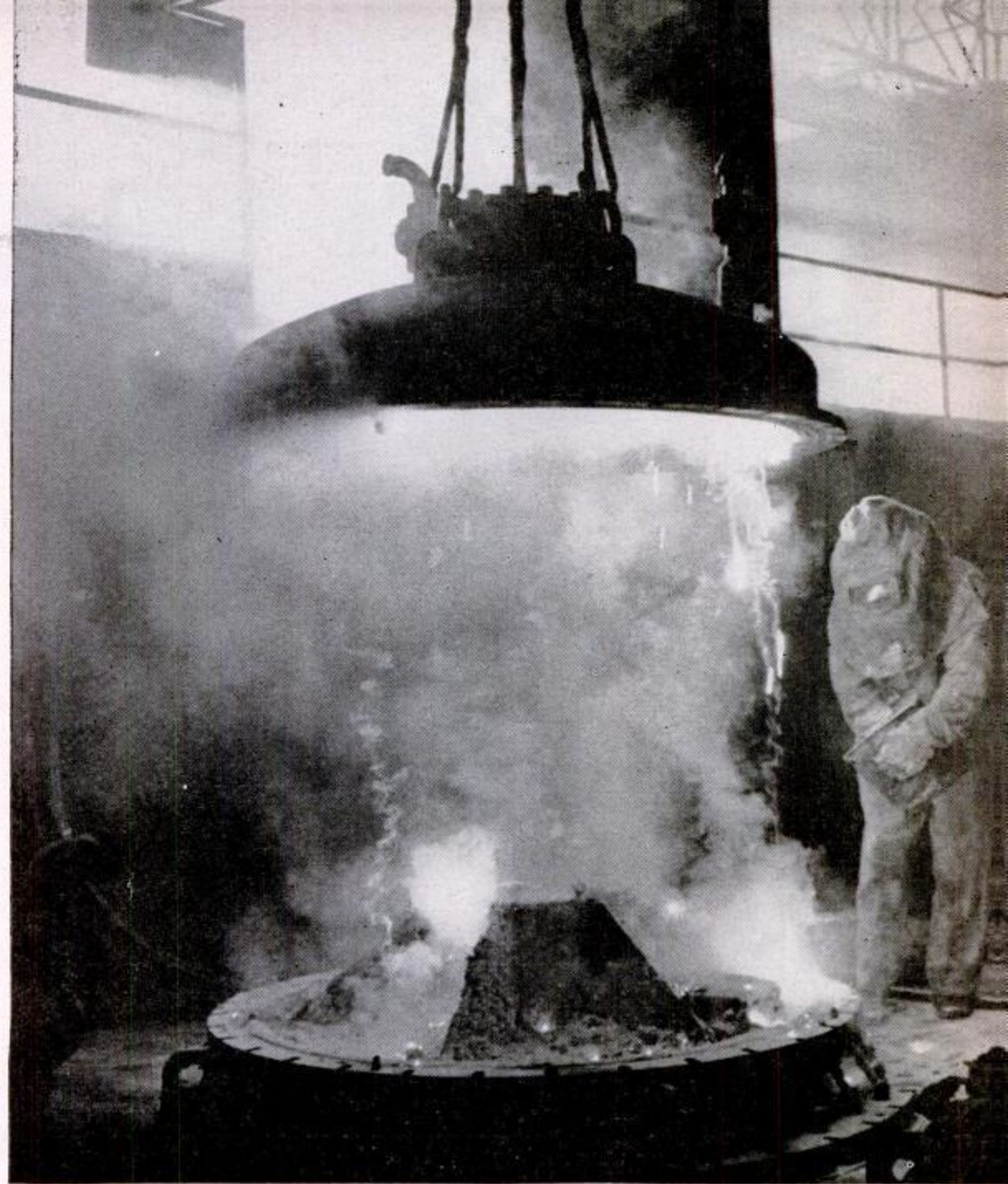
Henry J. Kaiser is here flanked by portraits of his sons, Shipbuilder Edgar (left) and Henry Jr., handy man in the Oakland home office.



**HAMMERHEAD CRANE SWINGS BOTTLE OF
MAGNESIUM OVER RETORT FURNACES**



ELECTRODE SLEEVE OR GLAND, HERE BEING X-RAYED, KEEPS MAGNESIUM VAPOR IN FURNACE



SPARKS OF SODIUM FLARE BRILLIANTLY AS WORKER OPENS MAGNESIUM BOTTLE

MAGNESIUM

Until his recent arrival in the aircraft business, magnesium was Henry Kaiser's favorite enterprise. This new metal, lighter than aluminum, is a prime aircraft material now, with a host of potential uses in post-war production.

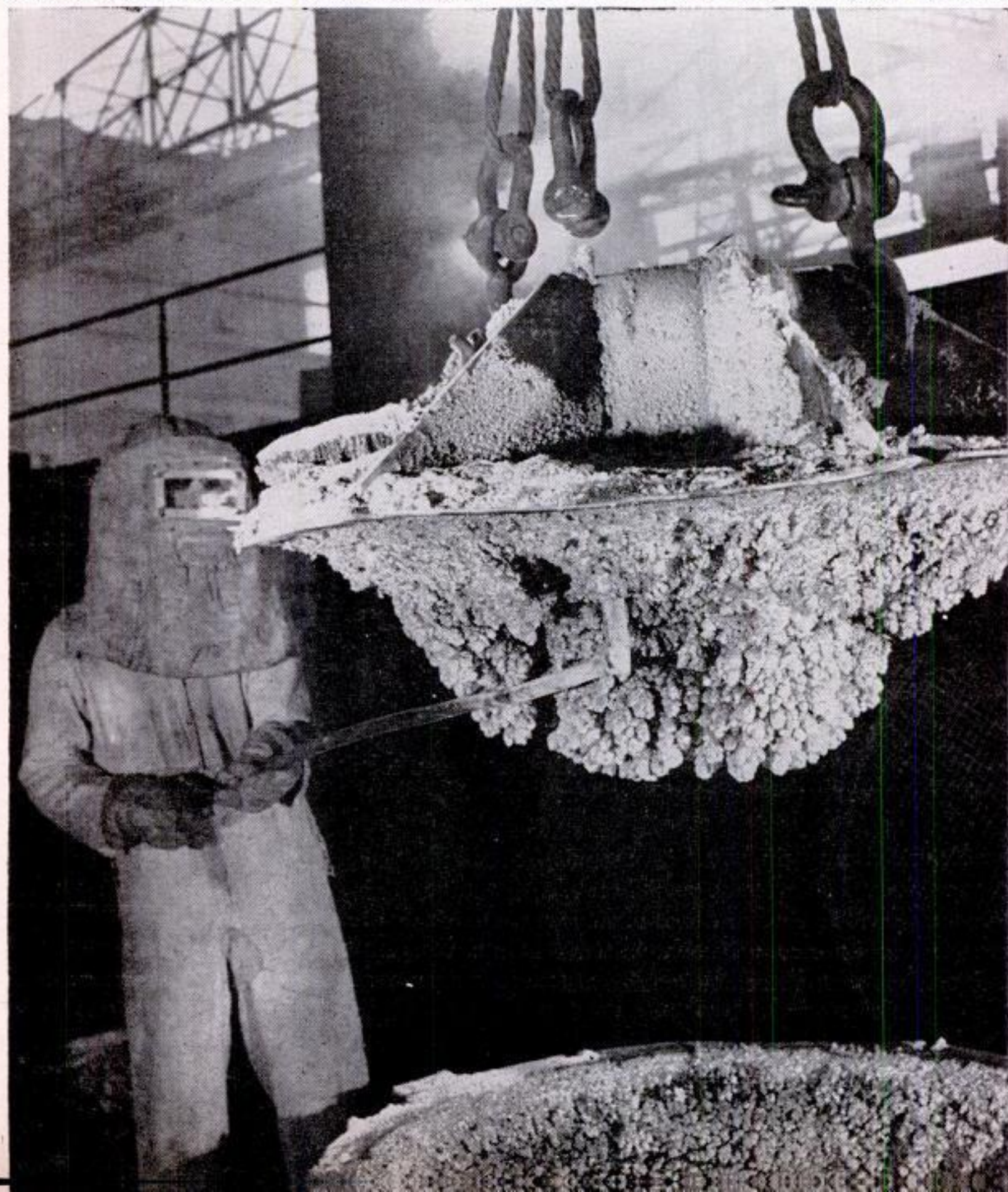
Magnesium, however, has let Kaiser in for his severest headaches. In his eagerness to get into the field, he staked his operations on a process which was scoffed at by established magnesium producers, and indicated that he would start delivering on the customary Kaiser schedule. That was in 1941. His process had bugs in it which took his engineers nearly a year to lick. The Permanente magnesium plant

did not get into production until last November and is not yet running at capacity.

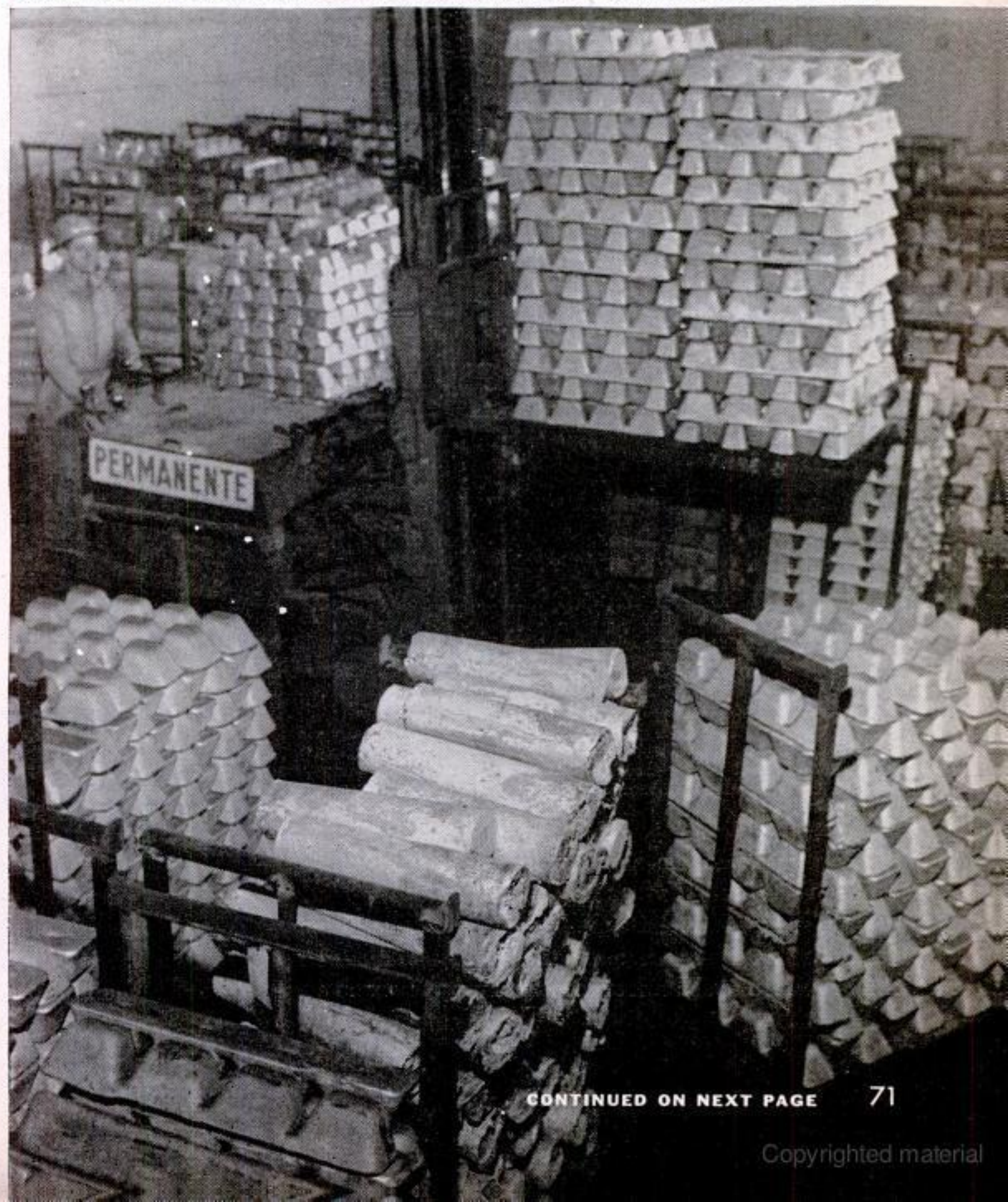
Magnesium is a violent metal, only recently domesticated for purposes other than fireworks and military arson. The first plant built in Austria on Kaiser's Hansgirt process was abandoned after explosion. At Permanente, Kaiser's engineers got the Hansgirt process under control and then were held up by failure of a furnace part which broke down in the heat. Permanente now has one that works (above, left).

Henry Kaiser has great plans for magnesium. Its technology dates back only a decade or so, but already in some alloys it challenges aluminum. With aluminum and plywood it will compete in automobile, plane and house construction, wherever a light, strong material is required. It can be extracted from magnesite and dolomite deposits, and it can also be extracted from sea water. The Kaiser set-up covers the field well, with both kinds of quarries and a sea-water plant at Moss Landing, Calif.

SPARKLING CRYSTALS OF PURE MAGNESIUM CLING TO LID AND SIDES (BELOW) OF RETORT



CRYSTALS HAVE BEEN MELTED DOWN INTO INGOTS AND ARE READY FOR SHIPMENT

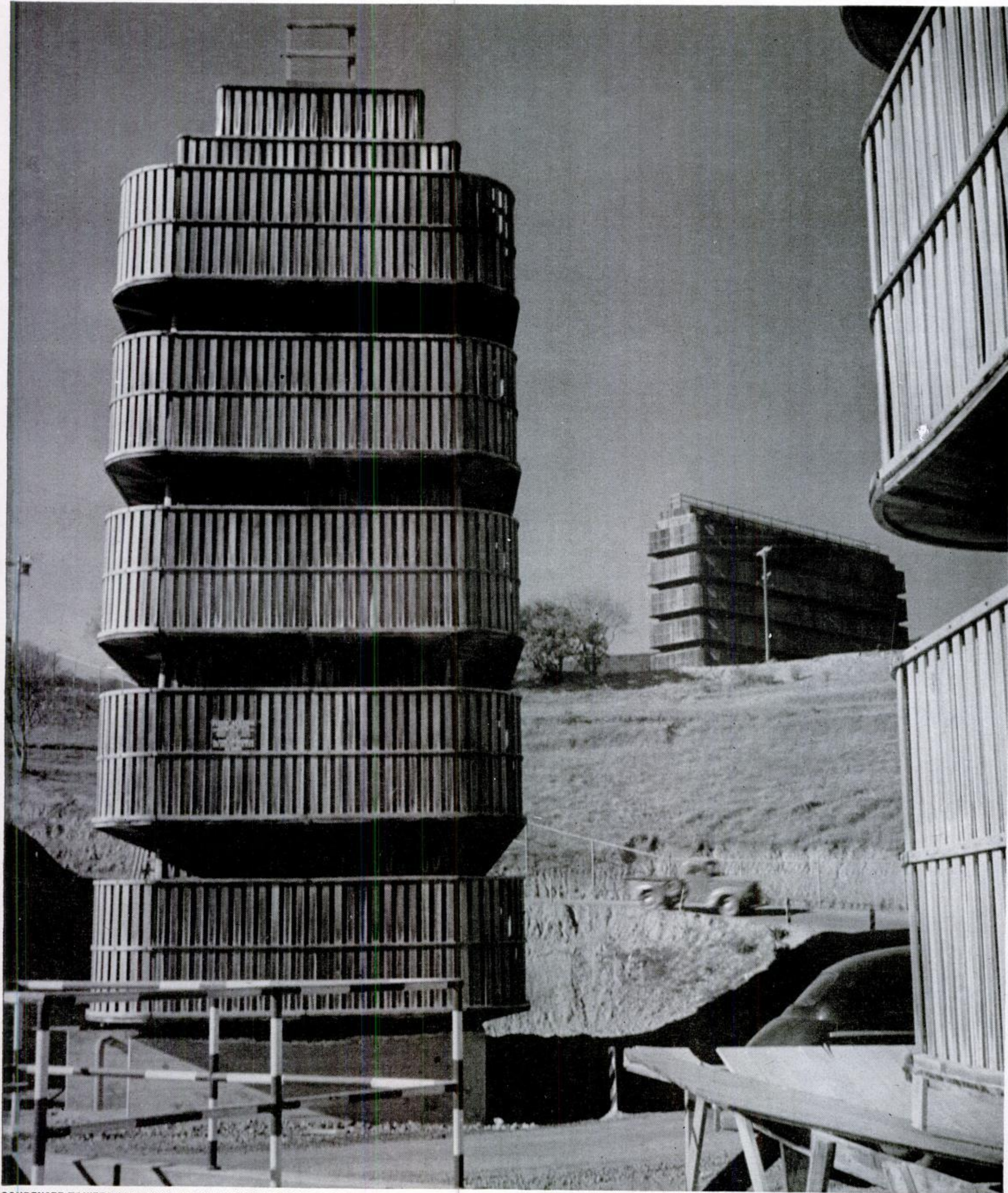




DELIVERY END OF CONVEYOR BELT DISCHARGES LIMESTONE ONTO PILE AT FOOT OF HILL. LIMESTONE WITH CLAY IS CALCINED BY NATURAL GAS IN FOUR ROTARY KILNS (CENTER)

CEMENT

The Permanente cement mill existed on paper only when, in August 1939, Henry Kaiser bid in the contract to supply 24,000,000 bags of cement for Shasta Dam. Big enough to fill the huge Shasta contract within a year, Permanente was Henry Kaiser's bet that the country was shortly going to need a lot more cement in the course of the next few years. Launched into the war construction boom, Permanente

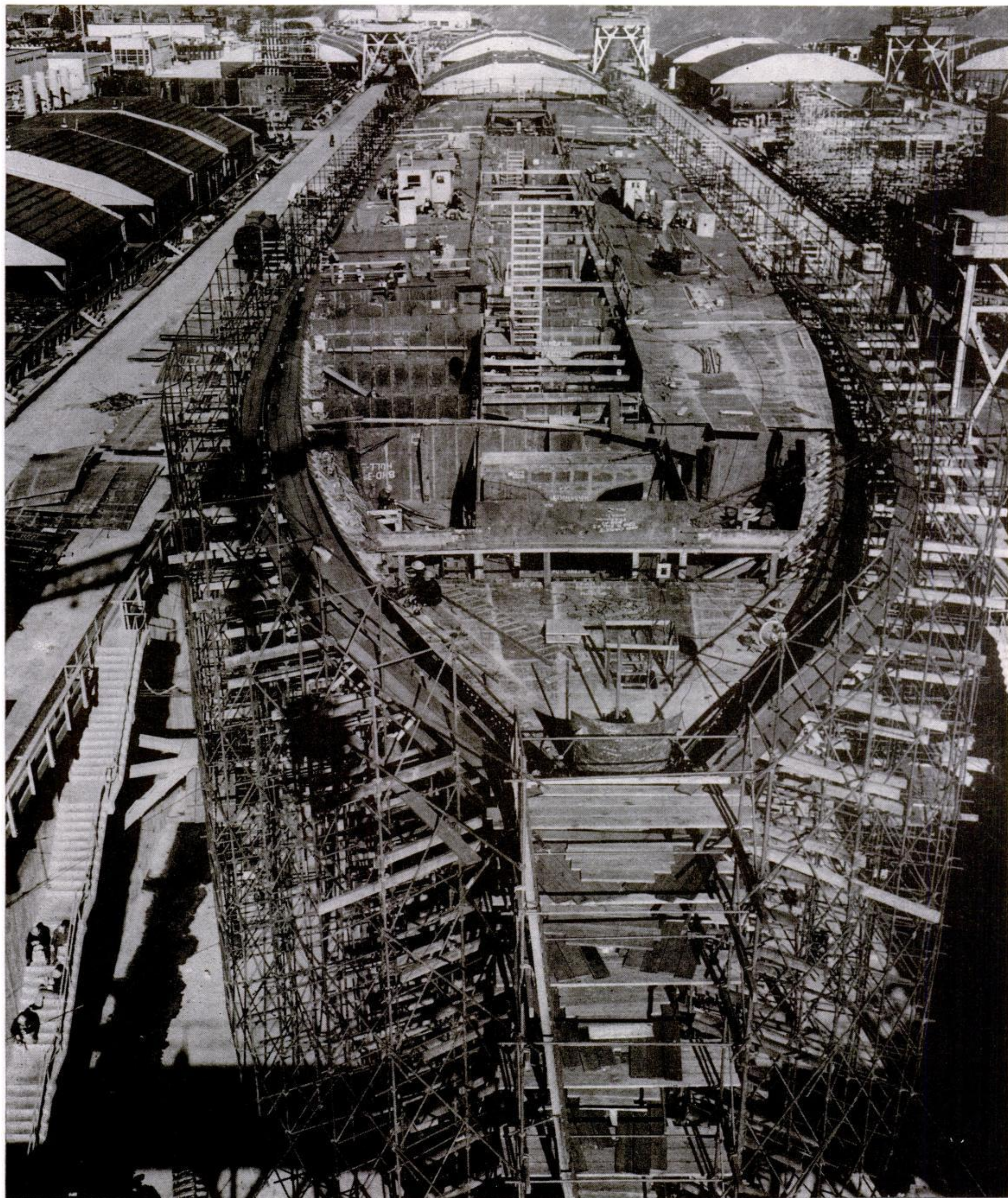


CONDENSER TOWERS COOL NATURAL GAS WHICH CHILLS MAGNESIUM VAPOR INTO DUST AS IT EMERGES FROM FURNACE. GAS, AFTER SEVERAL CYCLES, IS BURNED IN CEMENT KILNS

cement has been going full blast throughout its existence and had to be expanded. Cement yields nicely to the Kaiser impulse to keep materials in motion. Limestone starts from the quarry two miles back in the hills and cascades off the end of the conveyor belt (*above, left*) into the backyard of the plant. It stays long enough to be crushed and powdered, calcined into cement, sacked or squirted directly into

boxcars and is then on its way to be compounded with sand and gravel into concrete.

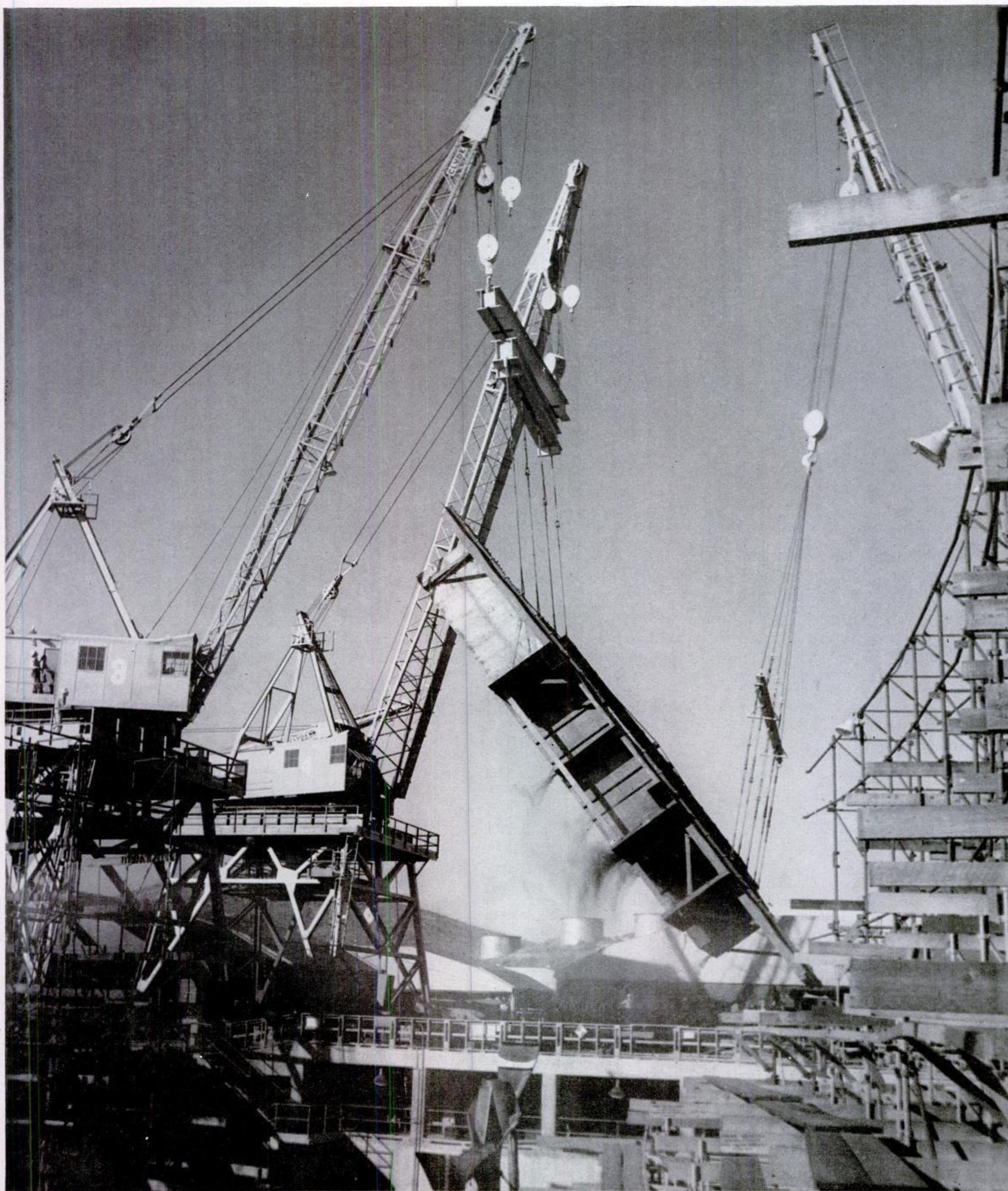
Permanente, with cement and magnesium plants nestled together, symbolizes the versatility of Kaiser enterprise and reveals its inner logic. Permanente magnesium is precipitated by cold natural gas, chilled in condenser towers above. Permanente cement is calcined by the same natural gas, as a sheet of flame in the big rotary kilns.



AT RICHMOND SHIPYARD No. 3, A MERCHANT SHIP TAKES SHAPE IN BASIN WAY, WHICH WILL BE FLOODED FOR THE LAUNCHING. BASIN WAYS MAY ALSO BE USED AS DRYDOCKS

SHIPBUILDING

The Kaiser name will be indelibly linked to the ships of World War II in the memory of the U. S. Through all the upward revisions of the Maritime Commission program, he has held contracts for one-third of the Liberty ships. His three Liberty shipbuilding yards have established an average of 39.2 days from keel to delivery, against a national average of 52.6 days. The technique that sets this pace is indicated



A 200-TON ASSEMBLY IS LIFTED BY THREE GANTRY CRANES FOR DELIVERY TO SHIP IN RICHMOND BASIN WAY. IN FOREGROUND, CAN BE SEEN NAKED STERN FRAME OF SHIP

in the pictures (above, left). The Kaiser yards build the ships off the ways, in vast fabrication shops and all over the wide-open spaces around. Because they have the biggest cranes, working in teams as above, they are able to prefabricate fewer, bigger hunks of ship before they weld them together on the ways.

Other shipbuilders minimize Kaiser performance by noting the simplicity of the

Liberty ship and cite crack-up of the tanker *Schenectady* as a reflection on his fast welding. But investigation proved that welding was not a sufficient cause, held bad steel equally liable. And Kaiser aircraft carriers are fancy enough for any shipyard. After the war, Kaiser may not remain biggest shipbuilder, since Maritime Commission owns his yards. He will probably hang onto Richmond No. 3, a basin yard (above).

THE KAISER EMPIRE

(continued)



IN OAKLAND, CALIF. HOME OFFICE, KAISER HOLDS CONFERENCE WITH STAFF (FROM FOREGROUND, CLOCKWISE): CHAD CALHOUN, HENRY JR., H. V. LINDBERGH, GENE TREFETHAN

HENRY KAISER LOOKS TO POST-WAR YEARS

Henry Kaiser drove pilings for his first shipyard on Jan. 20, 1941, on a contract with British Purchasing Commission. This was some months before the Maritime Commission ordered a Liberty ship. He was thus one of the first U. S. businessmen to go to war. On Dec. 4, 1942, having been two years at war, he felt entitled to open the subject of post-war planning. Before the New York meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers, he moved that war bonds be pledged for post-war products. He urged his audience to get to work at once on post-war models, to advertise them and start taking orders right away.

He got a frosty reception. His hearers were men whose pre-war assembly lines had groaned to a halt as late as July 1942, who were still in the bitter agony of conversion to war production. They considered the newcomer rudely presumptuous—his standing as a member of their fraternity dated from within the year. He had never felt the Depression or competed for his survival in the consumer market. Henry Kai-

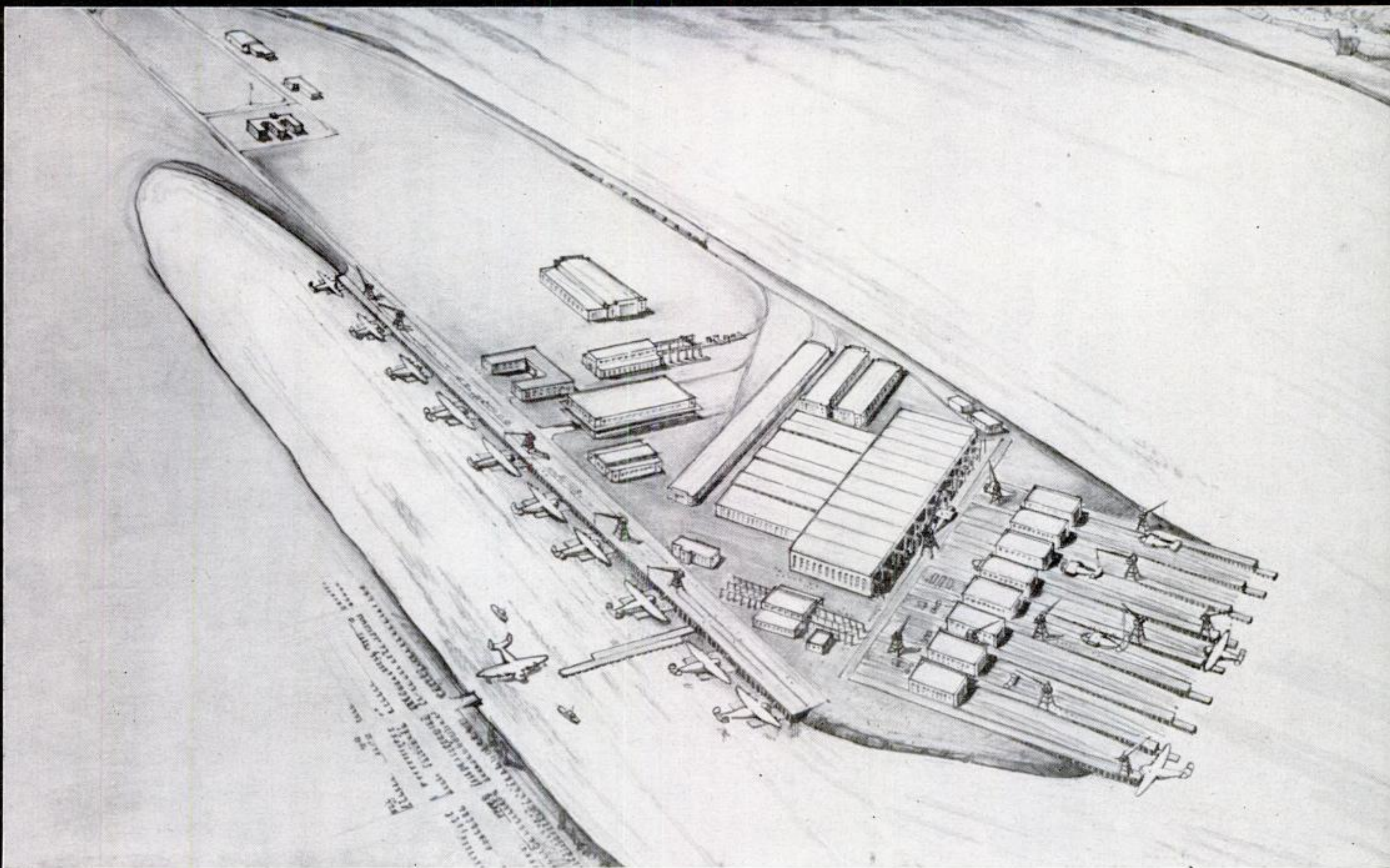
ser's suggestion found a few faint echoes in Washington and, for the time being, lies dormant.

Henry Kaiser, nonetheless, would like to see industry, government and the nation get the post-war picture in focus. He is of the opinion that the plan should start all the way back with a national highway and airport grid, city and town replanning. He sees no point in planning his own future unless he can fit it into a national future. He is anxious lest even a temporary halt take the present high wind out of industry's sails. He dreams of the nation's war-stretched capacity going full blast on peacetime production, flooding the consumer market with houses, iceboxes, electric kitchen gadgets, ranges, bathtubs, television sets, cars and airplanes.

With his own production facilities Henry Kaiser could proceed in a number of directions. Except for shipbuilding, which he expects will be curtailed, and aircraft, which he is determined to continue producing, he has no consumer products or sales organiza-

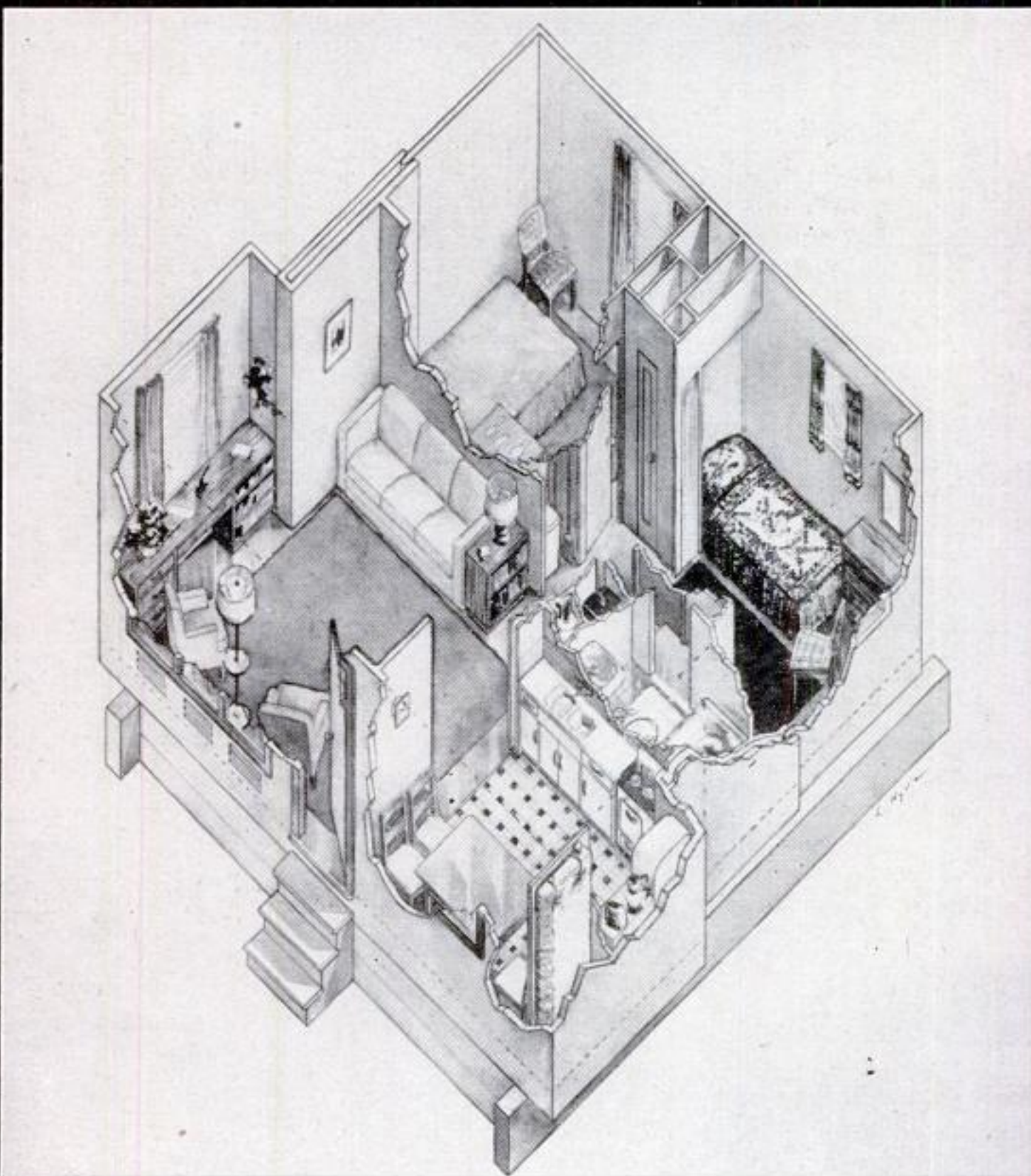
tion. He is a raw-materials producer. Magnesium plants him firmly in the light-metals field. Even his steel plant, producing high-alloy steels, is to be a light-metals operation.

The Kaiser organization is currently intrigued by everything from housing to motor boats. It burgeons with ideas—nicely rendered, as shown opposite, but not yet completely engineered. Kaiser's men recognize, however, that their light metals—competing with plywood and plastics—lay every consumer product wide-open to new and more efficient design. A six-room post-war house, described by Kaiser, would be prefabricated, demountable, completely outfitted, would weigh only 2,000 lb. (approximately the weight of a 1942 car) and cost under \$1,500. Cars would similarly shrink in weight and price, with profit in more efficient application of horsepower and fuel. And the family plane would replace the second car. The foot-pounds age of energy, Henry Kaiser declares, is about to eclipse the age of tons.

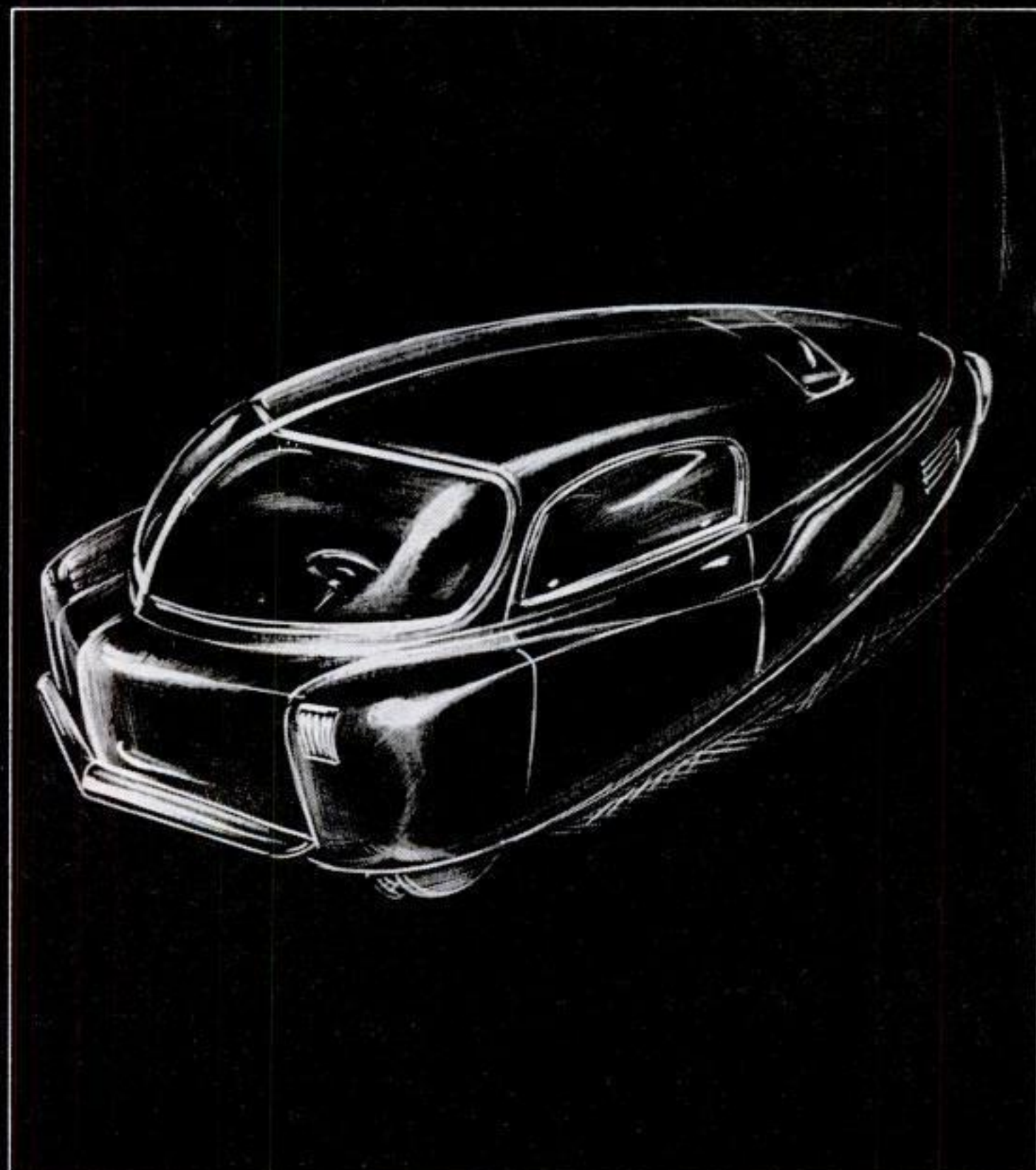


How shipyards can be converted to produce cargo planes is sketched here. Big hulls are built in sections, then assembled at head of conventional shipways. Moving down the ways, they are fitted with engines and wings and finally launched like ships. Sketch does not embody detailed engineering. But it does reflect the multiple assembly-line principle of shipyards—as

against single line of most aircraft plants—which allows for flexibility of schedules in complex construction. Shipyards for aircraft production were first suggested by Kaiser when he made his spectacular air-cargo proposal last July. The Howard Hughes-Kaiser planes, which developed from that proposal, are being constructed in a conventional airplane plant.



Demountable house can be compressed like an accordion, mounted on wheels and hauled as trailer. This is not a finished piece of design, but it indicates Kaiser thinking on the subject of post-war housing, which calls for low cost, prefabrication, mobility and integration of the service equipment (kitchen, heating, plumbing, etc.) into one adaptable unit.



Post-war car is rendered in this sketch. Kaiser design would take advantage of light metals and plywood to bring weight well below 1,000 lb., achieve savings in fuel consumption and horsepower. The motor, as light as aircraft engine, would run on high-octane fuel. Mr. Kaiser would determine body lines by wind-tunnel tests like those used in aircraft design.

Overwhelming!

Everywhere the swing is to

Old Gold

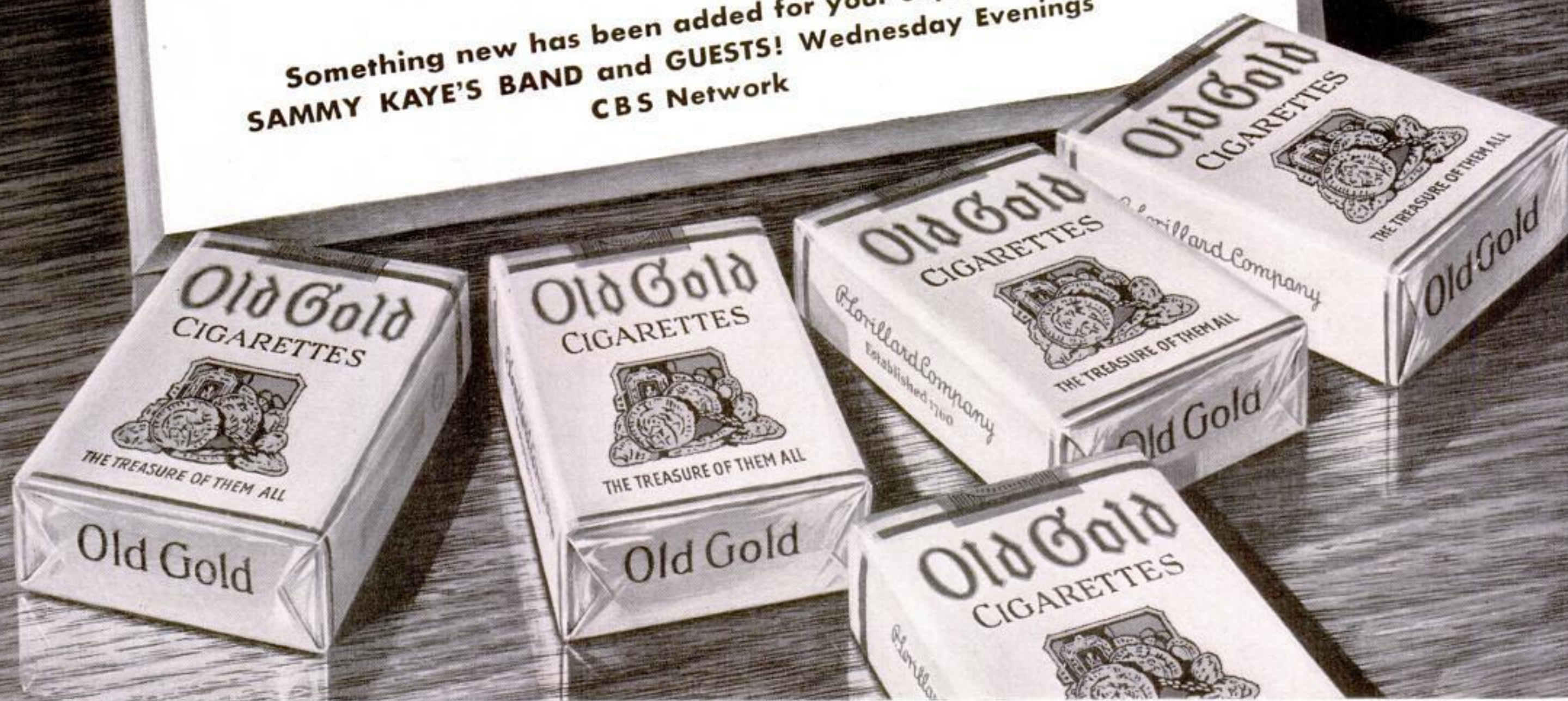
CIGARETTES

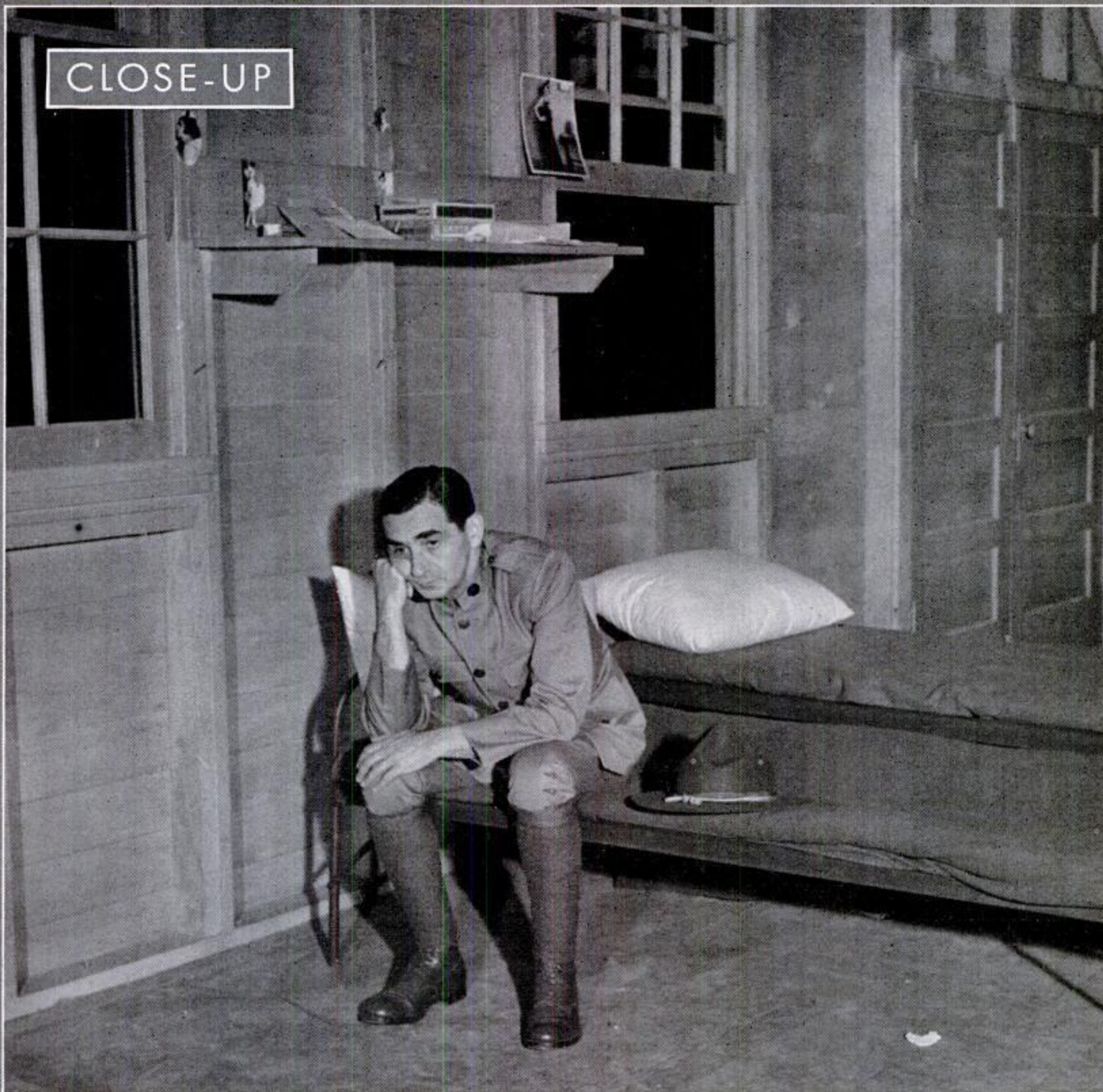
LOWEST IN THROAT-IRRITATING
LOWEST TARS AND RESINS
LOWEST IN NICOTINE

As shown by unbiased, independent,
unsolicited tests of 7 leading brands
—made for Reader's Digest

Reader's Digest was not trying to increase Old Gold sales nor
emphasize the superiority of any one of the 7 cigarettes tested.
However, both before and since their report, many smokers have
turned to Old Gold. They've discovered what no laboratory
figures can convey: the delightful flavor of fine domestic and
imported tobaccos, enriched with a touch of costly *Latakia* leaf.
P. Lorillard Company — Established 1760

Something new has been added for your enjoyment!
SAMMY KAYE'S BAND and GUESTS! Wednesday Evenings
CBS Network





WEARING HIS WORLD WAR I UNIFORM, IRVING BERLIN BEGINS HIS FAMOUS "OH, HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING" ROUTINE FOR MOVIE VERSION OF "THIS IS THE ARMY"

IRVING BERLIN

He is a tight-fisted businessman who cheerfully gives away the proceeds of his talent by the millions

by GEORGE FRAZIER

He is a 54-year-old immigrant whose voice is so thin and raspy that it once inspired Joe Frisco, the comedian, to remark that "you gotta hug him to hear him." With his seamed face not unlike a prune with brooding eyes, he sings a tune written by himself 25 years ago. He sings it proudly, wearing the World War I uniform of the U. S. Army. He is Irving Berlin—born Israel Baline—formerly of South Russia, the Bowery, Chinatown, and now of the Catskills and Gracie Square in New York City. The song he whispers is a ditty entitled "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," which first saw the glow of footlights in a soldier show called "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," and was resurrected to

become the high spot of another such patriotic enterprise, "This Is The Army" which like its predecessor boasts of words and music by Irving Berlin. Although *This Is The Army*, which is now being converted into a motion picture on the Warner Brothers lot, will net an estimated \$6,000,000 for Army Relief (Yip, Yip, Yaphank was considered a bonanza when it made \$83,000), Irving Berlin won't make a dime out of it. Instead, by the time he returns to private enterprise, he will have dipped lavishly into both his hours and dollars. Therein lies an anomaly, for it has been Berlin's peculiar fate to be regarded primarily as a penny-

pinching manipulator rather than a man of unbounded generosity. He is in fact both, but for the moment at least the philanthropist would appear to have supplanted the businessman. The country of his adoption has excellent reason to rejoice that this is so. For, in addition to the proceeds from *Yaphank* and the *Army*, he has personally contributed \$103,027 to the Boy and Girl Scouts (from *God Bless America*, an anthem that, much to his own discomfiture, constantly threatens the popularity of *The Star-Spangled Banner*); \$14,406 to Navy Relief (from *I Threw a Kiss in the Ocean*); \$9,357 to the Army Ordnance Asso-



Berlin's mother, Mrs. Leah Baline, was left a widow with six children in 1896. The older ones had to work in sweatshops.



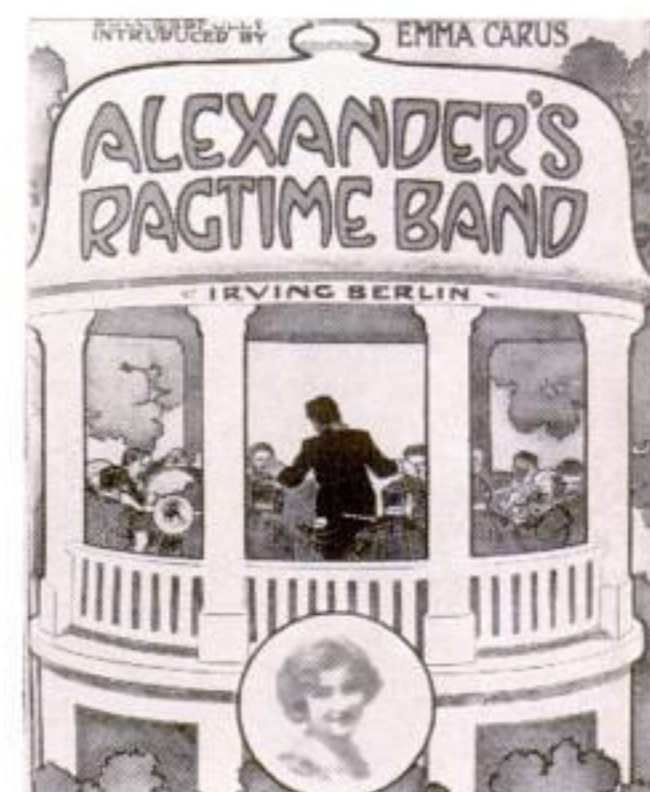
Boyhood home was on Bowery's teeming Cherry Street. Irving Berlin says that, although his family was very poor, he was never hungry or cold.



First picture of Berlin was taken at 16. He had run away from his home two years before and was then singing on the Bowery for bed and board.



At Nigger Mike's in Chinatown he was a singing waiter. Herbert Bayard Swope, then a reporter, wrote the first piece ever published about him.



In 1911 came his first big hit. Those who heard it before publication insisted it was too long and had an impossible range. It boomed the craze for ragtime.



\$25 a week was his first salary as a composer. An early tune, *Sadie Salome Go Home*, was introduced by a burlesque comedienne named Fanny Brice.



His first wife was Dorothy Goetz. She died six months after marriage and Berlin wrote song *When I Lost You*. It is still a fair seller.



Florenz Ziegfeld, with his wife Billie Burke and their baby, entertains Berlin who wrote the *Follies* scores. John Steele sang *A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody* in the 1919 edition.



In 1918 he sings at a Liberty Bond rally in New York. When Berlin was a private at Camp Upton his valet used to tidy up his barracks.



Alexander Woolcott wrote Berlin's biography when Berlin was 37. It failed to convince Clarence Mackay of his future son-in-law's qualities.



Clarence Mackay (left) entertains the Prince of Wales. Shortly afterwards he sent his daughter to Europe to try to make her forget Berlin, but plan failed.



Harbor Hill, the sprawling Mackay estate on Long Island, was one of the show places of the world. Here Mackay played host to the Prince of Wales in 1924. The Prince found both his host and the furnishings much too stuffy for his playboy tastes. Mackay estate is now closed.



Honeymooning, Berlin and his 22-year-old society bride were hounded by reporters everywhere they went. He was making \$500,000 a year at this period.



The Berlins today have three daughters: Elizabeth, Mary Ellin, Linda. A son died in infancy. Here they are opening Christmas presents in New York.

IRVING BERLIN (continued)

ciation (from *Arms for the Love of America* and *Any Bonds Today?*); \$1,056 to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis (from *The President's Birthday Ball*) and \$6,491 to the Red Cross (from *Angels of Mercy*).

The man who wrought this fiscal miracle has written more than 800 songs in the 30 years that have elapsed since *Alexander's Ragtime Band* became a syncopated manifestation of the American temperament. At 54 he evidences no deterioration of an almost fantastic talent for quickening the pulse of the public. The longevity of his productivity has frequently led to the impression that he has been around always, an illusion that prompts his admirers to bestow upon him and his songs the same sort of universality usually reserved for the memories of their childhood. Everyone likes his songs, very much as everyone likes

the aroma of turkey roasting in the oven on Thanksgiving morning and the glistening of the tinsel on a Christmas tree and the look of the water on a moonlit night in summer.

Such songs are *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, *Everybody's Doin' It* (1911), *When That Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam'*, *When I Lost You* (1912), *International Rag* (1913), *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning*, *Mandy* (1917), *A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody* (1919), *Everybody Step*, *Say It With Music* (1921), *Crinoline Days*, *Lady of the Evening*, *Pack Up Your Sins* (1922), *An Orange Grove in California* (1923), *All Alone*, *What'll I Do* (1924), *Always*, *Remember* (1925), *Blue Skies*, *Russian Lullaby*, *The Song Is Ended* (1927), *Marie* (1928), *Say It Isn't So*, *How Deep Is The Ocean*, *Soft Lights And Sweet Music*, *Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee* (1932), *Easter Parade*, *Heat Wave* (1933), *I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket*, *Let's Face The Music And Dance* (1936), *God Bless America* (1940), and *White Christmas* and

I Left My Heart at the Stagedoor Canteen (1942). They possess a permanence not generally associated with Tin Pan Alley products and it is more than remotely possible that in days to come Berlin will be looked upon as the Stephen Foster of the 20th Century.

In the years when he was climbing to his undisputed No. 1 status in the song-writing profession, Berlin naturally fell victim to the small talk that goes on in the music business 24 hours a day, seven days a week. In his case, this talk assumed the form of a snide inference that with him it was more blessed to receive than to give. Although completely unfounded, this inference left its impress on Berlin. In Philadelphia one evening last year, while he and a companion were watching the floor show on the Walton Roof, he was asked to sing a song. "All right," he agreed, stepping out onto the dance floor. "What'll it be?" Someone asked for *Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammuni-*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

March 28, 1943

My Dear Daughter:

You ask how I feel about your joining the WAAC.

The idea gives me a queer mixture of feelings.

You'll have to unscramble them. After all, you — and you alone — must make the decision. I would not have it otherwise.

Your right to decide for yourself is one of the things we're fighting for. When your brother Bill went into the Army I was mighty proud. The men of our family have always put on uniforms when their country called. Frankly, in your case other feelings are involved.

You were our first-born. It's no secret — I wanted you to be a boy. I'll never forget that morning when your mother looked up and said, with a twinkle in her eye, "I'm sorry, Jim, — he's a girl." I knew she really wasn't sorry — and I've never been.

You know I like womanly women — your mother's kind. And watching you grow up in that pattern has been a delight to me. I am firm in the belief that whatever your decision is, it won't make you any less of a woman — just a wiser, steadier, stronger one. You see, your Old Man has a

sneaking suspicion you have already decided.

I envy you and Bill. Your lines lie ahead, in a future which you can comprehend better than I, simply because you are closer to it.

The truth is, you ARE the future. Long after I am gone, this will still be your country. That's the big reason the decision must be yours. Your father and mother must be willing to make any sacrifice necessary—even to giving up their son and daughter for a time. We want you and Bill and your friends to have a decent world to live in tomorrow.

So, answering your question, Sis, just this advice—
Never be afraid of doing the thing that in your own heart you know is right. Just be certain you can always look your own conscience and your own country in the face.

Your loving,
Dad

If you are a U. S. citizen, age 21 to 44, inclusive, of any race, color or creed, the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps offers you an opportunity to serve your country and to acquire training for progress in the world that will follow victory. Get full information about pay, ranks and opportunities for advancement at the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Station.

WOMEN'S ARMY AUXILIARY CORPS
U. S. ARMY RECRUITING AND INDUCTION SERVICE

KEEP 'EM FLYING!

IRVING BERLIN (continued)

tion and Berlin complied with a rendition that was as heartfelt as it was raspy.

Back at his table, he gazed at his companion sadly. "That always happens to me," he moaned, his thick black eyebrows rising above his tortoise-shell spectacles. "If I didn't sing it, people'd say that Berlin's jealous because he didn't write it himself." His lower lip jutted out. "So I sang it and in six months someone will start the story that Irving Berlin, the louse, got up in Philadelphia one night and tried to claim he wrote *Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition*."

Such a possibility is not so remote as it might appear. The story that all his big hits were penned not by himself, but by a little colored boy in his employ, gained such widespread circulation that it was eventually ridiculed out of existence. Berlin, however, derives a necrophiliac satisfaction from resurrecting it and he himself is authority for other prize examples of that particular genre. One of them concerns the time that he and the late Wilson Mizner had visited an ailing showgirl acquaintance. As they were departing, Berlin quietly snatched a rose out of a vase that stood beside the bed. On the way down in the elevator, another female friend of Berlin's got on. Handing her the rose, he said with immense courtliness, "With each petal goes one of my most beautiful melodies." The mordant Mizner shook his head wryly and said, "And the heel stole the rose."

At 54, Berlin looks a little like a jockey who might have been up on Whirlaway's great-grandfather. His dark, V-shaped face, which is small, wizened and leathery, has deep seams that might conceivably be the result of years of dieting to meet rigid weight specifications. Although noticeably short, he has never resorted to such typical Broadway devices as built-up shoes. His naturally wavy jet-black hair is slicked down with the frequent assistance of a barber named Bill, who sometimes accompanies him on the road.

Intensely nervous, he has such habits as tapping his listener with his index finger to emphasize a point, continually pressing his hair down in back and picking up any stray crumbs left on a table after a meal. While listening, he leans forward tensely, with his hands clasped below his knees like a prizefighter waiting in his corner for the bell.

Insomnia plagues him

For a man who has known so much glory, Berlin has somehow managed to retain the enthusiasm of a novice. He was as ecstatic about *White Christmas* as if it were his first published song. Notwithstanding this, he worries incessantly. He worries about his digestion, his insomnia and, chiefly, his work. In respect to the first of these, his phobia is baseless, for his stomach is practically cast-iron and he eats like a horse at all hours of the day and night. As for his second source of worry, it can be stated accurately that his insomnia is a direct product of the fact that he worries about insomnia. "I sleep badly," he insists. "And every time I have to get up early for an appointment, it's on my mind. So I lie awake all night for fear I won't have enough sleep to get up on time." His qualms about his work have become a standing joke in his profession. Around Lindy's restaurant they say, "Berlin looks worried. He must have a hit."

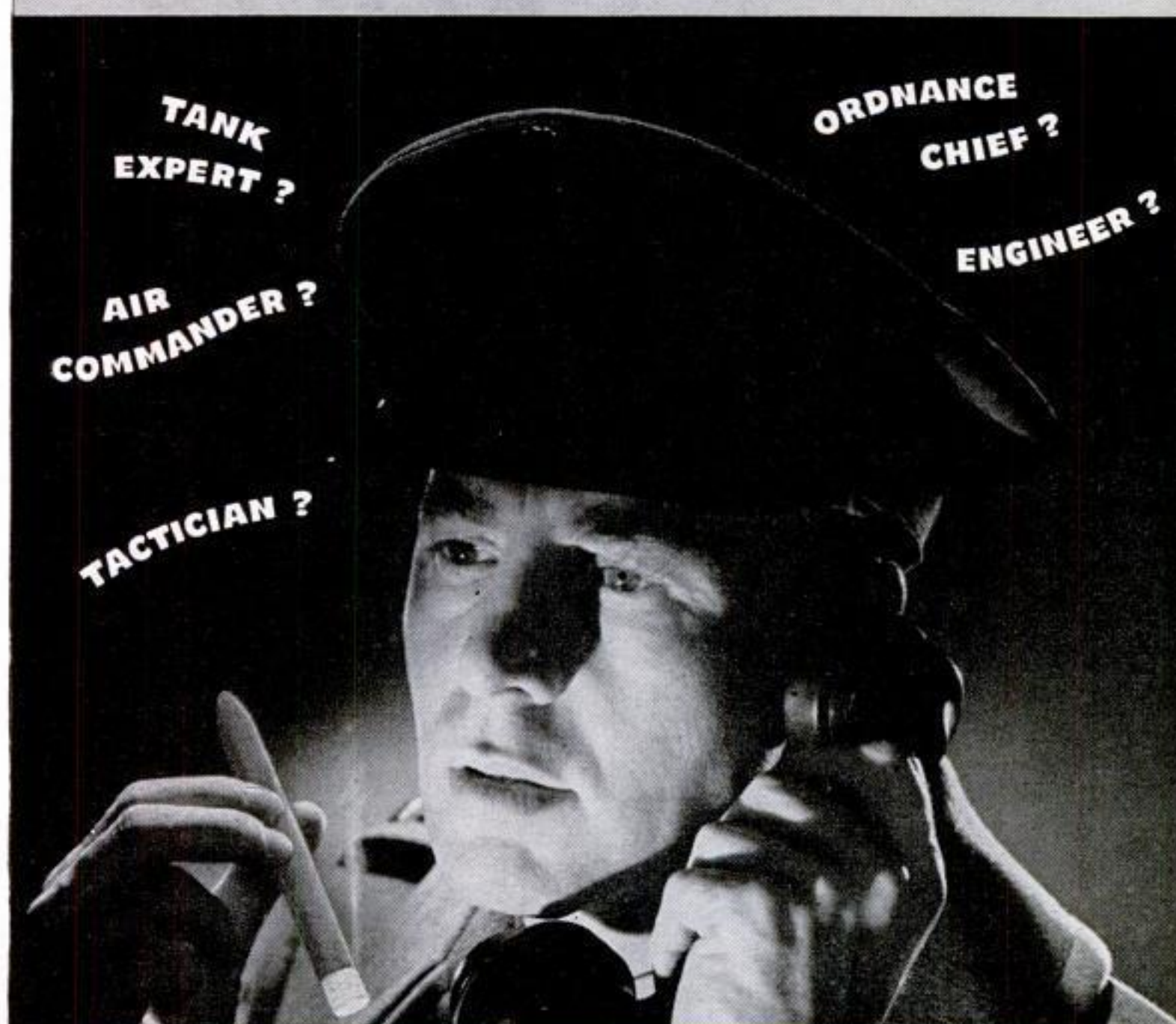
A great deal has been made of his working habits, but the unglamorous truth is that he has none. The stimuli upon which creative talents are often supposed to rely for inspiration strike him as absurd and he sums up the whole subject of poetic intoxication by explaining, "I used to work at night and I wrote good songs, because I'm a good song writer. But it had nothing to do with the fact that I worked at night. It's like moving a chair from one room to another. It's the same chair all the time."

Berlin, whose talent and business acumen have brought him two separate fortunes, was born in South Russia in 1888, the youngest of Cantor Moses and Leah Lipkin Baline's eight children. In 1893 the parents and six of the children migrated to this country, where they lived first on Monroe and later on Cherry Street in the Bowery. Izzy was 14 when, in established rags-to-riches fashion, he left home to make his fortune. In the four years that intervened before he became a singing waiter at Nigger Mike Salter's on Pell Street in Chinatown, he engaged in such bizarre forms of employment as singing in a saloon on Saturday nights for 50¢, leading a blind mendicant through the Bowery dives and singing Harry von Tilzer tunes from the balcony of Tony Pastor's on 14th Street.

Notwithstanding the poet's counsel to the effect that the lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime, the life and not especially hard times of Irving Berlin as enveloped in the folds of folklore should be taken with a grain of salt and half a pound of

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Who is he ?



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HERE IT IS! 17% EXTRA SMOKING!

That's what you get in the Blackstone Londres-Extra. It's the new, longer Blackstone cigar that has made such a sensational hit. Filled with finest and costliest long-leaf Havana tobacco. Mild, mellow, full-flavored to the very last puff.



SIZE AND SHAPE FOR EVERY TASTE

Your choice of all five, gentlemen! There's Blackstone Perfecto, Londres-Extra, Cabinet, Panetela and Junior. All filled with finest Havana tobacco. All extremely mild and mellow. All ready to give extra satisfaction.

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... and ready for rain!

Tackle Twill 16.75... a coat that can take it! Made from the famous weather-and-wear-defying Skinner's Tackle Twill* used for many military garments such as paratrooper uniforms. A popular all-purpose style with slash pockets and raglan sleeves. Eggshell or tan. Showerproofed by the "long-life" Cravenette process for extra water repellency.

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Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IRVING BERLIN (continued)

butter. Not long ago, on one of the guided tours they occasionally take to Chinatown, Berlin and his wife, who were incognito, listened wide-eyed while the guide painted a heartbreaking picture of the composer's vicissitudes while he was employed at Nigger Mike's. An elderly bum who had known him in his Pell Street days shuffled over to the party, listened a moment in amazement and finally put his beery breath close to Berlin's ear. "A lot of bull, ain't it, Izzy?" he said, and shuffled away in wonderment.

33¢ from a song

Berlin, by his own admission, enjoyed the period he spent in Chinatown. His first song was published in 1907. It was *Marie from Sunny Italy* and it netted him 33¢. Four years later he wrote *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, upon which he is inclined to peg the beginning of his great success. By February 1912, when he married Dorothy Goetz, he had become an international celebrity. Six months later she was dead of typhoid contracted on their honeymoon in Havana. Berlin's grief was overwhelming and he gave voice to it in the song *When I Lost You*. After a trip to Europe with E. Ray Goetz, his brother-in-law, he returned to New York and plunged himself into his work. In 1914 his musical, *Watch Your Step*, starring Irene and Vernon Castle, was a smash hit in both the U. S. and England. It wasn't until four years later, however, when he was a sergeant in the U. S. Army, that he was to experience an unquestioned success as a vocalist. He had been at Camp Upton for three months when he was approached to write an all-soldier show. The result was *Yip, Yip, Yaphank* and in it, as in *This Is The Army*, the high, strange excitement came when the sergeant—frail, wizened and with the sorrow of the world in his eyes—stepped out of the wings and, in that wisp of a voice, sang:

*Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning
Oh, how I love to remain in bed;
For the hardest blow of all
Is to hear the bugler call;
You gotta get up, you gotta get up,
You gotta get up this morning!**

By 1926, Berlin had written the scores to two editions of the *Ziegfeld Follies* and four *Music Box Revues* as well as such unattached hits as *Always*, *What'll I Do*, *All Alone* and *Remember*. He was the Lullaby Kid. He was also a Dorothy Dix working in the idiom of popular music. Couples at country-club dances grew misty-eyed when the band went into *Always*, because they were positive that Berlin had written it just for them. When they quarreled and parted in the crepuscular bitter-sweetness of the 1920's, it was Berlin who gave eloquence to their heartbreak by way of *What'll I Do* and *Remember* and *All Alone*.

But as celebrated as he was, he was scarcely prepared for the wave of publicity which broke over him on the morning of Jan. 5, 1926. The day before, he had married Ellin Mackay, the pale blonde beauty who was the daughter of Postal Telegraph's wealthy, society-conscious Clarence Mackay. It was the ideal "East Side boy marries heiress" set-up and the press seized upon it with glee.

The legend of the Berlin-Mackay romance has been greatly dis-

* © IRVING BERLIN, INC.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87



"This Is The Army" rehearsal is supervised by Berlin (left) and directors. Of the chorus, many of whom were formerly professionals, he probably has the poorest voice.



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Help Kidneys If Back Aches

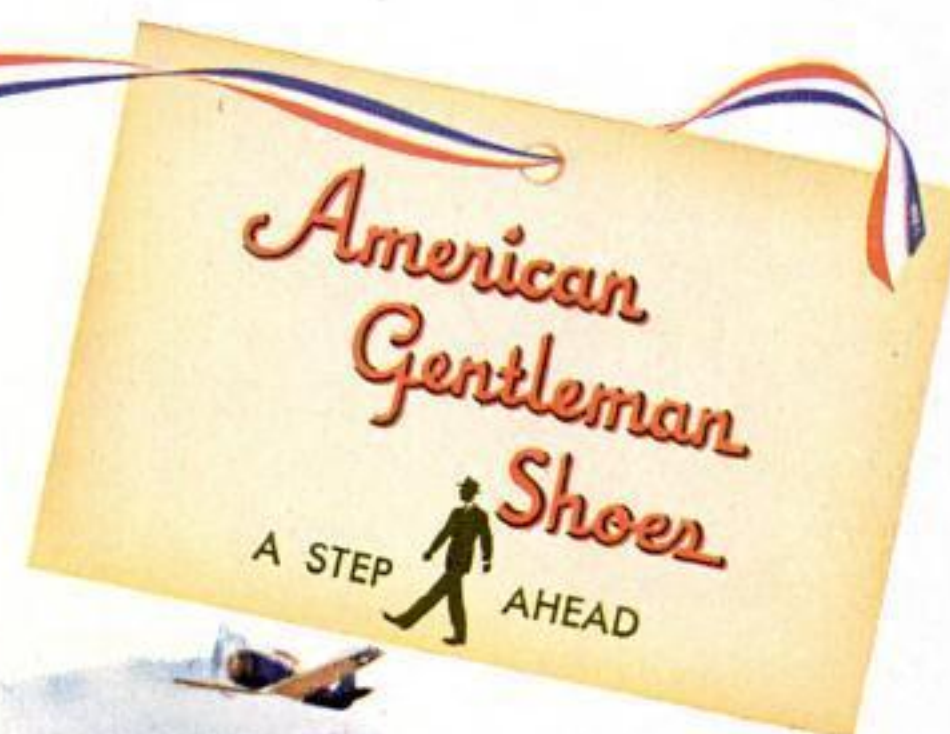
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One Of Our First American Gentlemen



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They're making **SCRAP**... ... are you collecting it?

ROARING IN with pursuit-plane speed, sowing devastation with heavy firepower and destructive bombload, the R. A. F.'s Martin bombers helped reduce Axis mechanized equipment to heaps of twisted scrap. That scrap is in Africa—beyond our reach. America desperately needs scrap here and now to charge this country's blast furnaces and help build more and more planes, tanks, trucks, ships, guns and bombs to continue carrying the fight to the enemy.

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★ **S**CRAP IS VITAL TO VICTORY. If you have even a few pounds of scrap metal in your home, you are aiding the Axis. If you think you have given all your scrap, look again more thoroughly. The scrap situation grows more acute each day, as reserves dwindle. Think of each piece of metal as guns to defend your home...as armor plate to protect your friends and relatives on the fighting front. Get your scrap into the fight . . . now.


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From stern sacrifice on the battle fronts and the home front, a great post-Victory world is being built . . . a world of new discoveries, new abundance. For instance, Martin has designs for giant airliners of 125 tons . . . is planning others of 250 tons and more. These are ships that will bring the whole world within hours of your doorstep . . . ships that will build for a truly permanent peace by making all nations neighbors. In war or in peace, keep your eyes on the Martin Star!

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AT ALL
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STORES



First, they are deftly designed not only to trim down bulges but at the same time to give you truly tonic diaphragm support. Then, they have the added advantage of keeping up this good work through a long hard life—because their fine materials and superior workmanship have the stamina to withstand plenty of wear and tear.

Shown above is "Allo" Long-Line. "Intimo" (bandeau illustrated left) also comes with a 6-inch band. Send for free Style Booklet K: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York.

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"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

SURE, JUNIOR, YOU
MAY HAVE ANOTHER
BOTTLE OF NESBITT'S!
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ORANGE

IRVING BERLIN (continued)

torted. The song writer from the lower East Side did not lay siege to the heiress to the Mackay millions. If anything, it was the other way around. Ellin Mackay was the sort of girl who could have been terrific in the saffron dusks of the tea-dancing twenties. She could have been a prom-trotter and the darling of Princeton, Yale and Harvard staglines. She was like something out of Scott Fitzgerald—lovely and cultured and stinking rich—and the world was her oyster. But toward callow youth, toward the coonskin-coated crew-cuts who thought she was "keen" and whose mothers thought she was desirable, she was polite but stubborn. Essentially cerebral, she had a distinct flair for writing and one of her pieces, *Why We Go to Cabarets*. *A Post-Debutante Explains*, had proved the necessary shot in the circulation arm of a small metropolitan magazine called *The New Yorker*. Berlin, she decided, was for her. As far as he was concerned, that made it unanimous and Mr. Mackay's thoughts on the matter were not solicited.

One night, after the songwriter and his father-in-law had become friendly, Mackay and Berlin were strolling around Harbor Hill, the magnificent Mackay estate on Long Island. Mackay was telling his son-in-law about a sumptuous party that he had given a few years before in honor of the Prince of Wales. "Irvin," he said, Anglicizing the name as he always did, "I wish you could have been here." What he neglected to mention, however, was that on the occasion of that party he had hired a crew of private detectives to make sure that Berlin didn't crash.

It was at that same party, incidentally, that Miss Mackay and the Prince sealed a bargain. In return for her keeping her father from boring him with his art collection, the Prince agreed to hold him over coffee long enough for her to dash upstairs and phone her Irving. Later, Wales confided to her that she was the only girl he had met in the U. S. who had spent her time talking to him about another man.

The prophets of destruction to the contrary, the marriage has proved completely blissful. The Berlins have three daughters. The eldest, now just past 16, evidences a taste for screaming swing bands on the order of Harry James's and is a little shocked that her father doesn't share it. Toward his daughters Berlin exhibits an old-fashioned vigilance, worrying about their work at school, their appetites and their interests. When in New York, he makes it a strict rule to pass his personal approval on any young swain who calls on Mary Ellin. Sometimes, as on the occasion when he took her to the Hotel Pennsylvania to hear Tommy Dorsey, she finds his candor embarrassing. When Dorsey came over to their table, Berlin said, "The only reason I'm here is because my daughter dragged me."

The Berlin's apartment in New York overlooks the East River. It is comfortable but unpretentious. The walls of the living room are lined with rare books which Berlin picked up at auctions and Mrs. Berlin inherited from her grandmother. Although no scholar, Berlin likes to browse through these editions and occasionally he comes up with some remarkably acute observations. Lately, for example, he has displayed enthusiasm for Alexander Pope, the 18th Century English poet. This is no phony admiration for a celebrated literary figure, but a genuine enthusiasm for Pope's lean, compact heroic couplets. Pope, he feels, would have made a brilliant lyric writer.

A piano named "Buick"

When the mood to work strikes him, Berlin retires to his den. It is a small room, but one ideally suited for his purposes. The two brass candlesticks, which his mother used for traditional Friday evening worship, flank a framed snapshot of her on his desk. The other important item in the room is "Buick," the trick piano on which he composes his songs. It has a lever that shifts from F sharp, the only key in which he can play, to whatever key he wishes to write in. His work in *This Is The Army* absorbs all his time nowadays, but in the past he used to enjoy playing categories. Once, when pressed to think of a fruit beginning with "h," he came up with half-a-grapefruit.

Broadway is, of course, quite correct in its estimate of Berlin as a shrewd manipulator. He controls all the copyrights on his songs. He rents his music to the stage and screen, thus preserving for himself full power over the release of his material. All the tunes in the movie *Holiday Inn*, for example, had commercial possibilities, but Berlin, through his power of release, was able to avoid their being plugged all at once and thereby competing against one another. He receives 10% on the gross of every picture for which he writes the music. In view of the fact that *Alexander's Ragtime Band* grossed \$3,600,000 and that *Holiday Inn* will probably wind up by doing \$3,500,000 his cut isn't exactly wampum.

Adventures of LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH



The watch that slept
two winters in the snow

It was in 1910 that a New York banker got this Longines watch as a birthday gift. He was naturally proud of it because it was one of the first Longines "moisture-proof" watches to be made. Then he lost it and two winters were to pass before he would see it again.

One day his son was mowing the lawn and breathing the sweet smell of newly cut grass when something shiny on the ground caught his eye. It was the long lost watch, none the worse for its long sleep of two winters in the snow.

His son wears it proudly today, a very perfect timepiece that has run for thirty-one of its thirty-three years of life.

The personal experiences of hundreds of thousands are the substance of the reputation of Longines watches for keeping good time for a long, long time. It is a reputation that has been abuilding for 77 years.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines

WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS



The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

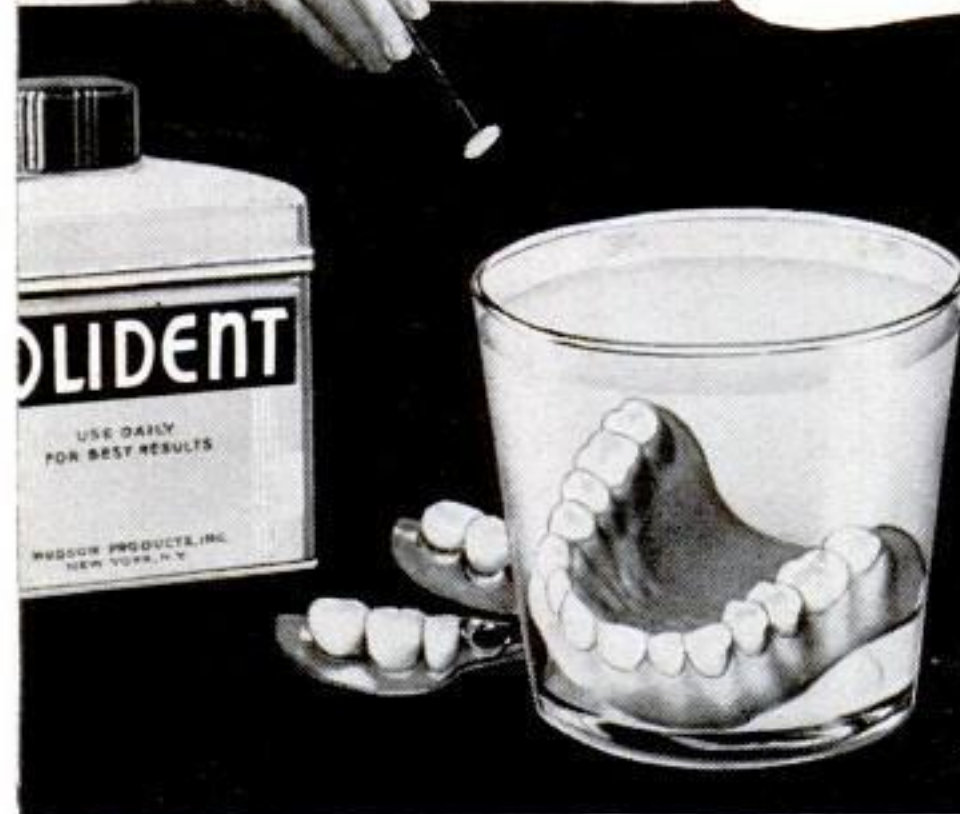
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

DON'T RUIN FALSE TEETH BY BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



PLAY SAFE...SOAK THEM DAILY IN POLIDENT

Soaking plates and bridges in Polident dissolves the daily accumulation of cloudy film and ugly stains... cleans those hard-to-reach corners without the dangers of brushing; maintains the original natural appearance of dentures.



DO THIS EVERY DAY!

Put one level teaspoonful of POLIDENT in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of lukewarm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in this solution for 15 minutes, or longer—over night if convenient. Rinse well—and it's ready to use!

No Brushing—No Scouring



Plate Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders

The film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities. This often causes offensive "Denture Breath." You won't know you have it—but others will! Yet POLIDENT, used daily, dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free, sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing.

POLIDENT



The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

Soaking plates in Polident daily cleans them better... it's safer than brushing... less handling, less chance of dropping. Soaking in Polident avoids the danger of brushing away the important "fitting ridges" of your plate—avoids brushing in those invisible scratches which cause stains to collect faster, cling tighter.

Polident is recommended by many leading dentists and approved by the leading makers of modern denture materials.

LESS THAN A PENNY A DAY

Generous 3 oz. size—30¢. Economy size, 7 oz.—60¢. At all drug, dept., variety stores. Less than 1¢ a day for safe cleaning of dentures. Today—get Polident.

IRVING BERLIN (continued)

His method of landing an assignment is ingenious. He writes a few tunes and has a few selected friends hear them. Inevitably, word gets around that Berlin has a hit score and, before long, producers are begging him to do a show or picture. He is reliably reported to have followed this procedure in the case of *This Is The Army*. He conveyed his idea for a soldier show to a few people and they, in turn, conveyed it to others. Presently he had a request from the Army to write an all-Army production.

"I make a stiff contract," he says, when discussing Berlin, the businessman. "They buy certain values in me and I recognize those values. It's a commercial thing, apart from vanity." His awareness of his own talent, however, has never precluded his open admiration for other song writers. Gershwin, to whom he was devoted, is one of his major passions and toward Jerome Kern he is humble. Although his profession looks upon him as the greatest of all lyric writers, Berlin himself feels that that distinction belongs to Johnny Mercer, who wrote *Blues in the Night*.

A man has only a half-dozen songs

Toward his work he has managed to remain entirely objective and he sometimes startles people by pointing out that although he has written more than 800 songs, he has actually done nothing more than rewrite some seven or eight of his best ones over and over again. *White Christmas*, for example, is nothing more than *Easter Parade* in thirds; *Easter Parade*, in turn, is based on *Smile And Show Your Dimple*, a tune he wrote in 1917. "All good song writers," he says, when mentioning his borrowings from himself, "have no more than half a dozen good tunes in their systems and if they have that many, they're liberally blessed."

This Is The Army is his baby, and at the moment he is undergoing severe stomach eruptions worrying about the success of the film version. The envious have described the show as "the borscht circuit with uniforms" and "the Catskills with a military complex." Even allowing that such criticisms are accurate (which they are not), they are scarcely relevant. For the important thing is that *This Is The Army* is probably the most stirring of all musical shows. It is easily the supreme accomplishment in a career that spans the eras of button shoes, Stanley Steamers, World War I, Stutz Bearcats, ukuleles, flappers, hip flasks, million-dollar gates, a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage, the crash, the Blue Eagle, recovery and the holocaust of our times. But it is not likely to be the final such accomplishment. For what Berlin once said about Jerome Kern, he might with complete accuracy have said about himself. "Kern," he said, "is obviously the best. Now I'll tell you why. He's lasted longest. He was born with a talent for composition that has no age."



In California, where Berlins are now staying, he wrote *White Christmas*. One of the biggest song hits of all time, this lyric evoked nostalgia among U. S. troops overseas.

If they win ...only our dead are free

These are our enemies.

They have only one idea—to kill, and kill,
and kill, until they conquer the world.

Then, by the whip, the sword and the gallows, they will rule.

No longer will you be free to speak or write your thoughts, to worship God in your own way.

Only our dead will be free. Only the host who will fall before the enemy will know peace.
Civilization will be set back a thousand years.

Make no mistake about it—you cannot think of this as other wars.

You cannot regard your foe this time simply as people with a wrong idea.

This time you win—or die. This time you get no second chance.

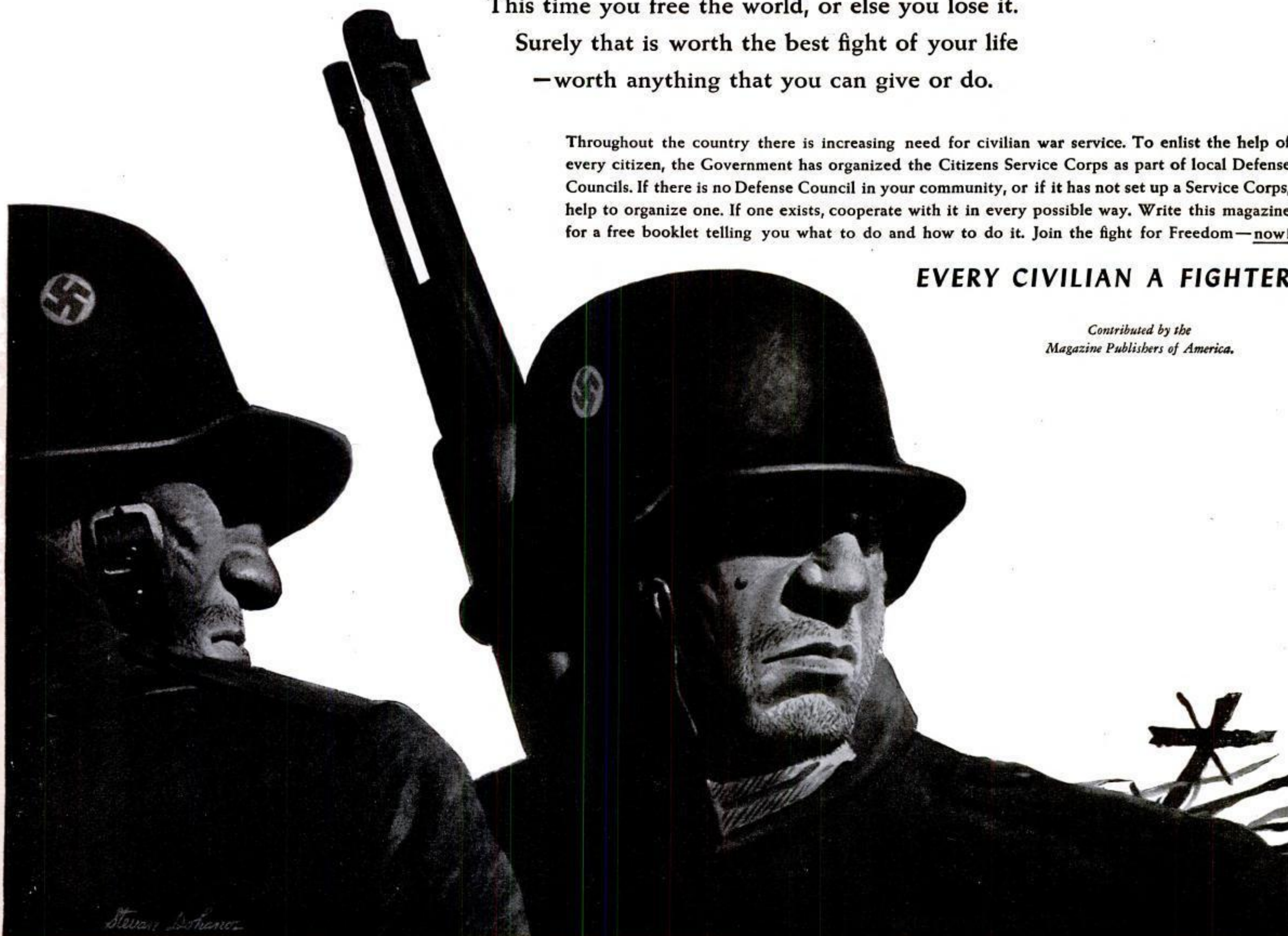
This time you free the world, or else you lose it.

Surely that is worth the best fight of your life
—worth anything that you can give or do.

Throughout the country there is increasing need for civilian war service. To enlist the help of every citizen, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If there is no Defense Council in your community, or if it has not set up a Service Corps, help to organize one. If one exists, cooperate with it in every possible way. Write this magazine for a free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it. Join the fight for Freedom—now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

*Contributed by the
Magazine Publishers of America.*





ROBERT LILLARD TAKES THE REINS AS HE STARTS OUT WITH HIS DAUGHTER SUSAN TO PICK UP THEIR GUESTS



PEGGY CONLIN AND FRIENDS WAIT FOR HAYRACK. CAPTAIN

Life Goes on a New Jersey Hay Ride

Hayrack solves transportation problem and proves most exciting feature of Susan Lillard's dancing party

BILLY WILSON (CENTER) AND HIS HARMONICA ACCOMPANY "WHITE CHRISTMAS" AND "YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE"



BOYS FIND THEY ANNOY GIRLS SUCCESSFULLY BY THROWING



CONLIN, PEGGY'S FATHER, IS STATIONED AT ABERDEEN, MD.



OVERFLOWING WITH YOUNGSTERS, THE HAYRACK TAKES LEISURELY COURSE THROUGH STREETS OF WESTFIELD

The war has restored to the U. S. scene many familiar institutions which Americans, intent on doing things in the fastest and most progressive way possible, had forgotten. Among them is the hay ride and accompanying picture-taking. The party shown here may well be the precursor of many such hay rides this year.

Twelve-year-old Susan Lillard chose a hayrack to

convey 28 young friends to a dancing party at her home near Westfield, N.J. The party was set for 7:30, guests to be picked up in the half hour preceding. Not anticipating that the hay ride would be chief feature of the evening, the Lillards were disturbed to discover the last youngster deposited at their door at 10:30, the hour they had promised the party would break up.

An hour of concentrated telephoning reassured anxious parents, and the boys and girls, who attend dancing school together, spent a lively evening trying out their newest steps. When it came time to eat, the boys filled their plates and pockets with cakes and retired, as little boys customarily do at parties, to a quiet corner (*see p. 93*) while the girls waited on themselves.

THE STRAW AND CRAMMING IT DOWN THEIR COAT COLLARS



FULL OF SERIOUS RESPONSIBILITY AS HOSTESS, SUSAN LILLARD POSES WITH GARDENIAS PINNED TO WHITE JACKET





*Who says you
can't get a
good Martini?*

ONE luxury you *don't* have to give up is a perfect Dry Martini.

Your local liquor store has them in this bottle, always ready and always right. *You just add ice and serve.*

What goes into this bottle is no secret, and what comes out is no guesswork; it contains Milshire, *the genuine pot-still gin*, and the world's finest dry Vermouth—mixed with exacting care. *Order a bottle, or a case, today.*

HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS

Dry Martini, 71 proof • Old Fashioned, 80 proof
Martini, 60 proof • Daiquiri, 70 proof
Manhattan, 65 proof • Side Car, 60 proof



*Neither love nor money can
buy better ingredients nor
make a better cocktail!*

The Milshire Gin used is 90 proof, distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

New Jersey Hay Ride (continued)



THE CONGA LINE WAS FORMED WITH ADULT ADROITNESS. ONLY ONE GUEST



Playing wink, chubby Doris Wright grabs for Billy Hills with true feminine tenacity as player across the circle attempts to lure him away by giving him the eye.



KNEW HOW TO JITTERBUG WEARING BILLOWING FROCK IS PAT STEBBINS



Safe in the den, male contingent ungallantly forsakes female guests to partake of cakes and punch. Billy Hills is in act of light-fingering a goody from Pete Bickett.



Quick-Foam Powder

Improved, more active formula

War-Economy Container

10% more powder; no higher price

"Whirlpool" Cleansing

HOW IT POLISHES!
THAT
"WHIRLPOOL" CLEANSING
SURE DOES WONDERS!



TRUE OR FALSE?



by Dr. Harry Hagen
Conductor of the popular "True or False"
quiz—Monday nights, Blue Network



1 Alexander the Great ordered his soldiers to shave their beards?

TRUE. The enemy was apt to seize the beard as a handle.



2 Whiskers and animal horns are made of the same substance?

TRUE. It's called keratin, and when dry is harder than tin or aluminum. Williams rich, heavy lather soaks whiskers completely limp; it holds 256 times its weight in water.

3 "Lanolin" is the name of a stringed musical instrument?

FALSE. Lanolin closely resembles the skin's natural oil. For years, doctors have prescribed it to soothe and soften the skin. Lanolin is now added to Williams Shaving Cream to help eliminate razor burn and irritation.

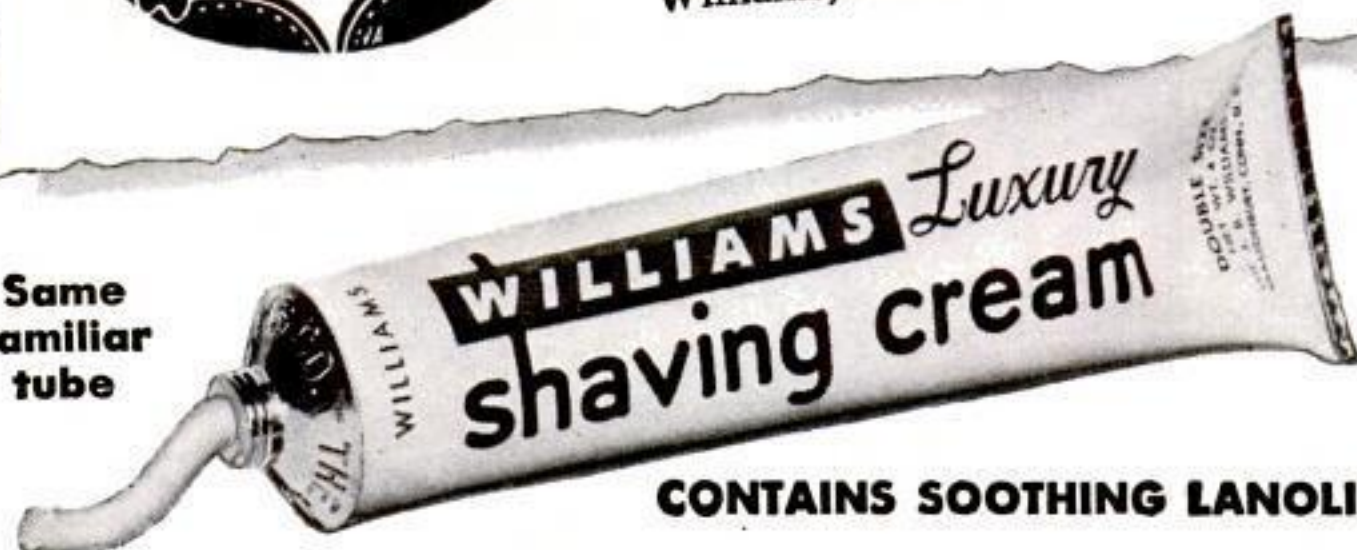


4 Actors have no more trouble shaving than other men?

FALSE. C. Aubrey Smith says: "Removing make-up keeps my skin tender. But I can shave closely with comfort when I use the new Williams. The Lanolin is most soothing." Treat your face to this new Williams, made with Lanolin!



Same familiar tube



CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

AN ASTONISHING TANGLE

Sirs:

Recently one of the student photographers for our Cass High School yearbook went to the gymnasium to get a series of pictures on the school physical-fitness program. The accompanying photograph, taken to illustrate commando

wrestling tactics, shows all too plainly how thoroughly the boys have learned their lessons. Five legs and two wrestlers seem to indicate that someone lost a limb in the tussle.

ARTHUR STENIUS

Cass Technical High School
Detroit, Mich.



MUSCLED MERMAN

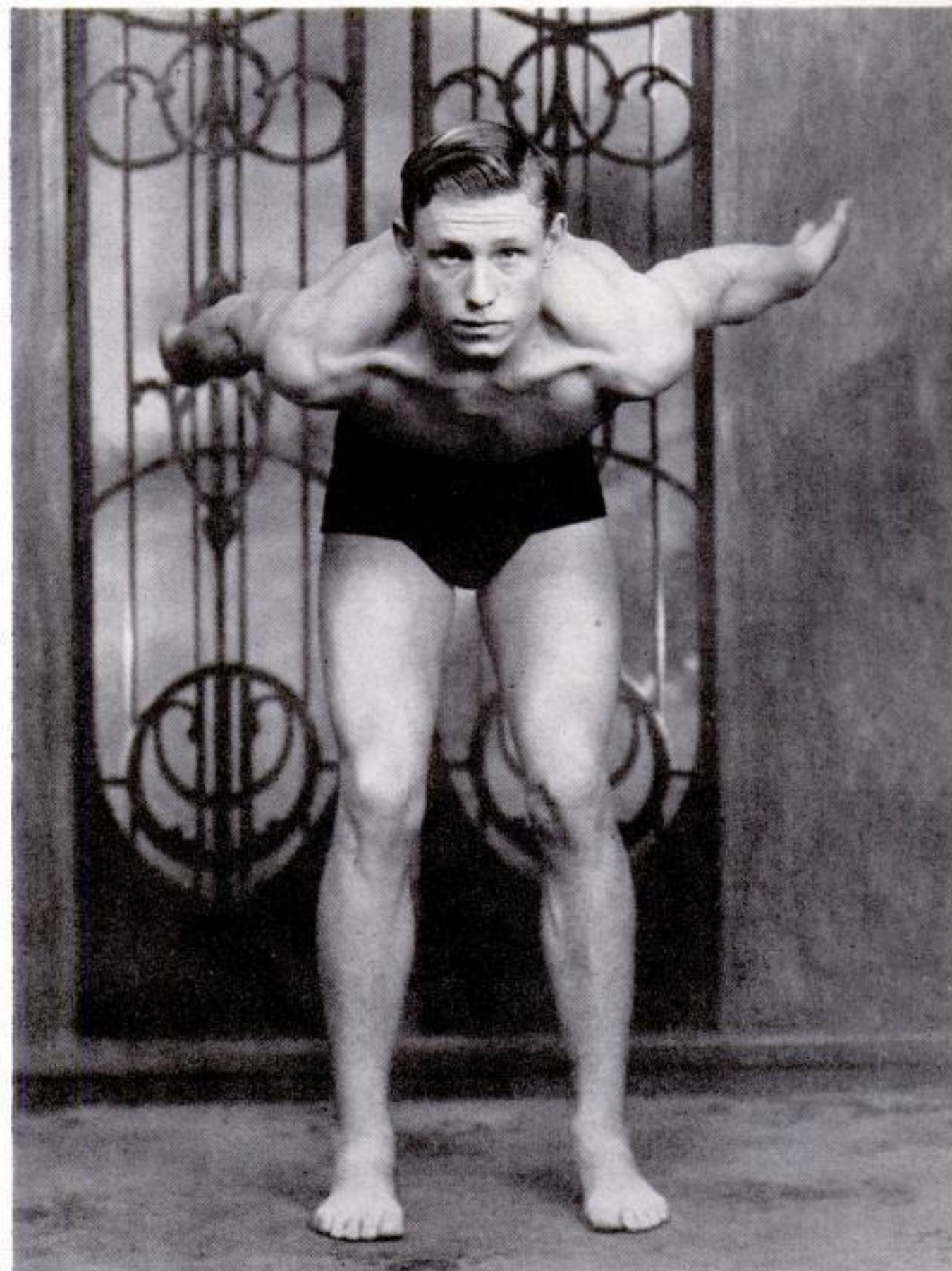
Sirs:

A natural-born swimmer is what the coach calls Bob Anderson, 16, the Boone High School junior who broke two national interscholastic records in an Iowa State swimming meet. Andy knocked a tenth of a second off the 40-yd. free-style record

that had stood for twelve years. In the 100-yd. event he set a new time of 52.4 seconds. In the picture Andy shows how he poises for a quick start in a race. Note shoulder design.

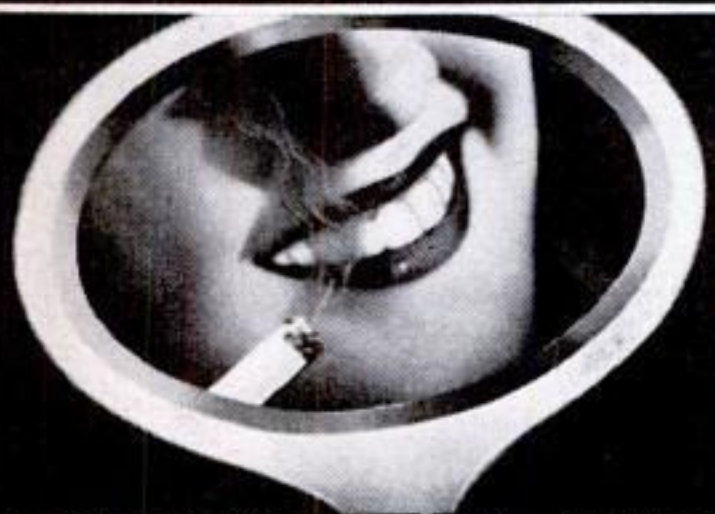
KEN GOODRICH

Boone News-Republican
Boone, Iowa



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Smoke DOES Smudge YOUR TEETH



BRYTEN UP

WITH this
POWDER or PASTE

• If your teeth are hard to bryten—try IODENT No. 2, in the big BLUE can or tube. Created by a Dentist for your safety and pleasure, to use twice daily.



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

BREAKFAST FANTASY

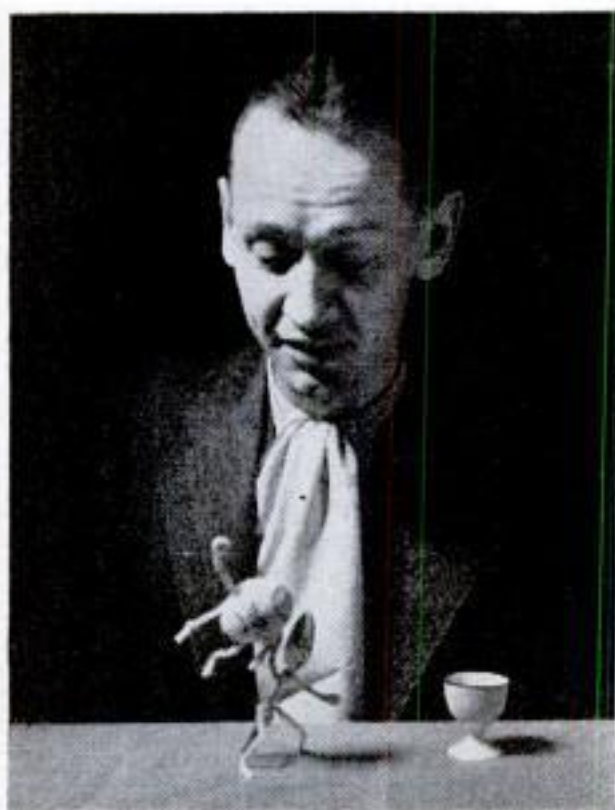
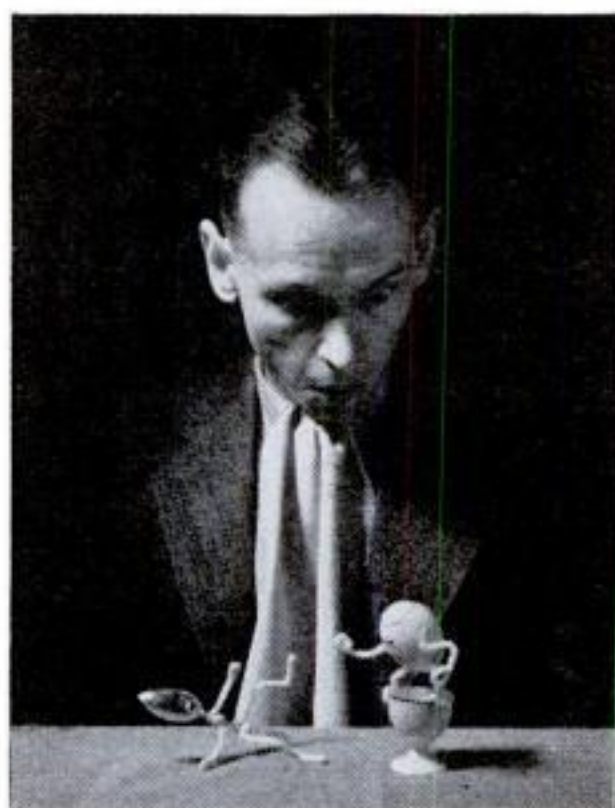
Sirs:

What would you think if one morning, just as your spoon struck your egg, the egg up and knocked the spoon down? And if the opponents sparred before your eyes until finally the spoon flung the egg back into the cup? These pictures show how the amazing event unfolded for me recently.

P.S. The egg was hard-boiled.

D. M. CAMPBELL

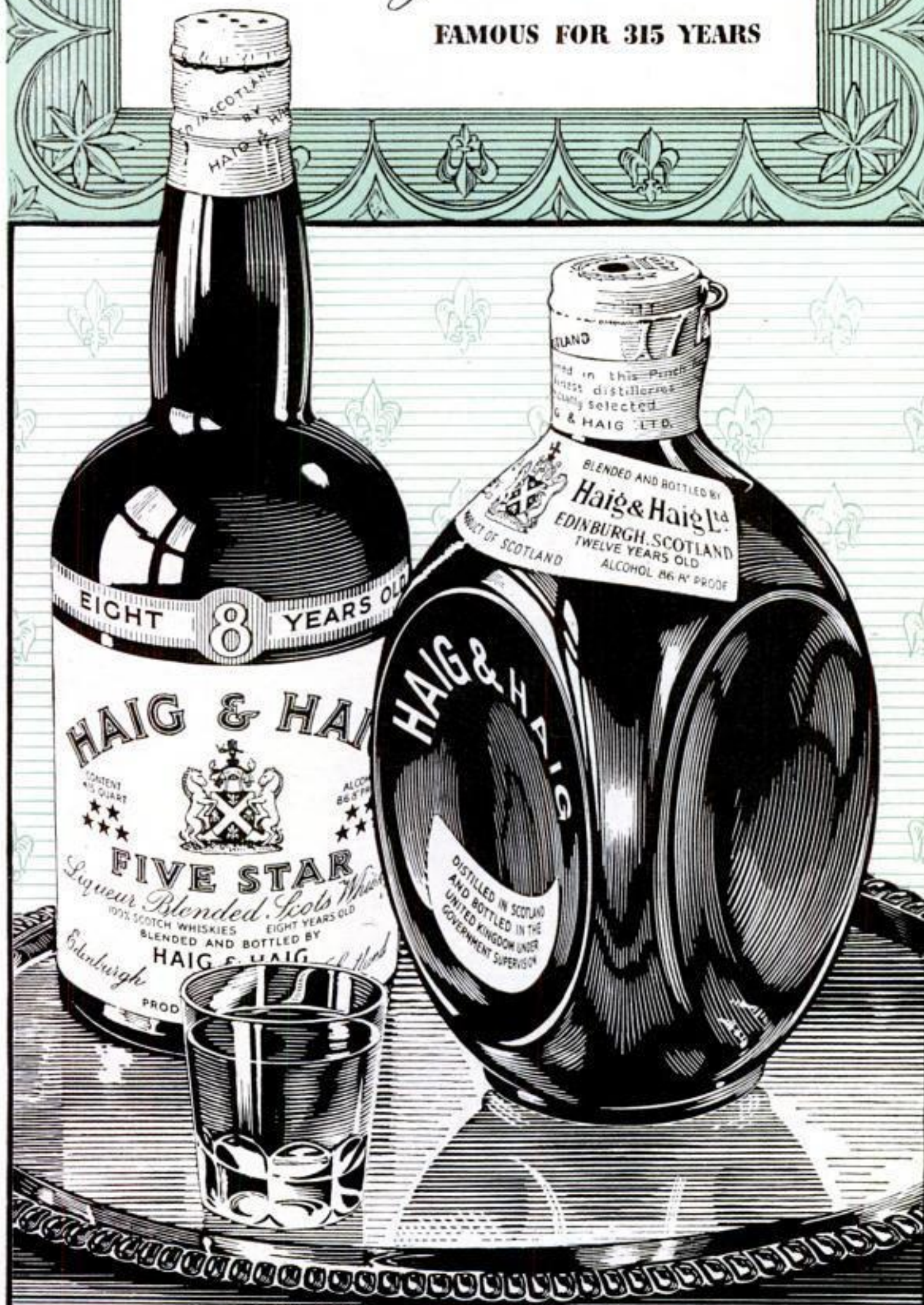
Edmonton, Alberta



IN ALL THE WORLD

there is no finer Scotch

FAMOUS FOR 315 YEARS



Five Star
8 years old

Pinch
12 years old

HAIG & HAIG

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

The Oldest name in Scotch

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

STYLE in WIND or RAIN!



★ GENUINE ★
ALLIGATOR
WEATHERSTYLE GABARDINE

Perfect rain and weather protection for these days of extra walking. Superbly tailored. Dependably water repellent. At better dealers everywhere. **\$25⁷⁵**
The Alligator Company.
Also Other Smart Styles at Popular Prices

because...
IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Ah-h-h!...that wonderful BRIGGS!



There are no claws in the contract your pipe makes with Briggs tobacco! It's a friendly deal to deliver you all the gentle, zesty goodness stored while Briggs was being cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends. You'll relish the wealth of kindly flavor, the glorious aroma that every golden crumb of Briggs is bursting with! Don't lose another minute of true pipe-enjoyment—try a package of Briggs today.



PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

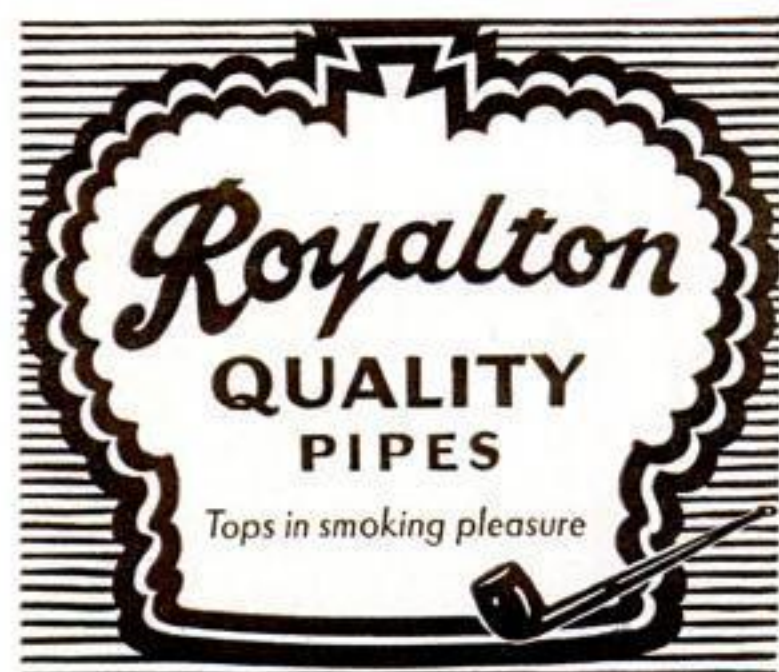
Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • REFRESHES



★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
For Victory

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

SEVEN-FOOT DOG

Sirs:

The picture below shows my daughter, Norma, with a royal-Dane which came from the palace in Denmark and is the only one of its size in the U. S. The dog stands 7 ft. tall, weighs 168 lb. and is a year and a half old. When the dog's owner discovered that Norma was a

volunteer worker in issuing ration books, he had the dog stand and beg stamps for his 10-lb.-a-day meat diet. Norma's only answer was, "Baby, you'll have to turn vegetarian!"

JOHN GILLMEIER

Newark, N. J.



RUG STATIC

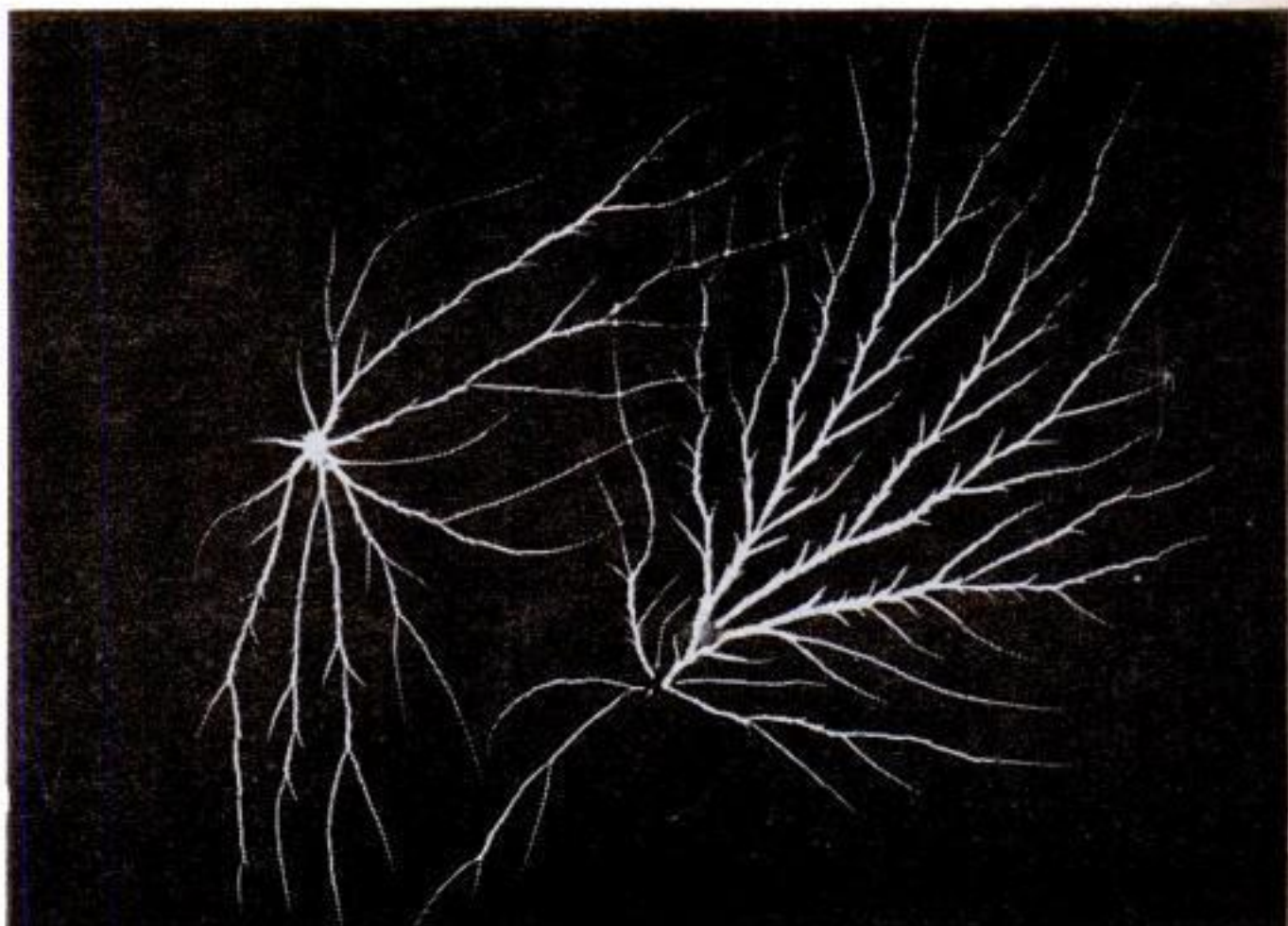
Sirs:

You know those little electric sparks you cause when you touch a light switch or doorknob? Here's how they look in a picture made without a camera by W. A. Coons, Omaha photographer. He was unloading a partly exposed film pack in the

darkroom when the flash of two sparks popping at his fingertips startled him. Apparently, the friction of the film generated static electricity, just as a person generates it when his feet scuff the carpet. Coons developed the film, found these miniature lightning flashes.

WILLIAM G. MURPHY

Omaha, Neb.





"WAR BONDS ROUT HITLER," SAY THE 5 CROWNS

EACH War Bond or Stamp is a thrust
Where Hitler can't take it—but *must*!
So let's sock away
A tenth of our pay—
We'll win, and the Axis will bust!

ONE glance at Der Fuehrer's smug phiz
Will show why he's getting the biz!...
Lend War Bonds your cash—
Help Uncle Sam smash
The worst kind of TOUGHNESS there is!

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

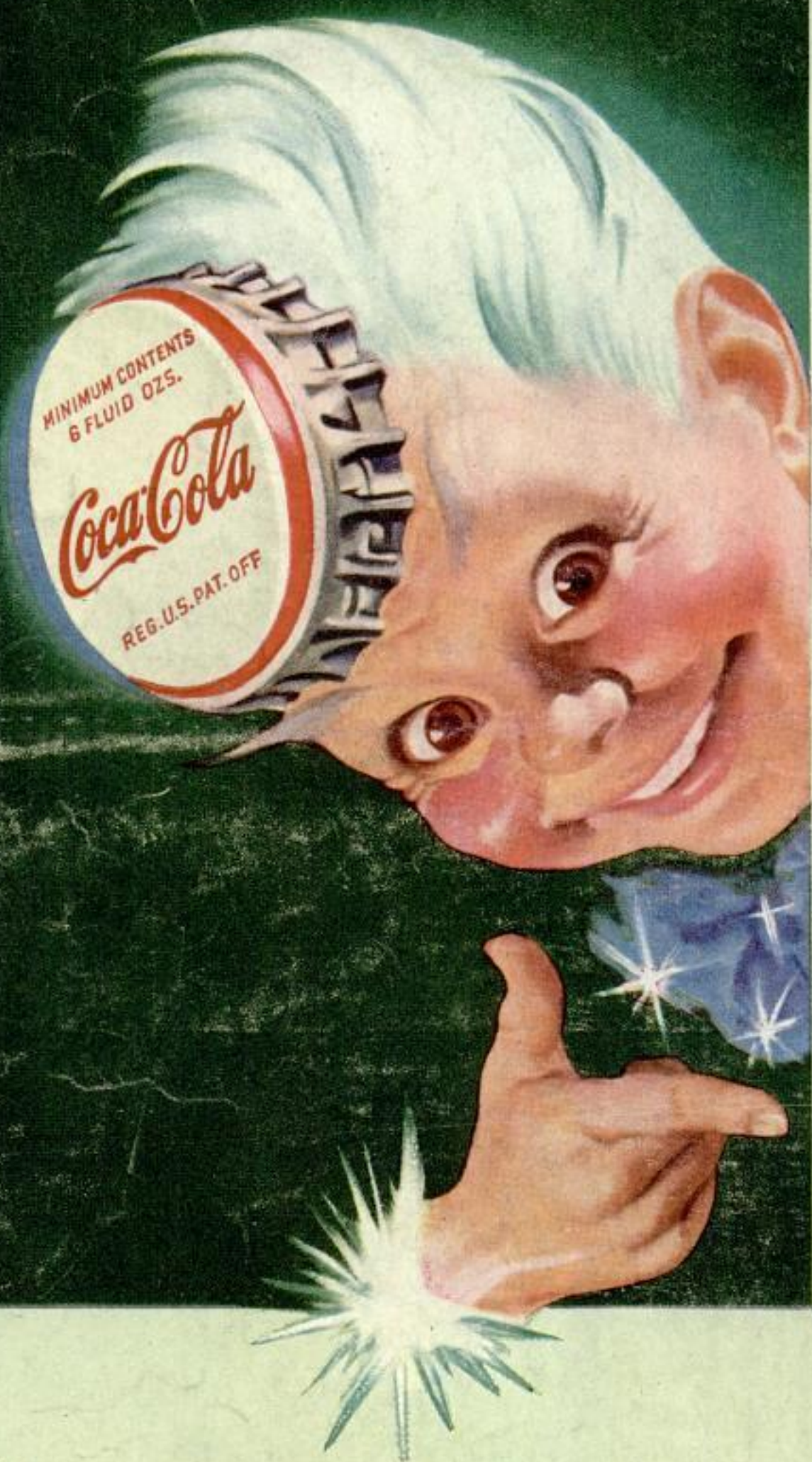
THE FINER
Seagram's 5 Crown

In the FAMOUS
Host BOTTLE



SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

*"I'm saying this
for Uncle Sam!"*



FOR VICTORY



BUY

**UNITED
STATES
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

I speak for the pleasant, happy things in life... all the things we necessarily now have less of. You know... tires, radios, gas, fuel, food, fun, leisure and all the like. In its own way, your bottle of ice-cold Coca-Cola, or your glass of Coke at the soda fountain, is almost a casual symbol of such pleasant things.

"Everybody eagerly accepts wartime restrictions.

We'll have the good things, again, someday. But now it's work harder and fight, too. We've got a tough war to win. And no matter what anybody is doing to help (this doesn't go for fighting men) nobody is doing his full share if he's not buying U. S. War Bonds and War Stamps regularly. Are *you* buying them? Are you buying your share in Victory and in the good American way of life?"

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MR. LEON MORRIS
3217 WEST 64TH PL.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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